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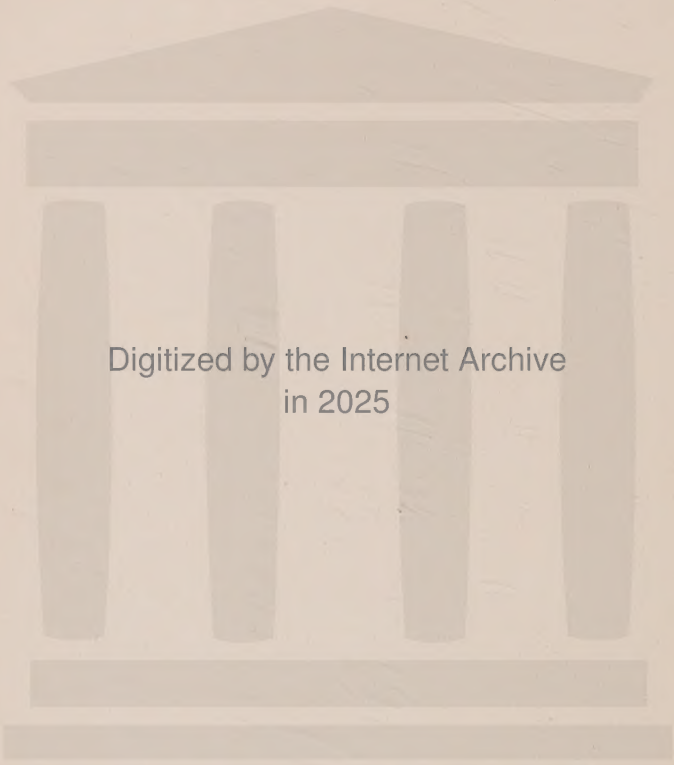
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✠JOHN M. FARLEY, D.D.

Archbishop of New York

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PREFACE

THESE addresses are reprints of sermon matter published, some years since, in the early volumes of the HOMILETIC MONTHLY. These volumes are now out of print and we have been exhorted not to allow so much valuable and so highly useful sermonic material to pass into oblivion. With this in mind, we feel justified in gathering these addresses into the present form, confident that they will be appreciated not only for their intrinsic merit, but also as thought suggestors on the various occasions on which the clergy are invited to speak.

When first published these addresses were supplied as a supplement to discourses in which the manifold topics bearing on the Christian life were treated. Hence, this collection can now stand as a companion volume of the more comprehensive "Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching," which contains the discourses referred to. Side by side these two ready-reference works will not fail to supply what is needful to the careful, as well as what is helpful to the busy, orator.

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OCCASIONAL SERMONS.

PROFESSION SERMON.

BY THE VERY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.

"At that time Jesus said to his disciples: If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me. Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."

On reading over the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we can not help remarking the singular power which the Divine Being exercised over those who came into immediate contact with Him, and whose souls were not quite hardened against divine influence by dark and ungovernable passions. From the time that, as a weak and helpless infant, He drew the Judean shepherds from their midnight watches to His humble abode in that little stable, to the time when, dying as a felon, He won the heart of the malefactor, grown old in sin, a power went forth from Him, subduing, softening, sanctifying and attracting all who had the happiness to be brought within the light of His divine presence. Whenever He moved, some supernatural influence breathed from Him, and thousands followed Him, eager to see Him, blessed in hearing Him, happy with the happiness of heaven, if a look or a word were addressed to themselves. Whenever He spoke, the multitudes hung upon His words, and felt themselves constrained by feelings of awe and veneration, that the magic of human eloquence could never command, and those on whom

His sacred hands rested for blessing, or for healing, felt themselves tremble and vibrate under His sacred touch, as if a new and more perfect life had been infused into them. He spoke to His apostles, and these rude, inexperienced men gave up their avocations and followed the voice of a perfect stranger. He spoke to the publican at the counting table, and, forgetting his avarice and ambition, he rose and went after Him; Peter, the weak and timid Peter, grew into a hero in that garden of Gethsemani in his eagerness to defend His Divine Master; and she, who had been wandering with evil spirits through the waste and desert places of this world, heard His voice in the house at Bethany, passed side by side with Him through all the terrible scenes of His Passion, was bathed in His Blood on Calvary, was found at His sepulchre before the dawn of the morning of the Resurrection, and has received the reward of her fidelity in being nearest of all the saints to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in heaven.

The life of that Divine Being, dear brethren, did not terminate either in Calvary or on Olivet. His influence did not cease with His death, but is still perpetuated and grows with every step taken by time and eternity in that holy cloud of which He is the Founder and the King. Yes, dear brethren, there is an empire in the midst of the empire, of the world, where men wrestle with flesh and blood and do violence to themselves, believing the promise of their King: "He that lose his life," etc., and obeying the command: "Come, follow me!" A kingdom, governed by all the holy influences of love, and self-sacrifice, and self-annihilation, whose only law is the will of God, and where Christ reigns alone, with a sovereignty, undisputed either by the secret efforts of evil spirits, or the clamors of the world, or the rebellion of the flesh. Day by day we behold some new subject claimed by Him, some fresh conquest made by Him: His

grace descends—and some apostle rises from the ranks of men, and carries His name, His Gospel, and His cross to strange nations, unheeded by the world, but not overlooked by His love.

Again the divine influence goes forth, and some young Levite is standing in His sanctuary, prepared to offer the everlasting Sacrifice, and to be a mediator between the forgetful world and its God. But most frequently do we behold that the Divine Jesus singles out and inclines to Himself the souls of the young, and the sinless—those whose minds never acknowledged a sovereign except Himself; whose hearts are pure and undisturbed by these vain imaginations on which worldlings feed; whose souls always tended with irresistible attraction toward Him. With love for Himself above all suspicion, and faith and loyalty beyond question, and desires, ever growing and increasing, to be nearer and dearer to Him. He has surrounded and enveloped them in His love, and watched over them with unspeakable tenderness, and shielded them from harm, until His own good time comes and He sends forth the message of mercy—the call that seems to anticipate His invitation to Paradise: "Come, follow me!"

And He brings them close to Him, and accepts their sacrifice, and crowns them with His love, and makes them sharers in His triumphs, and sharers, too, in the crosses, which the world will insist that He must bear unto the end.

Such a call, dear brethren, such an answer, such a sacrifice, and such an acceptance of that sacrifice, we are assembled to witness to-day.

And to all here present, whose souls are not blinded to the light of Divine Faith by that darkness which the world casts around its votaries, to all who can read the scene, that we are assembled to witness, by the light of Gospel truth, it will afford one other testi-

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mony to the everlasting power of Jesus Christ, one other proof, that His word does not pass with time, but that, if His demands are great, His promises are inviolable.

For what does Jesus Christ ask of the Sisters who to-day are consecrating themselves by irrevocable vows to His service?

He asks, nay even He demands with that authority which He alone owns, everything that they possess, everything to which they have a right, every faculty that He Himself gave them, every affection that He Himself implanted, every attachment that human nature in its eternal yearnings after Infinite Love has formed. All ambitions and all desires, all ideas of purely human happiness apart from God, must be gathered up, and placed at the feet of Jesus Christ and freely sacrificed and abandoned at His invitation.

This farewell to the world, and to self, dear brethren, this severance of all purely human ties, this voluntary abnegation of the world, and all the world holds dear, is not underrated or unappreciated by Him who knows the secrets of all hearts. And although to-day, in the white heat of Divine Love, there is little thought of the sacrifice that is being made, only gratitude to God for the accomplishment of a high and sacred vocation, it must not be supposed that there was not many a severe trial, much violence to self, many a temptation to be overcome, many a prayer for strength to be heard, before the end was reached, and the souls of these Sisters settled into the quiet repose, when, without fear or hesitation, they could stand in the presence of their Divine Spouse, and their hearts could utter the good word which is to bind them irrevocably to God.

Yes, beloved; the world has a terrible fascination for all of us. With all our faculties distorted and weakened by sin, the world, its pleasures, hopes, ambitions, would be well nigh irresistible, were it not for the grace of Jesus Christ.

To the imagination of the young, particularly, it holds forth attractions, so colored by worldlings, and their own young fancies, that it is a subject of pity, and not of wonder, to behold them hastening to their own ruin in a fatal quest after a happiness that is not to be found. The pleasures of society, the ambition to be courted and favored by those whose opinions we prize, the easy morality of the world, its free forgiveness of every sin except those that are violations of its own customs (the little favors that it expects from its children), the value it attaches to our small vanities, the care with which the unpleasant, awful truths of God, of eternity, and sin and judgment are put in the background—all these things are pleasing to our depraved natures, and though we know the hollowness of its profession, there are few, very few indeed, who can entirely resist its charms. Still more difficult is it to wean ourselves from ourselves, to surrender our will and judgment to another. This sacrifice is infinitely painful to us. There is nothing on earth to which we cleave half as passionately as to our own wills and opinions. This is partly because we identify our own wills with reason and truth, and partly because our own judgment is simply the result of our being, and every thought and experience and action of our lives has had a share in the formation of that judgment, which the religious must entirely abdicate. It means, then, blotting out all our past existence, annihilating our past lives. And yet this is what that Divine Despot demands.

To break to pieces the personal mould in which we have formed ourselves, to enter into the mind of Jesus Christ. To accommodate even our thoughts to the thoughts of another. To descend from the high elevation to which our own ideas or the flatteries of others have raised us. To become, in a word, little children, passive and helpless in other hands—to suffer, but never to complain—to be

misunderstood and not to defend oneself—to be subject to imputations which the soul knows to be unfounded—ah! here is the trial, here is the sacrifice to which the stern mortifications, the privations, the long vigils and the labors of a religious life are as nothing.

But God is generous, generous above all to the soul that implicitly trusts Him. And when such a soul confiding in the Redeemer's promise: "He that shall lose His soul shall find it," freely yields itself up into its Maker's hands, in a moment the pain of the sacrifice vanishes, the hurt is healed, and that peace and security which neither the world, nor ourselves, can ever give, settles upon the heroic soul and abides with it forever. A glimpse of the divine truth, the divine philosophy, that all men see with fulness at the hour of death is let in upon such a soul, and the whole current of thought changes: the sacrifice that is made looks small, the world that is abandoned appears contemptible, and that soul revelling in the everlasting possession of its God smiles at the hesitation it felt but a moment before on trusting itself into the hands of its Redeemer and Spouse.

For, beloved, viewed by the light of Divine Grace, do we not know that the promises of the world are false, that the pleasures and prizes of the world are deceitful? Do we not know that the ambitions of men once satisfied leave nothing but shame and remorse and self-abhorrence? That the pleasures of the world, even when enjoyed to the fullest, are seldom unaccompanied by fearful sin, and always leave behind that terrible aching void, the awe of worldlings, for it is the absence of God? Do we not know that the very best of people have sorrows unimaginable, for their trust is mainly reposed in things that perish and change, and not upon God, who alone is immutable? Do we not know that not only the shams but the realities of terrible evils darken the ways of most people

in the world, that never does the twilight day close but thousands of human hearts are broken; that from the heart of every being, who has had the least experience of the world, as from the heart of the wise King, who afterward became a fool, is wrung that bitter verdict on all things human: "Vanity of vanities; and all things vanity!" Thus the mighty sacrifice of a moment dwindles into nothing. And now let us see what is the reward that is promised and given by God.

In the centre of the courtyard of St. Peter's, at Rome, there stands an obelisk of granite, and on this is written a sentence which tells of the great victory won by Christ over the Pagan world. "Christus Vincet, Christus regnat, Christus imperat, Christus ab omni malo defendit plebem suam." "Christ conquers, Christ rules, Christ governs, Christ delivers His people from every evil." This tells of the victory, dear Sisters, won by the lion of the fold over the powers of darkness and infidelity. It tells of the seat of virtue being placed in the seat of power; the seat of true liberty in the seat of bondage. And though no such violent contrasts, dear Sisters, exist in the present case, we may apply to the victory which Christ to-day shall gain the words of this joyful hymn: "Christ conquereth, Christ reigneth, Christ governeth, Christ delivereth His people from every evil." To be conquered, therefore, dear Sisters, by Jesus Christ, to feel the sweet yoke of His power, and at the same time to be shielded by Him from all harm in time and eternity; in a word, to belong to God wholly, entirely, and unreservedly, and to have a sure claim, an unquestioned claim on the protection of His power and His love; here is the reward of your fidelity to His first grace. What, then, has God taken from you? Nothing. What does God give you? Everything. He has removed you to-day from the ways and walks of men, from the

turbulent, bustling, noisy, foolish world outside, and He places you on the holy mountain of Sion, to be always near Himself, to watch with Him, to pray with Him, to renew the sacrifice of yourselves with the daily sacrifice He makes His Eternal Father. He calls you from the noise and dissipation of the world to the solitude that forever reigns here, that He might speak the more easily to your hearts. He calls you from the pleasures of the world, the vain and vapid pleasures that you might realize even on earth the unimagined happiness of heaven, for à Kempis tells us: "To be without Jesus is as hell, to be with Him is a sweet paradise." He tells you bid farewell to your friends, for you are now become not only a disciple in the Gospel sense, but His spouse. Through the ministries of His bishop, He places on your fingers the ring, the symbol of eternal and inviolate fidelity. He veils you from head to foot that the eyes of the Eternal Father alone may rest upon you, and see in your souls the image of the Spouse you have chosen, and here you will abide with Him, faithful in the midst of an unfaithful world, pure and unstained in these sad days, when all flesh hath corrupted its ways. Your lives will be monotonous, but it is the monotony of heaven, the monotony of gazing uninterruptedly in the Vision of God, you will have none of the exciting pleasures of the world, but peace and serenity beyond expression. You will have trials and crosses to bear, but in company with the "Man of Sorrows" what are these? From His side you will never part unless to teach others the sweetness of His love, the children, or the patient on the deathbed. When the gray dawn breaks upon the world, when the splendor of morn falls upon the earth, when the twilight deepens into night, and the stars come out into the heaven, and there is sleep on the eyes of men, you at least will not forget the loneless God who is more ignored and abandoned than any of His

creatures. You will make amends for your fellow creatures, you will repair their injuries and insults, filling your hearts with sympathy for all that are in sin or trouble, you will not forget the world of tears and misery you have left. You will pray for the Holy Catholic Church, the Mother of Virgins, and the mystic Body of Christ; for the prelates, the watchers on the towers of Israel; for the priesthood laboring in the midst of dangers and temptations; for your earthly friends and the spiritual sisterhood you have joined; and whether in prayer or under temptation, let your confidence never weaken. Never deserve from Christ the rebuke addressed to Peter, "O! you of little faith!" But always remember, even in the midst of doubt and darkness, the promise of our Saviour, "He that shall love his soul, shall find it." And that since to-day you are following the injunction of Jesus Christ, "Come, follow me!" Your names are already enrolled in the bright band seen by the Virgin's disciple St. John: "These are Virgins, and they follow the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth. And sing that glorious canticle that none than they can sing."

SERMON ON OCCASION OF PRIEST'S FIRST MASS.

BY THE REV. W. GRAHAM.

"Honor all men."—I. Peter ii. 17.

"Let the priests that rule well be esteemed worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine."—I. Tim. v. 17.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Honor due to all, grounded on recognition of man's worth and dignity in sight of God. Should be inward, rooted like true charity, in God. What to-day's function implies. The honor due to offices and person of priest, as one in whom Christ lives, teaches, and works. Rank and power founts of honor. Let us consider: 1. Rank of priest in Kingdom of God. 2. His power in same.

I. Order in Church, as in State, requires mission, priest an envoy of God to people under his charge. "As the Father hath sent me, so do I send you" (John xx. 21). Embassy comes direct from Christ, through Bishop and Pope. Not self-appointed. Need of true vocation. "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you" (John xv. 16). Charges of love of place and influence brought against priesthood unfounded.

II. Power of priest. Apparent extravagance of Christ's claims. His power still in energy among us, in triple function of priest, Word, Sacrifices, Sacraments. "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God" (I. Cor. iv. 1). How this triple power exercised. Alexander and Jewish high priest. World and life, mysterious and wonderful; not surprising that hidden Spiritual Life should be more so. High ideal of conduct and belief ever upheld by priest both by teaching and examples. Priest may lapse from grace, as did Judas, Peter, and the angels of Sardis and Ephesus.

Conclusion.—Exhort to duty of praying for priests, and profiting by their sacred ministry.

In an age when honor was the exclusive privilege of a few, and the sole avenues to it, rank, race, wealth, or mere animal strength, it was bold on the part of St. Peter to command the faithful to "honor all men." Here we find a Jew, a Galilean fisherman, rudely brushing aside all distinctions hitherto observed, and sound-

ing a note in ethics never heard before, and which has been sustained by the best of the world ever since. And why? Because it goes straight to the very core or heart of things, and grounds honor, not in what is outside a man, but in his own innate dignity. "Honor all men," because they are men, traced in the divine image, redeemed and elevated by Christ. Now this honor that we owe to all members of the human race does not mean simply outward courtesy, but should rest on inward conviction, grounded in the respect due to our common rational nature. It varies in degree, for we find St. Peter adding in the same verse, "Honor the King," and St. Paul, in the second part of my text, declares that "good priests should be esteemed worthy of *double honor.*" This much is implied in all: a tacit acknowledgment of superior worth either in the individual personality, or in his offices, or in the institution he belongs to.

Now, just as we say that love for men, to be perfect, must be rooted in the love of God, so the honor we pay to God is the root and base of the honor we owe to men. And just as love, the very sunshine of the moral world, that originally sprang from the innermost life of God, is often unspeakably corrupted and debased, so is honor, its shadow. It is religion that teaches how both to *love* and *honor* truly and shun the fate of those who, in the language of Scripture, "Become abominable like the things they loved" (Osee ix. 10).

The function we assist at to-day is the highest, grandest, and noblest that earth can witness—the renewal of the sacrifice of the cross; the renewal in our midst of the miracles of Bethlehem, Cana, and Calvary. Now, I am here to-day to claim for the person and office of him through whom God effects these marvels a particular share in the honor we owe to all men. We are commanded to

honor our parents, the instruments under God, preparing us for the battle of life, to honor the King, or other rulers representing the authority of God; and rightly, because all power and the right to use it in some way shadow forth the attributes of the Most High. The young Levite who performs the most sacred act of his ministry for the first time to-day claims our honor, not as a tribute to rank, family, intellectual endowments, or even natural perfection of character—these may or may not be his inheritance—but to his office and person, as carrying on and personally representing the office and work of Christ. Honor in the worldly sense of the term he has renounced; pleasure, too, and wealth; the more effectually to devote himself to the service of God and the poor; but as a duty to Almighty God, he claims honor and respect as a priest, as one in whom, *officially,* Christ still lives, teaches, and works. It is out of no class feeling, or love of power, or place, or undue influence, but out of a deep conviction of the duty we owe to God, that in the words of St. Paul we say, "Let priests that rule well be esteemed worthy of double honor" (I. Tim. v. 17).

I. Rank has ever been held as one of the chief avenues to honor. Indeed, the state has ever made the rendering of honor to its great dignitaries obligatory. A halo of honor surrounds all its representatives, from the head down to the humblest functionary—and rightly so, because reflecting the order observed in nature and embodying in their powers and functions the might and majesty of Almighty God. Now, what is a priest's rank in "the Kingdom of God"? He is an ambassador of the Most High to the flock, entrusted to him by his Bishop. The words, "As the Father hath sent me so do I send you" (John xx. 21), are as truly spoken to each priest going forth to his mission as they were to those who first heard them from the lips of Christ. He did not mean them

to be dead words put into a book to be wrangled over by critics and commentators. He *is* still and ever *will be* with His Church till the end of time; nor is He meanwhile speechless and dumb. The words He uttered are instinct with life. The work of Jesus, the mission of the Redeemer in seeking and saving lost souls, in sacrificing Himself for the sins of the world, in teaching the multitudes and filling them with the bread of life, goes on still in the "Kingdom of God" He came to found. The young Levite who says his first Mass here to-day takes his rank in the ordered hierarchy of this outward visible Kingdom. In the solemn act of sacrifices that He carries out for the first time to-day he is taking part in the fulfilment of the prophecy, announcing the rejection of the Jewish sacrifices and acceptance of the one new oblation that was to replace them: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean offering" (Mal. i. 11).

His mission comes direct from Christ, through the Bishops, who have followed, in unbroken lines, from the band, to whom was entrusted the commission to teach all nations (Matt. xxviii. 6), and whose chief and head, Peter, was specially enjoined "to find both lambs and sheep," i. e., the pastors and faithful of His Church. "Honor, therefore, to whom honor is due." As clad with the ministerial garb, and entrusted with the ministerial office, the priest is to the world the envoy, the ambassador of God, for Christ, who sends him, is God. True, he is only one of ourselves—our own kith and kin, our own flesh and blood, a man of the people, chosen utterly regardless of rank or class. But he has a mission, an office, a work, the highest in God's giving. It is put on a level with that of the Logos or Incarnate Word. "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you" (John xx. 21). "He that heareth you heareth me"

(Luke x. 16). Now these were God's words, not man's; and Christ's words shall not pass away, nor "return to Him empty," but effect what they mean. "Seek not the living amongst the dead." Look for the living Christ in His living ministers. "Behold he is with us all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 20). The duly elected and commissioned priest is as truly God's envoy as any representative of a foreign power at court is of the nation or sovereign that sent him; and any slight or insult offered him in his capacity as such is an insult to that power, and resented and chastised accordingly to the full extent of its capacity. "But you shall be called the priests of the Lord: to you it shall be said: Ye ministers of our God. . . . And I will make their work in truth, and I will make a perpetual covenant with them" (Isa. lxi. 6-8). They are not self-appointed envoys; they are duly and legally sent, and to each newly-ordained priest are Christ's words strictly applicable: "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and have appointed you that you should go and bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain" (John xv. 16).

Throughout the long, arduous course of training to which he is submitted, by way of preparation for his office, the words of St. Paul are ever put before him by his teachers and spiritual guides: "Neither doth any man take the honor to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was" (Heb. v. 4). If honor, therefore, is due to rank or dignity, surely it must be doubly so in the case of those who have received it direct from Almighty God.

We hear a great deal to-day in the way of denunciation of sacerdotalism, and the craving of the clergy for rank, honor, and power; the desire "to sit in first places and be saluted in assemblies" (Mark xii. 38). History is raked to find instances of their pride and love of domination; and isolated words of our Lord, in

reference to the Jewish priesthood, are largely used in illustration of application thereto. They little know the spirit that animates, and, with rare exception, ever has animated, the Catholic priesthood, who use these cruel and bitter taunts. No body of men was ever more opposed to domination, or power, or rank, or titles for their own sakes, than they. Indeed, they have even by word and example denounced their abuse. At the same time, we can not surely but "speak what we have seen and heard." God is Master in His own world. He can organize His visible Kingdom on earth when and as He thinks fit; and it is our duty, at whatsoever cost, to carry out His designs. The might and power with which the "Kingdom of God" was endowed at its foundation on Pentecost, the great spiritual forces put at its disposal, are the work of God, and we are its humble ministers in carrying this work on. There must be posts in God's visible Kingdom on earth as in every other.

We seek not honor for ourselves personally, but we claim it for the office and work wherewith God has entrusted us. The Church makes no distinction of persons, and when all paths were closed to rank and office in earthly kingdoms, save a privileged few, her highest were open to the lowliest. Our present Pope, like the first, is of humble origin. No doubt the ministers of God are frail mortals like the rest, subject to all the weaknesses and limitations of our common nature; but their office, notwithstanding, is a high, exalted, nay, angelic one. Every means is taken to fit them for it. Carnal pleasures, many legitimate amusements, and all commercial pursuits for the sake of a living are forbidden, so that, "undivided, they may serve the Lord and the brethren," and, as far as possible, become "like the angels in heaven," "neither marrying nor giving in marriage." Long years of prayer and study, followed by the life-long grace of a special sacrament, prepare them for the office and

work of "the ministry of the word." When tempted, it may be, in after years, to yield to the subtle penetrating atmosphere of worldliness around, the voices of their superiors and the duties they owe their flocks ever remind them of St. Paul's words: "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God" (I. Cor. iv. 1).

II. And this leads me to another thought, suggested by the function of the day—the priest's power. Rank is a title to honor; so is power. We honor God because of His supreme power; might, not separated from but joined to limitless goodness, justice and mercy. Now, Christ who was "with us in all meekness, lowliness, and humility," who told us to learn of Him "to be meek and humble of heart" (Prov. iii. 34), who "rejects the proud and giveth grace to the humble," startles us at times in the Gospel with His assumption of power and the apparent extravagance of His claims. Taking the whole world as His field of activity, His opening words to His humble missionaries are, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 18-20). Now the power thus launched in the world still abides. It is triply exercised by every priest in the power of the word by teaching and preaching—the power of sacrifices in renewing the great offering of Christ on Calvary, and the power of healing and saving in the sacraments. They have not sought this power; it came not from themselves; it has been bestowed on them by Christ. He withdrew His visible presence in the Ascension, from earth, but not His power. It is still in full energy amongst us. We no

longer hear His voice, as Peter and James and John and the rest heard "the words of life." We no longer see with bodily eye His hand raised to bless, and free from the bonds of sin, we neither see nor touch the wounds in hands, feet, and side, nor see the blood stream from the altar of the cross; but I ask, Is Christ's voice silent, do His hands lie helpless by His side? Is the great act of atonement and intercession neither continued nor renewed? Emphatically no! We have the voice of Christ perpetuated in the teaching Church, and brought to our own doors by the priest that is sent. "He that heareth you, heareth me" (Luke x. 16). His hand is still raised to dismiss the repentant sinner with the consoling words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," "Go, sin no more" (Luke vii. 48), and His arms are ever open to receive the returning prodigal. The keys are not rusting in the Church's locks. The power of opening and shutting, of binding and loosing still exists; and is entrusted to the priest in the confessional. "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained" (John xx. 23). The lamb is still slain, "slain from the beginning of the world," and lies on our altars in a state of sacrifice, unbloody and mystical, it is true, but real withal. The bread that "comes down from heaven," the "body and blood of the Lord" to feed the multitudes that throng our churches "to hear the word," must be multiplied all over the world, "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same" (Ps. xlix. 1). Now, by whose agency are all these marvels brought about? By the power of the priests in Holy Mass, who, in and through the apostles, were told "to do this in remembrance of Him."

Worthily then, I say, are they deserving of honor, whom the "King himself deigns to honor" in entrusting with His power, and sanctioning its use by His call. Alexander the Great, it is said,

on visiting Jerusalem, fell prostrate before the high priest then in office. On being asked by his friend Parmenius, why he had so demeaned himself before a Jew, he replied in words we may all take to heart and apply to-day: "It is not the man, but the God He represents, that I thus reverence."

The trend of the times, it may be said, is against priestly influence and their arrogant assumption of miraculous powers: nay, belief in miracles at all, is on the wane. What is outside of or beyond nature is outside of or beyond thought, and so incredible. This is the jargon of the day, a maze of words, seeing that nature itself is a world of mystery and wonder, and man himself, by his powers of thought and free will, the greatest wonder-worker in it. Without a God, a world of order is unthinkable, and with a God, who knows and loves everything, not a contradiction, is both possible and credible. Do we not need the word of God, i. e., light, leading, and teaching in the spiritual order? Do we not need grace and healing? Do we not, in a word, need God brought near to us in our own common, human nature, i. e., in Christ? And do we not need the continuation and perpetuity of His message, and work; in other words, a ministry with Christlike powers? On these grounds it is that we claim honor for the priesthood.

In a world that ignores God, a world of sin, and luxury and selfishness, the priest has ever boldly borne witness to God and preached the Gospel of duty, of self-sacrifice, of purity, and of brotherly love, both by precept and example. To the city of the world, "the empire of selfishness and sin," he ever opposes "the city of God," the reign or "Kingdom of God."

It is, indeed, true that a priest may fall from grace. We all carry this priceless treasure in vessels of clay. It must be, as our Lord says, that "scandals come," just as they arose amongst the men of

His own choice and of His own training. The fall of Judas, the denial of Peter, the defection of the disciples who "walked no more with Him" on account of "some hard sayings of His," teach us to be prepared for these scandals when they occur. Even St. John, on his death, had to deplore the conduct of the angels (i. e., Bishops) of Ephesus and Sardis, and warn them of its consequences. But a priest's state in the sight of God does not affect his privileges and power. Like a sign-post that never moves itself, he may yet point the right road to heaven, or as a rusty pipe, convey the pure, clean waters of sacramental grace. A doctor may very well heal others, though himself sadly in need of healing. The Church ever carefully selects and as carefully trains youths for the sacred ministry. When all is said and done the priesthood is still, as our Lord described it, "the salt of the earth," ever foremost in all good works both for the soul and body; ever ready in their own daily lives to afford an example of what they preach.

Conclusion.—And now, brethren, as you approach to receive the blessing of the newly ordained priest, do not fail to pray that God may strengthen and protect him by His holy grace in the life he begins to-day. "Without me you can do nothing," a priest may well say. "It is God that giveth the increase," water or dig who may. We know the priest for his rank and power in God's Kingdom; but it is our duty also to pray, that his ministry may be a fount of perfection to his own soul and of healing and saving fruit to the souls of others. It is a dizzy and dangerous height to be made minister of Christ—a mediator between God and man. The more reason, then, as "The law maketh men priests who have infirmity" (Heb. vii. 28), to pray that God may guard them in His holy keeping, lest, in St. Paul's words, "Whilst we preach to others we ourselves may become castaways." Therefore, in the words of the

same apostle, "Remember your prelates who have spoken the word of God to you" (Heb. xiii. 7).

And as the recently consecrated hand of the new Levite is raised in blessing over your heads, pray, too, that you may ever worthily benefit by the triple power of the holy priestly office; that you may listen reverently and fruitfully to the word of God, worthily receive the sacramental grace poured out through his ministrations, and attend reverently, devoutly, and fervently the highest function of all, the Holy Mass.

FAREWELL DISCOURSE ON PASTOR'S CALL TO ANOTHER MISSION.

BY THE REV. W. GRAHAM.

"But because I have spoken these things to you sorrow hath filled your heart."—John xvi. 6.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Pain of parting from friends and scenes that are dear, human. Even saints subject to it. St. Paul and Ephesians (Acts xx. 38), Timothy, Lazarus. Burden of what I say to-day is good-by, i. e., "God be with you" all.

I. First let me say farewell to children of the parish. Remember my counsels: Be obedient to God, your parents, the Church. Do not forget baptismal promises. Frequent sacraments. Consult interests of soul in choice of state of life, companions, and the rest.

II. Farewell, Christian parents. In all relations of life as husbands and wives—parents and citizens, "walk worthy of your vocation to the House of God—the Church." Be patient with each other—train children to be fit members of Church—living stones when we are all gone. Let no human creature or interest dethrone God in your hearts. Life a journey. We are but guests of a day.

III. Farewell, pious souls, stay and support of pastor and light to your fellow-parishioners. God bless your generosity. May your light go on increasing to perfect day.

IV. Farewell, sinners. Personally I love you. Your vices only I denounced. Awake from lethargy of sin whilst there is still time.

V. A word personally. Notwithstanding my many faults, had ever at heart your best interests. Forgive my shortcomings, pray for me. Grant to my successor same hearty measure of loyalty and kindness shown to me. Same word and ministry carried on in my absence—a joy that we are all one, in Faith, Hope, and Charity.

No word in the language, perhaps, drops more easily and more frequently from the lips than good-by—parting is so common in life. And yet there are occasions when its utterance wrings the heart with sorrow. Such, brethren, is the present, when called by my superiors to another sphere of labor, another corner in the Lord's vineyard,

I am compelled to say farewell to a flock that time and intimate acquaintance have made dear to me. But a priest is like the soldier in the Gospel; when his bishop says, "Go, he goeth; Do this, and he doeth it." None the less, taking leave of old friends is ever painful, especially when we consider the character of the tie that binds the pastor to the flock. "*Nil humanum a me alienum puto.*" It is worthily human, too, to feel keenly breaking up old associations that had become part of one's very life. It is a weakness indeed, if weakness it can be called, to which our saints were subject. It is a relief in the records of their superhuman detachment to find instances of their breaking down when quitting cherished friends and scenes. How touching are the words in the Acts of the Apostles telling how the Ephesians, "falling on the neck of Paul, they kissed him, being grieved most of all for the word which he had said that they should see his face no more" (Acts xx. 38). Herein, and in his farewell letter to Timothy, his beloved disciple, we rejoice to find a human side to the character of the stern, strong Paul of Tarsis. We are all climbing plants. We need the support of friends. A priest should be like Melchisedech, it is said, "Without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but likened unto the Son of God, continueth a priest for ever" (Heb. vii. 3). But, after all, he is human; certainly not stronger in suppressing emotion, nor less tender than was He who wept on hearing that His friend Lazarus was dead, and Who made a most pathetic farewell discourse to His disciples ere withdrawing His visible presence from their midst.

The words I say to-day are the last I may address you in the capacity of pastor, and, though addressed to all, are meant for each. I shall limit myself to a thought, suggested by and, indeed, wrapped in the simple expression, "Good-by." It is a contraction of "God

be with you," and from my heart do I say the words, by way of farewell, first of all to the lambs of the flock, the Benjamins of God's family, the children and young folk of the parish.

I. May God ever be with you, children, and forget not the lessons which, in His name, invested with His authority, I taught you. The truths and practices they conveyed, though uttered imperfectly by me, yet came originally straight from the heart and lips of God, and were meant for our own guidance and protection in life. My warnings were not the empty cry of wolf, when there was no wolf, but serious, well-meant counsel, against the present and pressing dangers that beset the young in the porch of life. Love, honor, respect, and obey first and foremost your Father " who is in heaven," the great Almighty God, and next your own dear fathers and mothers on earth, His representatives and your own natural guardians and advisers. Honor, too, and respect our Holy Mother Church, her laws, her clergy, her teachings, for she makes known the mind of Christ, is entrusted with His presence, and keeps up His office and work of enlightening the world by truth and saving it by grace. On many, perhaps on most, of your heads, I have poured the water of holy baptism, and received through your God-fathers and God-mothers your solemn renunciation of the world, the flesh, and the devil, Christ's great enemies and yours. The white robe of innocence, symbol of the grace then poured into your souls, I placed upon your shoulders, this light held by your side, type of the light of faith, was carried in your name; both reminding you that you belong to Him, Who is " the way, the truth, and the life." Hold fast to the grace of God; allow not your speckless robe of innocence that is to admit you to the wedding feast, the marriage of the Lamb, to be dragged in the mire. It is easy to lose grace, but hard in the extreme to recover it. Heed

not false friends, a frivolous and wicked world, that would drag you down to its own level, lure you into the paths of pleasure and sin. Remember their fruit is death—death bitter and irremediable to all that is best in this life, and endless death in the next.

Wash your souls regularly in the precious blood of Christ, in the Sacrament of Penance, and keep alive the divine life within you by frequent recourse to what is well called the bread of life, in Holy Communion. Youth is the springtime of life. What you now sow that you will reap. The habits you form, the seed you sow in your souls, by your ways and conduct now, will determine the harvest you will reap later on in life, and later on still, in eternity. Fly, therefore, the occasion of sin—bad books and papers, and, above all, dangerous and wicked companions who do the devil's work in the world more effectually than Satan himself. Let the friends you make be of your own faith, and approved of by your parents; and in the choice of a state of life consult the interests of your soul as well as those of the body. In choosing him or her who is to walk down the way of life as inseparable companion, let your choice be confined to Catholic circles. It is treason to the Church to act otherwise. Ever remember that we must obey and love God more than man; that we have a soul to save, and "what will it profit us to gain the whole world if we lose it?"

II. Farewell, Catholic parents! May God bless and be ever with you in life and in death, and reward you both here and hereafter for all you have done in support of the house of God and its ministers in this mission. I would fain say farewell and express my gratitude to each singly, but, I trust, that under the circumstances, you will take the will for the deed. I can but exhort you to be faithful to your duties in the most delicate relations of life, as husbands and wives, as fathers and mothers. Carry out the

general maxim to "bear and forbear," and "help to carry one another's burdens, for so you fulfil the law of Christ." If God has blessed you with children, fail not to set them good example, and train them up to be worthy members of their Church and country, and your own stay and consolation in declining years. Make way for the young! is nature's cry. The future is theirs; and *yours* to make them worthy of it. We are all living stones in the temple, i. e., the Church of God; but it is your function, Christian parents, to cut and shape and mold those that are to take our place when we are gone. Rise, therefore, to the great height of your duties and responsibilities!

And whilst faithfully discharging your duties as parents, forget not what, in justice to yourselves, you owe to your own souls. The experience you have of life in its many phases must surely bring wisdom; but let it not be the cynical, selfish, calculating wisdom of this world, that puts God aside and thrones self, money, pleasure, passion, or even one's own children in His place. Let your motto be, "God above all, in all, and through all." If young and hopeful of "length of days," "Remember God in the days of thy youth." Rest convinced that "out of God," "away from duty," there neither is, nor can be, true peace, rest, or contentment. There may be shadows of these things, but no more. God wishes us to be virtuous and dutiful by way of preparation for happiness hereafter: sure that the instinct pressing us all forward in pursuit of it will one day be gratified. Fix not your hearts on the fleeting and temporal, but on what is durable and eternal. We are all but guests and visitors, who have one day to say farewell to all that seems now blended with our very being.

Many of you, perhaps, are old—on the threshold of the grave, awaiting in peace the blessed call to a better and happier world.

May the remainder of your days be spent in peace, a calm sunset foreshadowing a glorious dawn. And even if life has been a crucifixion, a way of the cross, leading to Calvary, still take heart in the thought that Olivet of the Ascension lies beyond.

III. Farewell, pious souls—the flower of God's flock. Your good example and hearty cooperation in all good works have smoothed your pastor's way and served to keep alive the torch of piety in the mission. Your prayers have contributed in no small degree to bring down the blessing of God on us all. Your faith and charity and good example are "known to all; you have not put your light under a bushel, but, at the Master's bidding, have let it shine before man;" and in regular and devout attendance at Holy Mass, and the various functions of the Church, "have glorified God and edified your neighbor." May that light ever shine and continue to advance even to perfect day—the day of final peace and rest in God, when "God will wipe the tears from our eyes and there shall be neither weeping nor mourning nor sorrow" (Apoc. xxi. 4). The very wish of the Church on earth, the aim and object of her existence, is the training of souls, the building up of the body of Christ, the preparation of choice stones to be fitted into the city of God—the new Jerusalem; and in so far only are a priest's efforts crowned with success when piety and holiness of life flourish in his mission.

IV. Farewell, also, sinners, if there are any here listening to my words to-day. My sincerest wish, to all present and absent, is that you "should be converted and live." I have deplored and denounced your conduct, grieved for your sins, and the scandals they gave rise to; but, personally, I have loved you and ever had your best interests at heart. My warnings and exhortations have been ineffectual to rouse you from the deep lethargy of sin and

make you see "what is to your peace;" but God is patient, His grace abundant. "His mercy is above all His works." The means of reconciliation—the fountains of the sacraments, like the miraculous cruse of oil, never run dry. God "stands at the door and knocks," and my last appeal and earnest prayer to you each and all, is that you should open to Him your hearts by sincere repentance and approach at once the miraculous pool of penance ever flowing in the Church of God "for the washing of the sinner and the unclean."

V. And now a parting word to all. In spite of my many deficiencies, only too well known to myself, this much I can truthfully say, that I have ever carried you in my heart; that your interests and welfare have been mine; that I have ever rejoiced in your joy and prosperity, and grieved in your sorrows. Though my chief interest lies in your spiritual welfare, yet I have ever thought that true temporal prosperity is not inconsistent therewith. A certain degree of physical well-being is, in most cases, a necessary basis of morality and religion. God never meant extreme poverty. In nine cases out of ten it is as dangerous as extreme wealth. Take the place in the world, then, that your intelligence and industry entitle you to. Hard work and temperance benefit both soul and body, and are the natural channels to the perfection of them both. They are the keys that unlock the treasures of nature and grace.

And now let me crave your indulgence for my own personal defects. Few of us live up to the standard of our callings, especially when we consider the lofty ideal of the Catholic priesthood, weighted with a ministry more than angelic. But it is a consolation to feel that, as true members of the Church, you have looked more to the office than to its feeble holder; regarded not

so much the man as "the dispenser of the mysteries of God." You have listened to His word, not to hear "new things," new views about science, politics, or ethics, not *his* views or *other men's* views, but the word of God, as "it is in very truth," as stored up in the mind of the Church, in the treasure house of Scripture and Tradition, interpreted by fathers, popes, and councils. But it is principally in the ministry of the sacraments that you have looked on the priest as "Dispenser of the mysteries of God." In saying Holy Mass, hearing confessions, baptizing your children, standing by the bedside of the dying and applying the holy unctions, you have seen and heard words and acts of a man, but the power behind them, the force that gave them strength and virtue, came from God. Christ still lives in His Church. In the person of His priests He goeth about saving and healing and raising to life. The love and reverence of Catholics for their priesthood is neither purely personal nor superstitious. It sees the hand and hears the voice of God in His ministers, however personally weak or unworthy. This thought has ever sustained and consoled me. It is a consolation to know that this double ministry of the word, the teaching of Catholic truth, and sacramental or "of the mysteries of God," as St. Paul calls it, does not cease with my departure, but will be carried on by my successors as long as there is a flock to minister to. You will hear the same divine truth, be present at the same tremendous sacrifices, share in the same holy sacraments, as long as you have a priest amongst you, sent by his bishop in communion with the Pope, linked with Peter through an unbroken line of succession; and so, rooted and founded on Christ, the corner stone of the House of God.

And now one final request. The weight of the ministry is no light or easy one to carry. High, lofty duties and heavy respon-

sibilities attach thereto. Doing the work and carrying on the function of Christ—how oppressive the thought! How often does not a priest, feeling his own unworthiness and yet deeply conscious by faith of his very nearness and contact with Christ, feel tempted to exclaim with St. Peter, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." Pray, then, fervently that God may bless and strengthen my efforts to walk worthily in my sacred path, that He may bless my work elsewhere, and whilst helping me to water and plant "grant Himself the increase."

Pray, too, that He may bless the labors of my successor in your midst. Grant him the same hearty greeting and cordial support accorded to myself. We are both soldiers in the same cause, laborers in the same vineyard, and both seek the aid and encouragement of your prayers and good-will.

My own most earnest prayer is and will be that God may grant you every blessing spiritual and temporal; that He may ever guard yourselves and children. Farewell—God be with us all.

PLAN FOR SERMON AT THE BURIAL OF A PRIEST.

BY THE REV. W. GRAHAM.

"With him that feareth the Lord, it shall go well in the latter end: and in the day of his death he shall be blessed."—Ecclus. i. 13.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Sad duty that brings us together. Priest common friend and father. The ties that bind us to him, and claims he has upon us. Withal a solitary being. No family ties, no encumbrances: Notwithstanding he is widely mourned. Like Melchisedech or Elias of old. Elias witness to God in Israel and great wonder-worker. So is priest to eye of faith, a witness to God, a reformer, and a doer of marvels. As with Elias, priest's life double; 1. Hidden, as known to God. 2. Public, as lived before men. A word or two on some phases of both.

I. As a child, his call to clerical life shown in taste for piety, study, church services. Fostered by parents watchful to guard their son from all taint of body or soul. Church ever seeks in her candidates "mens sana in corpore sano." Long years of seclusion devoted to prayer and study deepen and strengthen his call. Lofty ideal of life and high standard of duty ever put before him. "Pars mea Deus in aeternum" his motto. Made to realize, as he has afterward to teach, that there are only two lasting realities in life, God and the soul. His ordination. Solemnity of it. Ratifies his vows publicly, "coram ecclesia," private vows not encouraged in Catholic Church. Religious profession, orders, marriage.

II. Priesthood perpetuates ministry of Christ. Office of Christ triple: King, prophet, and priest. Their triple function still in force. Surely the royalty, teaching or prophetic office and priesthood of our Lord not mere names or metaphors. They are not mere emblems, but in energy to-day and brought home to us in priest who (a) rules the flock of Christ, commands, forbids, and threatens in His name, (b) teaches in school and pulpit, prophesies destruction and wrath to sinners unrepentant; (c) sacrifices or represents Christ in Holy Mass, the new oblation "offered up from rising of sun to going down of same." Prays for all, "stands between God and people" in the work of prayer or praise, the Divine Office. Objections.

Conclusion.—Two lessons to be learned from function to-day—one of gratitude for ministry of priesthood; the other, the duty of praying for our pastor's soul.

It is a sad duty that brings us together to-day. We have met to pay our last tribute of respect to a venerable pastor, who has ministered so many years to our spiritual wants in this parish. He was our common father in God, and we meet round his bier to testify the honor and respect we owe him as children. All leave-taking is painful. But to bid farewell in death—to feel that we shall never again hear the voice, or touch the hand, or look on the forms of those whose lives were closely interwoven with our own, is the saddest parting of all. Intimately associated as he was with us in all the main relations of life, it is with a feeling somewhat akin to this that we regard our departed friend and respected pastor, now cold and stiff in death. He was the common father, friend, and counsellor of us all, and we naturally miss his ready and fatherly advice and ever cordial greeting. We all seemed to have a common share in him. Many here present, if not most, were his spiritual children, baptized, instructed, married, or otherwise admitted to the sacraments by him. We have all grown up under his kindly and watchful eyes; and, therefore, does his departure, howsoever foreseen, leave a blank in our lives.

Though thus inextricably mixed up with us, the priest withal is ever a being apart. He has no family ties, no wife or children to mourn his loss, no public office in community or State to bind him to life. And yet, without any of the usual ties of kindred, friendship, or interest, the congregation here present shows how deeply and generally his death is mourned. I said the priest is a being apart. He often appears abruptly among his flock, few knowing who he is, or whence he comes, and is frequently removed by the call of obedience, or death, just as suddenly. He is a sort of modern Melchisedech, "without father or mother or beginning of days" (Heb. vii. 3); or Elias, who suddenly makes his appearance in the

pages of the Old Testament as "Elias the Thesbite of the inhabitants of Galaad" (III. Kings xvii. 1). No other details are given. Yet we all know how intimately this austere hermit and destroyer of idols grew into the lives of the people of Israel. Though he led a lonely and ascetic life, yet was he a preacher, a reformer, a witness to the true God against Baal and his worshippers. He was a wonder-worker, too, as his life and miracles show. There were, thus, two aspects to the prophet's life: first, as he lived before God, and next, as he was seen and observed by men. So is it with the priest. He is called to do the work of Elias among the people to whom he is sent. He is, in a modest and quiet way, preacher, reformer, and witness to the true God against the false gods of the day and their many worshippers. In his ministry, too, in the pulpit, in the confessional, at the holy altar, he accomplishes wonders as true and as real to the eye of faith as were those of Elias to the eye of flesh. Such was your late pastor's mission. His life, too, like that of Elias, was a double one; first, as brought face to face with God and the solemn realities of religion; and, secondly, as living and moving among men like one of themselves. With an eye to this double side of a priestly life, we may profitably dwell on some of its phases, exemplified in that of your late worthy pastor.

I. As a child, the eye of father, or mother, or priest, or friend detected that early piety, that attraction to God's house and the sacred functions it witnesses, that shows a true call to the priestly state. "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of thy house, and the place where thy glory dwelleth" (Ps. xxv. 8). The company he frequented, the books he read, the schools he loved, his tastes and conduct, all pointed in the same direction; his vocation, meanwhile, deepening and strengthening. His pious parents were careful to guard him from every taint, both of soul and body, well aware that

the Church tests both, and ever seeks in her clergy a pure and healthy mind in a sound and healthy body. Long years of study in all needful branches of secular and sacred science, joined to habitual training in prayer and other forms of piety, fit him to be not only "a sayer but a doer of the Word." Throughout the long years of preparation, the weary steps that lead to ordination, he is made to feel the necessity of living up to a high standard of duty, nay, more, of living in and for God alone, of realizing the aim and endeavors of true priestly life, taking to heart the words of Scripture, "Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion for ever" (Ps. lxxii. 26). "Behold, O Lord, thou hast known all things, the last and those of old; thou hast formed me and hast laid thy hand upon me" (Ps. cxxxviii. 5). He is taught that by virtue of his very office he must be cut off, in a certain sense, from even the legitimate pleasures and social intercourse of the world, the more thoroughly to devote himself to the interests of God and His Church. He has first to bring home to his own soul what it is his work, in after life, to bring home to the souls of others, viz.: that there are only two solemn realities in life, God and the soul.

Thus the priest lives. In this way did your venerable pastor live through all the early stages of life, childhood, boyhood, youth, and manhood—a pattern of Christian life and conduct; till the time for ordination or solemn consecration to Almighty God as a priest came round. It is not lightly or hastily that the Church separates one unto the work whereunto the Spirit calls. She unceasingly reminds her aspiring Levites of St. Paul's words: "Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God as Aaron was" (Heb. v. 4). "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and have appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain" (John xv. 16). He is

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trained, tried, and instructed in the functions and obligations of the clerical state ere he is solemnly and publicly consecrated to God in it by the Holy Sacrament of Orders. His vows are accepted, his promises made "coram ecclesia." She does not approve of private vows and engagements, howsoever sacred. There is always danger of haste or imprudence. Hence dedication of one's self to the religious life, and the solemn promises of marriage even, are made, and accepted, and ratified publicly. So with the duties and promises attending the priesthood.

II. The priesthood perpetuates the ministry of Christ on earth. "Greater works than these shall you do." Now Christ had triple offices. He was King or Ruler, Prophet, and Priest combined. The prophecies of old point Him out in one or other of these characters. His royalty is foretold in the words, "A star shall rise out of Jacob and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel" (Num. xxiv. 17). Holy David speaks of Him as King and Priest in one: "Thou art a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech" (Ps. cix. 4); whilst Moses points to Him as his Successor in the office of law-giver and prophet: "The Lord thy God will raise up to thee a prophet of thy nation and of thy brethren like unto me; him thou shalt hear" (Deut. xviii. 15). He was, indeed, to be King, Prophet, and Priest; yet it is said of Him that He is to be withal the meekest and humblest and most downtrodden and maligned of men, for though "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda, nor a ruler from his thigh till he come that is to be sent," yet is He represented as "tying his foal to the vineyard and his ass to the vine. . . . He shall wash his robe in wine and his garment in the blood of the grape" (Gen. xlix. 11).

He came meekly as King, though born in a stable, and drew sages and princes from the far East to seek, and when found,

reverence Him as such. As King of the Jews, He was put to death with the title nailed to the cross on which He suffered. As priest He died, offering Himself a victim for sin—being thus priest and victim in one, as the night before he had offered up the first Mass in dividing and distributing His own Body and Blood at the Last Supper, and is ever in heaven our pleader and intercessor, "the Lamb" that St. John saw "as it was slain." As prophet, in the far-famed sermon on the mount, his statements are laws and predictions at once. He foretold the destruction of the old Jerusalem and the setting up of the new, in His kingdom the Church, with a description of His varying fortunes that we see verified ourselves.

Now I ask how this triple office or function of Christ ceased? Does He still rule and teach and sacrifice? or stand publicly as Mediator between God and man. Was His promise to be with His Church "to the end of the world" a mere metaphor to indicate historical influence by His word and example? Are His royalty and priesthood and teaching merely interior and spiritual? Does his voice speak and his touch heal only to personal faith? No! Why should He have come down to earth, taken a real body and soul, founded a kingdom, and empowered a real ministry, if His mission and work are not to be outward, real and effective, but only more figures of speech? No! Christ still rules in His kingdom, and as Prophet and Priest He still teaches and sacrifices. He left His triple office to His apostles, and they and their successors carry it on till the present day, and will till the end of time. In every single district or parish of His world-wide kingdom, Christ still effectively rules, teaches, and sacrifices. For many a long year the worthy pastor whose remains we lay in the grave to-day, discharged this triple function in your midst. When as the authorized pastor of souls he acted as the shepherd of his flock; when he commanded

you in God's name to observe the laws of God and His Church; to shun schism and heresy; when he regulated and arranged what was necessary to "rule well the house of God, which is the church," he represented or put before you, the ruling or kingly power of Christ. Again, when teaching your children or selves catechism, when explaining, developing, and applying God's Word in the pulpit, when prophesying destruction to Jerusalem, figure of the unrepentant sinner, he exercised Christ's office of prophet; whilst in offering up the adorable victim of Calvary in the Holy Mass, for the quick and the dead, "he represented the death of Christ till his coming," did this "in everlasting memory of him;" in other words, he sanctified, thus showing the priesthood of Christ. Apart, too, from the adorable sacrifice of the Holy Mass, he joined in the great offering of prayer and praise that daily ascend like incense in God's sight from the lips of the multitudes of holy men and women consecrated to Almighty God, I mean the Divine office. When God is forgotten —when the world is sunk in sleep, or pleasure, or toil, or sin; when God is, as if He were not, ignored in His own world—then, from convents and monasteries and lonely presbyteries, the great stream of liturgical prayer goes forth; and in this daily outburst of song and praise your pastor, now cold in death, took his allotted part. Prayer for his people is a duty on the part of a priest, and faithfully, no doubt, did he that is gone discharge it. In this respect, he was a true priest, standing between God and the people. And as "the law maketh men priests, who have infirmity" (Heb. vii. 28), how often has he not himself wrestled in prayer with evil, struggled, as all good men have to, against the inborn evil propensities of the human heart, labored to hush the voice of passion and quell the uprisings of nature rebellious to grace!

But is not this, you may say, an ideal and overdrawn picture of

our late worthy pastor's life? It is too like the Gospel. He seemed natural and commonplace. Outwardly, at least, there was nothing extraordinary or supernatural about his life. Gossip was busy sometimes with his faults, and even slander in some instances did not spare him. He had, perhaps, his peculiar ways, and as such was the victim of criticism and enmity, like everybody else. True, the priest, as I said, leads a double life—as he is to the eye of flesh and as he is before God. He is natural—subject to weakness and sin, for we all carry the priceless treasure of grace and supernatural powers and privileges in vessels of clay; but at the same time to the eye of God, called apart and endowed with power and grace to rule and heal and save in the kingdom of God. There are springs of life and energy filled with wonder and mystery lying hidden and unobserved; or, if seen, looking vulgar and commonplace, in the natural order around us; so, too, are there in the unseen world of grace—in the hidden and unexplored land of the supernatural.

To the eye of flesh, to those immersed in material cares and labors, there was nothing wonderful or supernatural about Christ; even his own disciples did not appear to realize the Divine presence in Him; yet He was the "Eternal Wisdom," God-made Man. "Is he not the Carpenter, the Son of Mary?" (Mark vi. 3). "Can anything of good come from Nazareth?" they said, who knew Him not. He, too, was criticized, slandered, and had bitter and malignant enemies, through whose hatred and persecution he died and was crucified. Surely "the disciple is not above the Master" (Matt. x. 24). Is he not, on the contrary "to walk even as he walked" (I. John ii. 6), and are we not all, priests and people alike, "predestined by God to be made conformable to the image of his Son" (Rom. viii. 29).

And now, brethren, your pastor is no more. He, whose conse-

crated hand was so often raised in blessing, in conveying sacramental power to your souls, in carrying the bread of life to your lips, in applying the holy unction to the bodies of your departed friends, to prepare them for their last journey, is himself still in death. The hand, strong with sacramental energy, now lies motionless and powerless. The voice that echoed the words and message of Christ, nay, whose utterance in Holy Mass brought Christ down upon our altars, is hushed and silent. His work in the school, in the pulpit, in the confessional, his zeal for the conversions of sinners and perfecting of the elect—all his efforts, in short, in behalf of your eternal interests have now ceased in this world. He, too, like his divine Master, and all his fellow-workers in the sacred ministry before him, has had to pay tribute to death. But we have every reason to believe that he died in the Lord. He needed, it is true, the same healing that he was instrumental in conveying to others —the prayers and rites and sacraments of Holy Church, for, like the rest of us, he had his own personal burden of sin to carry. Though he healed others, himself he could not heal. The ministration he so generously gave to others he had to crave *from others* for himself. But he ever kept "his soul in his hands" (Job xiii. 14). He asked and received piously and fervently the rites of Holy Church; and we trust that God's judgments were light upon him.

Two practical thoughts are suggested by the funeral service at which we assist to-day—one of gratitude to Almighty God for the ministry of word and work, of Divine truth and sacramental energy, He sends us on our earthly pilgrimage; the other, the duty of praying for the relief and speedy release of him that is gone. God makes ample provision for the life, health, and advancement of souls. Grace is abundant. The whole machinery of the Church and the ministrations of her clergy are ours, to obtain and apply it. Do

we ever thank God for the spiritual blessings and privileges lavished on us through the ministry of holy Church, from the cradle to the grave, from Baptism to extreme unction? The gifts of grace are as thanklessly appropriated and used, if not abused, I fear, as are the gifts of nature. "Were not ten made clean? and where are the nine? There is no one found to return and give glory to God, but this stranger" (Luke xvii. 17, 18). In the order of nature, health and strength and talent are largely granted—the warm sun and soft air and fruitful ground are God's blessings. "Thou openest thy hand, and fillest with blessing every living creature" (Ps. cxliv. 16); yet what tribute of thanks do the recipients bring Him? Who among those He thus favors is found to "return and give glory to God"?

So, too, in grace. God's gifts encircle us. Truth, and light, and certainty, and holy sacramental strength, and energy teem in the Church of God for our benefit. If we hunger or thirst or are cold, if we are "sick unto death," or even lifeless, yet the nourishing, healing, life-giving gifts of God hang from every tree, and curing waters gush forth from every stream in this "paradise of God." Who that benefits, thanks, I will not say, adequately, but at all, "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," both in nature and in grace? Let us not be unmindful and ungrateful. The voice of your pastor, now with God, so often the instrument and channel of his gifts, appeals to you not to receive these gifts in vain. He beseeches you to profit by the ministrations of your clergy, whose powers and rights never die out in his kingdom. It is for our own good, our own welfare, our own best happiness that the priest shadows forth in his person and carries out in his ministry the three great offices of Christ as king, prophet, and sacrificer or priest. He is Christ in the concrete, looking at him officially and representatively. He is our

king or royal shepherd, ruling and guiding a trusting, believing flock; a prophet in teaching and warning us of the dangers to come; a priest in pleading and interceding for us in the Holy Mass and Divine office. Christ "is not dead, but liveth." So may we say that the good pastor whom we reverently commit to the earth to-day still lives. He is alive to God, and survives among ourselves in the office and ministry of his sucessor. The spiritual energies and forces that made him a center of light and strength did not perish with him, but remain behind in full vigor. The "cruse of oil and measure of meal," "the bread of the strong," and the "cleansing fountain," the contents of the tabernacle, and the energy stored in baptismal fount and confessional, never give out in "the house of God." They are at our beck and call to feed and heal and save us. Use them, and don't fail to thank God for His bounty.

Another thought and I have done. If responsibility is the measure of sin, and the height one has reached gauges the depth of one's fall, you can picture how perilous is the position of a priest in the world of grace. Heavy is his burden and grave is his danger. Apart from the general law of God binding on all, he has the special, far reaching, and weighty obligations of the clerical state, to say nothing of the duties owing to the flock intrusted to his charge. Narrow is the road to heaven for all Christians, but how much narrower and thornier and steeper for the priest; and woe to him who slips or stumbles. "Sevenfold vengeance shall be taken for Cain; but for Lamech, seventy times sevenfold" (Gen. iv. 24). Who is it that ever walks straight in the crooked ways of life? Who is it that passes through fire and flood without getting singed or wet?

Pray, then, earnestly that your pastor may find with God "mercy and plentiful redemption"; pray that he may find speedily eternal

rest; that he may pass quickly through those cleansing fires wherein God's "silver and gold" are tried and purified. Let us one and all join in the prayer of the Church, "Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him," and, "May his soul through the mercy of God ever rest in peace."

VESSELS UNTO HONOR.

An Address for Graduating Exercises at Girls' Schools and Institutions.

BY THE REV. WM. GRAHAM.

"Hath not the potter power over the clay . . . to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor?"—Rom. ix. 21.

"If any man, therefore, shall cleanse himself, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and profitable to the Lord."—II. Tim. ii. 21.

SYNOPSIS.—I. These words contain germs of what I am going to say. Life a process of selection, making or marring, doing or undoing. It is shaping "vessels of election" or casting them aside. Fittest survive. School picture of life. (a) Some pass wise and are crowned. (b) Others, through no fault of theirs, fail in appearance, but in reality gain. Failure often success in shadow. Life, game of chess. (c) A third section, through their own fault, fail, lose and are cast aside like broken vessels.

II. Education does not end with school. Life foreground and training camp for eternity. Church great school of Christ. Its purpose to train all to be vessels of election. Leaving school only passing from one class to another in world-wide school. Vessels of election chosen from all classes. Lack of wealth, talent, and influence no bar to progress. Good will and hard work only required; grace does rest. Our Lady, the saints, all pupils in this school. New models for imitation like pictures and statues in art gallery. Easy to recognize vessels of election. Marked with God's seal. Foolish virgins. Grace of God and good conduct more important than culture. Education often onesided. How complete. To be good scholar, i. e., vessel of election—one must be free from grave sin and abound with virtue.

Conclusion.—Appeal to give oneself to God. Will fill us with grace according to our capacity and dispositions and character, so that for time and eternity we may be "vessels unto honor, sanctified and profitable to the Lord."

I. I choose these words as my text, because they contain the pith and germ of the few remarks I propose to make to-day. They

suggest choice or selection on the one hand, and rejection or weeding out on the other. Now the very purpose of this gathering points to the fact that some of you are chosen for honor, "vessels of election," so to say; others not: that, whilst all of you were called to success in study, and urged to a high standard of excellence in your various classes, yet only "few were chosen"—thus illustrating what is now so well known as the "principle of selection," the law of "the survival of the fittest." That "the race is to the swiftest" and "victory to the strongest." That the best are chosen and the worst cast aside we see for ourselves to be the law or rule in this life, and from the judgment after death we know it to be the rule also in the next. School life is a picture of the larger life outside, for which, indeed, it is but the preparation and training ground. In school, those that work, pass, win, and are crowned; those that idle, fail, lose, and are rejected. So in life, "what things a man shall sow those also shall he reap" (Gal. vi. 8). We may not realize the connection, but it is there as truly as the link between spring and autumn, cause and effect, the tree and its fruit, the river and its source. The way in which you work and otherwise spend your time within these venerable walls is inevitably working out a fixed result, just as our mode of living in the world outside is doing. What you are about to witness bears testimony to this. You yourselves could have forecast the result. They "who sowed in tears now reap in joy." The prizes are ready, the wreaths woven, applause waits on hand and life for the winner. And they deserve it. They usually worked steadily, obeyed their teachers, used their time and talents well; in other words, they sowed and planted, and now they are about to reap the fruit. Unstinted and ungrudged applause is their portion. They are "vessels of election," vessels "unto honor." No doubt many amongst you, though not winners of prizes nor

figuring high in the list of candidates for honors, yet conscientiously did your best and failed notwithstanding. In your case failure in one line means success in another. It is success in shadow. Though not decked with school laurels, you have done your duty, spent your time well, observed school discipline and rule. You have sown and in due time you will reap. The experience of life gained by apparent failure ends in real success. Life has often been compared to a game of chess. A player may lose the game and yet win by the effort to avoid defeat. His powers of attention, reflection, patience, and self-control have been called into play, and he rises from the game a better player and a wiser man than when he sat down to it. Life in school or out of it is discipline, education, practice. Unseen good may spring from what shallow and superficial observers would call dismal failure. "Glory and honor and peace to every one that worketh good. There is no respect of persons with God" (Rom. ii. 10, 11), whatever the verdict of the world may be.

There are others, however, amongst you (I trust they are very few) whom I may describe as the foolish virgins of the school, whose lamps are out through their own fault, who, like the grasshopper in the fable, danced and played and sang instead of toiling industriously as the ant, who buried their talents in the ground; and now the door is closed against them. They are shut out from the feast of success through their own criminal sloth. The dread words "too late" sound in their ears, and here they are, unpitied and hopeless failures. A guilty conscience, time wasted, energies paralyzed, lost opportunities and the well deserved censure of teachers and parents are the result. They reap what they have sown. They are not chosen but rejected vessels. "Tribulation and anguish on every soul that worketh evil" (Rom. ii. 9).

II. Now all this is but an introduction, is merely preliminary to the message I want to bring home to the hearts of all present here to-day, young and old, and it is this, the need of ever training and educating ourselves for a higher plane of life, the need of shaping ourselves, under the combined influence of grace and good will, into "vessels of honor," bright and pleasing to the Master's eye, ever meet and fit for His use and ready at His call. As I observed, school is a preparation for life, but life itself is only the foreground and training camp for eternity. We are spiritual and immortal beings of limitless capacity, and therefore always at school—ever capable of advancement and improvement. Woe to you if your education in any sense ends in leaving school. The oldest and deepest thinkers, after a long life devoted to one special branch of study, own themselves babies in view of what remains to be mastered. How much more true is this in the education of a soul in the broad sense of the word—the training and fitting and shaping it into "a vessel of honor." Leaving school is only passing or being drafted from one school to another; or, to speak more exactly, it is going from one class to another in the same school. Life is a training ground for the Kingdom of God. The great world-wide Catholic Church is the school of Christ, in which we are all, by Baptism, registered scholars. The synagogue, i. e., the old, narrow, Jewish church of the old law, as St. Paul tells us, was a pedagogue or teacher, leading to Christ, the light of the world, the light shining in darkness even though not "comprehended," i. e., fully understood by it. He opened His school, or rather broadened out and enlarged the old one, two thousand years ago, appointed teachers under a head guaranteed from essential error, and promised to abide in and guide His school and her authorized teachers till the end of time. Every priest, therefore, duly appointed and entrusted with the care of souls, is a teacher,

and the men, women, and children who avail themselves of his ministrations are his scholars. As a divinely organized body or corporation, its centre is at Rome, where its visible head resides; but its circumference is coextensive with the planet. You will not find the boundaries of this school-kingdom traced on any map, for it claims the whole earth as its sphere of work, and indeed actually carries on its activity everywhere. "Go preach the Gospel," i. e., teach the ways of justice and peace "to all nations," was her commission, and to which she has been faithful ever since. She claims all good, earnest seekers after truth as her prospective members, and projects her spirit or soul beyond the limits of her body to take into her embrace all "good Samaritans," even though they don't come up to Jerusalem to worship. For she claims a right to all souls that are being shaped into vessels of election by Him, "who from stones can raise up children to Abraham."

There are "territories" as well as "organized states" within her domain. Now what is the aim, purpose, and object of this great world-school, the Church? It exists for the sole purpose of transforming us all into "vessels of honor," of refining, purifying, elevating these coarse natures of ours into fit subjects for the kingdom of heaven, "into which nothing defiled can enter"; and who will say that Godless, graceless human nature as we know it is not defiled, and does not, therefore, need refining. The Church is a school in which all who submit to her training and disciplines get thoroughly well educated. All such make progress and win prizes. Lack of wealth or intelligence does not involve failure. Good will and hard work are the sole avenues to success. And yet it is the completest and most perfect system of education in the world. It is neither superficial, nor partial, nor onesided. It is thorough. It penetrates even "to the division of soul and spirit," covering, in fact, the whole field

of thought, speech, and conduct. It aims at training both head and heart, guiding and regulating conscience, will and affection. No hero nor heroine of romance, no lofty character woven in the loom of poet or novelist's fancy, can compare, in ideal perfection, with the characters formed in this school, and thereby made "vessels of election," "vessels of honor," "sanctified and profitable to the Lord, prepared unto every good work."

Such was Our Lady, the ever blessed Mother of God, specially saluted in her litany as "*spiritual vessel,*" "*vessel of honor,*" "*vessel of singular devotion,*" titles that tell to what a degree of ideal perfection she reached in the school of her divine Son. There were grand dames in the great Roman cities of the land, in Antioch, Cesarea, and the holy city Jerusalem, ladies rich, fair, and cultured, honored, caressed, and flattered, the gaily decked society queens of the day; but not among them did God discern His special "vessel of election." To a chaste and humble maiden of lowly Nazareth did He send an angel to declare her "full of grace" and "blessed among women"—the great model and perfect type of excellence to her sex. Countless hosts of saintly women rivalling each other in various phases of holiness have been formed into "vessels of election" in the same school. All characters, ages, and walks in life have their representatives. There are girl saints, such as the lamb-like Agnes in all the radiant brilliancy and soft bloom of early grace and innocence; holy matrons like St. Monica, devout widows like St. Frances, penitents as Mary of Egypt, or she of Bethany, who lavishly poured ointment over her Saviour's feet, and "to whom much was forgiven because she loved much," who all grew into "vessels of honor" and now adorn the palace of the King.

In our art galleries and museums there are pictures and statues of various degrees of excellence. What are they for? They are

models to be copied and reproduced by artist-students, still retaining their own individuality. The long historical galleries of our great school, the Church, are lined with living pictures—molded and fashoned into the most beautiful forms, under the combined action of divine grace and their own good will. God is the artist who shapes, and, if needful, cuts and hammers them into exquisite vessels of election meet for His eye and use. When your eye lights on the picture or statue of a saint, remember that you, too, are the rough material out of which the divine Artist wills to carve his saints. The Father who created you, the Son who redeemed you, and the Holy Ghost who sanctified you are at work in your souls to fashion them, if may be, into vessels of election.

Happily, the race of saints never has and never will die out in the great school of Christ. Many there are, unclassed and unknown save to God and their confessors, bravely struggling onward and upward—ever remaining clean, pure, holy, and undefiled, and that, too, frequently in the midst of a coarse, sensual, and ungodly society. In domestic service, in factory, shop, home, and school, aye, often in the midst of seething corruption, there are many who never bow the knee to Baal—who keep themselves aloof from the worship of the false gods of the day. There are still in all circles, thank God, as in Apostolic times, " devout women," holy virgins, matrons, and widows " serving the Lord and waiting for and ready for His coming." From Rome to farther east and west or north and south there is not a mission without them—souls that are being schooled and trained to be " vessels of honor." Many of them have never lost the white robe of Baptismal innocence, and show in their very features that they are favorites of heaven—" vessels of singular election." They have the clear, pure eye, the peculiar light and cast of countenance that mark unmistakably those on whom the Lamb without blemish

has set His seal. This we see in innocent children and guileless youths and maidens, and is often a distinctive feature in the grown up of many a Catholic land. One has not to travel far along the banks of the Shannon or the Rhine ere he sees this " light of God's countenance " peering out from under the rude cap of many a poor, unlettered peasant maid. There is something in their features that you miss in the faces of their brilliant and more world-favored sisters who throng the gay resorts of fashionable life. If at all spiritually minded, you may readily discern a " vessel of election "—one whom the Holy Ghost has overshadowed, one who is near and dear to God, one who, though not a student at high school or university, is yet " taught of God " and well up in the science of the saints, holding, it may be, a high place in the world-wide school of Christ.

Think not that I underrate beauty, wealth and culture. All are gifts and talents to be used and cultivated. Strictly speaking, no side of our nature is to be neglected. All God's field should be tilled and made the most of; but in most cases culture is reserved only for the head, while the heart is overlooked. The reason or understanding is not the whole soul. It is not even its most important side. Goodness is better than cleverness. It is character, not culture, that makes a person worthy or worthless, fit or unfit to face the cares and responsibilities of life. Good behavior is more important than brilliant education. Conduct, not culture, determines the fate of a soul. No doubt, it is your duty to study, and study hard. Be brilliant scholars. Let each one try to be first in her class and become a credit to her family and school. " Knowledge is power." Nay, it is Godlike. It raises us to a higher plane of being. Talent is not to rust or lie buried in the ground. Our intellectual light, no more than our moral, is not to be put under a bushel, but to shine. But remember—and my message here to-day as a priest of God is to remind you of it—that

when you have done all this, when you have learned the laws and movements of the stars, the chemical composition of earth, sun, and moon, and are deeply versed in all science and art, were you as learned as Solomon, who "spoke three thousand parables and whose poems were a thousand and five; and who treated about trees, from the cedar that is in Libanus, unto the hyssop that cometh out of the wall; and discoursed of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes" (III. Kings iv. 33, 34), and have not the fear and love of God in your hearts—the grace of God, the true wisdom of the truly wise, then, let me tell you, you would be only foolish virgins after all. Knowledge of this sort, though good and desirable in its way, does not make a "vessel of honor." If the lamp of faith goes out, and your stock of oil, i. e., good works, runs dry, you are left in darkness, you are shut out from the marriage feast of the Lamb. The special presence of God in the soul by grace would then be wanting. Now this is the highest charm that can adorn a woman. This is the inimitable and ineffable grace of loveliness, that makes even a plain face beautiful, and a humble, rude, and uncultured soul unspeakably charming. This is the hidden treasure of the Gospel, the jewel of priceless worth, which it were worth a man's while to sell all he has to buy. This is what the foolish virgins and the unhappy guest at the banquet lacked, and for want of which they were thrust into outer darkness, away from the source of light and heat in God. This is what we miss in the features of so many refined and cultured ladies to-day. This it is that hallows a soul for the Master's use and makes it "a vessel unto honor."

Much, therefore, as it is your duty to train your minds, acquire the learning and accomplishments necessary to enable you to take your place and make your way in life, you must not, for it is vital, overlook the far more important training and culture of the heart.

You must make your soul a fit resting place for God. The material you have to deal with is not passive and obedient material—not stone, or marble, or chemical atoms; but fickle, subtle, ever-changing self-will, caprice, passion. It is hard, but with God's grace and our own free will it can be made plastic and shaped into a vessel worthy of the King.

The first essential condition required in a vessel of election is cleanliness, i. e., freedom from known and conscious grievous sin—the only thing that defiles the soul. Sin must be loathed and shunned as a pollution of God's own chosen vessels. With what horror should we view a chalice or a ciborium profaned by use in a drunken revel or midnight carousal. Shall we forget that our souls are the temples of the living God? This horror of sin must be deep, earnest, and thorough, not the mere trite conventional disapproval of wrong as bad taste or form that often usurps its place.

But not only must you be free from sin; but jeweled and adorned as becometh "the vessels of the Lord." Light not only expels darkness, but creates the most brilliant colors. So does grace, the light of God, act in the soul. Besides cleansing and purifying, it brings virtue in its train. It fills the soul with strong faith, undying hope, and ardent charity.

Conclusion.—Submit yourselves, then, to its action. Your young hearts are now plastic and impressionable and yield readily to the heavenly Workman's tools. Pray that He may shape and fashion you into "vessels of honor." But remember that He always acts *with,* never *against,* your own wills. Do your part, then, and rest assured that God will do *His.* Religion holds the first place, and as queen of the sciences, rightly, in your list of studies. Let it be first in your thoughts, not to rest merely in the head, but penetrate down to the heart. Let it be in your lives a living, energizing force, in-

fluencing conscience, mind, and affection. We are all, as you have heard, scholars in the great school of Christ—the Church; but you are exceptionally favored. Avail yourselves of these opportunities to become "vessels unto honor, sanctified and profitable to the Lord."

MANLINESS IN RELIGION.

Address for Boys' Graduating Exercises.

BY THE REV. WM. GRAHAM.

"No man can enter into the house of a strong man and rob him of his goods."—Mark iii. 27.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Manliness admired by all. Not limited to physical bravery. Virtue Latin for manliness, just as fortitude another word for same idea. Complex and manysided. Dealt with here in sense of moral courage required to say no to evil in all its forms.

I. Need of it. Physical courage common enough, but moral rare. St. Peter brave against soldiers, but a coward in presence of a maid-servant. No wonder when we see so much moral cowardice that St. Paul excludes the fearful from Kingdom of Heaven. Pilate knew Christ to be innocent yet dared not say no, and thus Jesus given over to fury of the mob. Nearly all of us at times play the part of Pilate. In dark hour of Passion apostles wavered and fled. Two or three manly and fearless souls held their ground. So in history, Christ's cause in many lands lost through fear. The manly few have saved it in others.

II. Need of high principles. Touchstone of manliness. Must be practical. Many who seem pillars of strength fail in moments of trial; others from whom least expected rise to heroism. Why? Most afraid of great moral bullies, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

III. In what way we are to say no to world—to passion, prejudice, sense. How oppose evil presented by eye, ear, and unruly senses generally.

Conclusion.—Exhort to manly resistance to all our spiritual foes.

If there is any one quality that makes a boy popular among his companions it is manliness. And though in the allotment of distinctions at the close of the school term there is no particular badge put upon the manly as such, yet in the eyes of their comrades they wear the laurels all the year round. I grant, indeed, that the term is often abused and not unfrequently applied to the braggart and the

bully, rather than the truly fearless and courageous; but radically the instinct of honoring the brave is a sound and useful one. We are all human, and surely it is fitting for a man to be manly. I go further, and, speaking to you as a priest, say that to be truly religious it is necessary to be manly. Manliness, after all, is only another word for fortitude, and fortitude, as you know, is one of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. Nay, the term *virtue* is but *Latin* for manliness; only you must bear in mind that man is manly, not so much by force of bone and muscle, as by conscience, mind, and will; and that he displays this quality quite as truly in the courageous use of intelligence and free will as in the deft and daring use of foot and fist.

The manliness so much admired by children, old and young, is often but the survival of instincts that enabled man to fight, and subdue, and tame the wildest and fiercest beasts, or enthrall the great forces of nature, wind, and wave, and lightning; but as we grow older, and both our mental and moral horizons enlarge, we feel that our "wrestling is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirit of wickedness in high places" (Eph. vi. 12).

I. In our present settled and comparatively peaceful condition, it is not brute strength, but moral courage, that we need. It is not so much the heroism of the soldier, or the strength of the athlete, as the fortitude of the saint, that is required of us. A man may be in body a Hercules, and yet in mind and heart a mere helpless babe. Physically, he may have the tenacity of the bulldog, or the strength of the lion, and yet morally, and in all the higher reaches of manliness, be the veriest coward or poltroon. Samson and David represent two very opposite types of manliness.

It is objected, I know, in some circles that the Church fosters

feminine virtues, such as humility, purity, unworldliness, at the expense of what, I suppose, we may call the muscular or manly virtues of justice, courage, decision, and the rest; but, in truth, all true virtue is essentially manly. Even the timid and the gentle rise to the highest pitch of heroism. A mother rushing boldly into fire or flood to save her child, or a martyr facing sword and rack in defense of God's truth, are even loftier specimens of manly virtue than the self-satisfied Christians who pique themselves on being prudent, just, temperate, and brave. Manliness, therefore, is complex and many sided. To be an adept in it, while training nerve and muscle, one must not overlook the far more important and farreaching guidance and exercise of brain and heart—mind and will. In the few remarks I am about to make, I shall limit myself to this latter phase of manliness, and that, too, on its negative side, viz., the courage, the daring, the moral fortitude required to say *No.*

Where is the form of strength more needful for young men facing the world to-day than the manliness involved in the moral courage, the ethical vigor emboldening them resolutely to say No to evil, in all its endless shapes and forms? Half the evils we deplore in social life spring from the lack of courage to say No to the tempter. It is not so much that people are unprincipled, or love evil for its own sake. It is that they have no strength of character. They lack grit. They are ethical jellyfish, devoid of all semblance of moral backbone. Physical courage or manliness is not wanting. It is moral pluck that is at a discount. Many a man who would fearlessly plunge into the thick of battle and struggle bravely against overwhelming odds will yet shrink and turn craven in face of cheap sneers or senseless ridicule. St. Peter hesitated not to draw the sword against the whole band sent to arrest Christ, yet he grew timid, and weak, and wavering, and traitorous before the gibes of a

maidservant. He was as brave as a lion with the weapons of the flesh, but an arrant craven in the spiritual combat. We see this exemplified every day—men daring, to rashness, in brute courage; and yet in questions of duty and righteousness afraid to say No to the meanest and vilest of mankind or what is lowest and most degraded in themselves. No wonder St. Paul says that "the fearful," i. e., the morally unmanly, "shall be shut out from the kingdom of heaven."

Pilate looked into the case against Christ, and in his heart judged Him innocent. He even "sought to release him," the Scripture says, but Pilate lacked manliness. He shrank timidly from saying No to the howling mob that surged and swayed around his judgment seat, shrieking for the blood of the victim in their charge. He trimmed, and hedged, and compromised, and, with the usual result, "Jesus was handed over to them to be crucified." How many of us, alas! play the part of Pilate all through life? Knowing in our hearts that Jesus is innocent; that His cause is that of righteousness; that His Church is the only ark of safety; while secretly wishing well to His cause, and privately trying to promote it, yet, when it is necessary publicly to take sides and boldly proclaim our belief and love, we permit ourselves to be howled down by His clamorous and prejudiced enemies. If we do not join their ranks, we are afraid to say *No,* and the cause of Jesus is lost. In the dark hour of the passion the men of brave words and professed attachment fled like startled hares, while the women, timid and gentle by nature, stood their ground and bravely clung to the cross of Christ. Where was true manliness then?

Herein history repeats itself. If we follow the checkered career of Christ's Church, how often has her cause been sold and lost in certain lands by cowardly friends—timid watchmen on the walls of the

holy city—worldly prelates who shrank from saying *No* to Cesar. The great eastern schism of the tenth century and the heresies that desolated the west some centuries later sprang from lack of manliness on part of people and clergy alike. If a remnant has been left in Israel that bowed not the knee to Baal, if the torch of faith burns still dimly in the schism-swept east and heresy-stricken west, we owe it under God to the dauntless courage, the steadfast manliness of a devoted few that clung round Christ in His agony. Can we wonder that the fearful, and the cowardly, and the unmanly are excluded from the holy city, and that Christ is ever saying to His followers: "Why are ye fearful, ye of little faith?"

II. In these words we touch the weak point in those who fear to say No, and who often wreck their lives by doing so. They are without faith, i. e., broadly speaking, without fixed working principles. This is a lurking reef on which both institutions and individuals go to pieces. What we all as Catholics need, what we must strenuously endeavor to cultivate, is a deep sense of the practical value of fixed principles. I say *practical*, because, in the abstract, the truths we profess are as deeply set as the granite on which the everlasting hills are reared—as firmly fixed on the rock of truth as the postulates and axioms of Euclid; but they must not rest on dry truths in the head; they must sink down to the heart; they must show themselves not merely in abstract profession, but in concrete action. Mere passing enthusiasm for Christ's cause, mere didactic love of what is good and true and beautiful will never make up for want of sound, everyday working principle. "Not he that sayeth, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven shall be saved." Now this doing the will of God, this ever acting under a strict sense of duty, implies boldly saying No to evil in all its forms.

One of the most painful experiences in life is to witness a sudden and unexpected display of utter lack of principle—a throwing to the winds of all manly opposition to evil, on the part of persons once looked up to as firm and strong and trusty in the right cause. What a startling disappointment to find persons highly gifted, subtle of thought, refined in speech, delicate in manner, suddenly revealed to us as moral cowards, utterly devoid of principle, unmanly men who fear to say No. They looked like bars of steel, but turn out to have been painted laths.

How consoling, on the contrary, to meet with rough, uncouth, and even illiterate persons, whose words and manner inspired contempt, who prove themselves heroes in moral courage in moments of trial and temptation. While the most scholarly "weighed in the balance" of moral conflict are "found wanting," these rude, uncultured children of toil are found unflinchingly and unhesitatingly putting principle and righteousness before pleasure and interest. They are men and women that don't allow themselves to be bullied into doing wrong for want of courage to say No. They have what we all need, and which so many of us, alas! lack—moral backbone.

It is no rare thing in schools to find a whole class cowed and browbeaten into almost a state of slavery by some domineering bully. Very often a sturdy No to his behests proves him an arrant coward. The same happens in the larger school of life outside. The world is full of moral bullies. We have but boldly to resist them, and we shall find that they are far from being so brave as they look and talk. Indeed, they themselves are but slaves and agents of the three great impersonal and disembodied spirits of evil—the great bullies that terrorize men into wrong-doing—the world, the flesh, and the devil.

III. Now, to be truly brave, to be manly in the right sense of the term, we must be ever ready to say No to their suggestions. They

press upon us from within and without, and necessarily make life a conflict. Let us dare to say *No* to the world—its terrors and fascinations. It would lure us from truth by its fashionable and easy doctrines regarding the fundamental truths of death, judgment, hell, and heaven. It would give us opiates against the fear of sin and gnawing worm of conscience—it is furnished with an ever plentiful supply of sirens, to lure us to the rocks. We must be virile and say *No,* even though the world's representatives may call us cravens and cowards for our very manliness in saying it. The world and its master, the devil, are no doubt tyrannical bullies from without; but so is the flesh within. In passion, in prejudice, in sense, it tries to domineer over us, and herein, too, is manliness displayed in saying *No.* What a bully passion can be only those know who, coward-like, yield to its sway. All sin is a form of selfishness, but passion is selfishness on fire—egotism in a blaze. It was meant to be a thrall or a servant; but once it grows master of the heart, it is like some of the forces of nature—fire, gas, or electricity—out of control. It ravages and destroys. How it clouds and darkens the light of God! How it drowns conscience, or forces it to give false signals! How it debases the noblest feelings and emotions, and gives free rein to the animal within. Its rule in the heart is like that of a hungry and truculent mob in possession of a town. Shall we allow this wild beast to be king within us? or, rather, as manly, freeborn Christians, courageously say No to its insidious demands?

Again, what manliness is required in saying No, in running counter to the many wrongs and injustices into which personal and national prejudices tempt us. How we "call fire from heaven on the heads" of those who see not as we see and hear not as we hear! What deep wrongs we inflict, what calumnies we utter, what loathsome and hideous wars we sanction and invoke against those

we dub Samaritans because they can not or will not utter our national shibboleths! God save us from the bully of prejudice once let loose! Let us never fear to say *No* when its voice inclines us to wrong doing, saying, or thinking.

Again, when sense craves for excessive bodily indulgence, and the voices of reason and conscience say Enough, in the use of food and drink, let us be manly and say No to the voice, and influence, and example of companions that would lead us to excess.

The eyes, too, may crave to scrutinize what is gross or sensual, or gaze upon forbidden forms of beauty—the sight of which brings death to the soul. Be not soft and effeminate, but manly and courageous, and dare to say No. Use it not as an instrument for perverting mind and defiling fancy in reading books and glancing at indecent pictures. Boldly say No to the depraved standard of taste or opinion that would fain justify such a use of a God-given sense.

The ears, too, may long to listen to tales and songs that instil poison into the soul. Deny them admittance. Resolutely say No to what would be the abuse of the Godlike powers of mind and will deliberately to think of or desire. Close the avenues of the heart to thieves and unwelcome guests. Be not afraid to say No to what would pollute God's tabernacle and sanctuary—the soul of man.

Conclusion.—I end as I began by saying that most young men, whose lives are wrecked and whose characters get blighted and depraved, fall into this misfortune through lack of courage in early years to say No. You all admire manliness. Cultivate it then by a bold defiance of, and plain spoken *No* to, your own and God's greatest enemy, evil. We are proud of our religion. But remember, it is open on all sides to attack, and, therefore, ever needs manly defense. Fear not to say No to its enemies. But our love of religion must be practical. Let it be no mere shallow and temporary senti-

ment or frothy emotion, but sturdy and lasting and strong—in short, manly. Let it be solid and virile. Let sound Catholic principles mould, guide, train, and educate what is best in us—conscience, intelligence, and will. They are to the soul what bone and sinew and nerve are to the body, and equally need training and exercise. Put God first in all relations of life, and let His divine will as shown forth in His law ever be its governing principle. Avoid sin in the offending of God as the chief, as, indeed, in the long run, it is the only calamity in life. In the complex problems of thought and conduct ever seek light and guidance in Catholic sources inspired by the Church, "the pillar and ground of truth." Fear only God. Dare to do and say what is right. Hesitate not to say *No* to what is wrong, and thus you will lead manly lives in the only full true sense of the term.

SERMON FOR THE BURIAL OF A RELIGIOUS.

BY THE REV. WM. GRAHAM.

"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord; they shall praise thee for ever and ever."—Ps. lxxxiii. 5.

SYNOPSIS.—I. Why we meet. The holy soul we bury, dead to world in life. Had left it, ere it left her, and given her best to God. "Died to life to find it." Firmness of her purpose in early years to live to God, by poor, chaste, and obedient life. This tested and solemnly ratified by Church. Life like hers proves possibility of living up to highest calls and counsels of Gospel. Gives the lie to current worldly opinions about a supernatural life. "The friendship of world is enmity with God" (James iv. 4). Why? The danger and fascination of it. The life just closed a poem and a sermon. Led in world, yet above it. Who will say that it was wanting in elements that make a life full, rich, and complete? Unworldliness key to it, and the moral of it as well.

II. Two main threads interwoven with her life—death to world and life to God. (a) Dead to world in sense of renunciation of wealth. The struggle for gold, the chase for riches, mainspring of most lives. Evil results of this. She owned nothing, cared for nothing; yet, while worldly poor, in reality she was rich. How? (b) Dead to honors, or rank, or distinction. Lived unknown. Her very name a mask. But God has raised her to highest rank. What queen would not now envy her lot? (c) She died to world in form of pleasure. Her life a protest against it, even legitimate. The worship of pleasure a danger and a delusion. Under God only a stimulant to action, never an end. World's reversion of this. Church permits apparent excess in renunciation of comforts and pleasures. Lessons. (d) Dead even to joys of home life. Leaving father and mother in answer to call to higher life. God first. Christ and Our Lady. "Know you not that I must be about my Father's business?"

III. Life to God as led by nun not stunted or undeveloped. Is full, round, complete. In what does true life consist? "Not by bread alone doth man live." Man is such by mind and will. "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." Application to present case. Conclusion.

I. We meet here to-day to commit to their last resting-place the mortal remains of a devoted member of a holy community, whose

life was consecrated by a binding vow to the service of Almighty God and His poor. We say she died in the Lord; or rather, more appropriately should say, she has gone to *live* in the Lord. Her life was "hid with Christ in God." She "minded the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth" (Col. iii. 2), and now we trust "with Christ, who was her life, she shall appear with him in glory" (Col. iii. 3, 4). "She remembered her Creator in the days of her youth," when mind and heart were pure, fresh, and young. She gave herself to God, not a ruin or a wreck, but in all the grace and integrity of body and soul. She left the world and its pleasures ere they left her, "while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh in which is no pleasure; . . . before the silver cord be broken, and the golden fillet shrink back, and the pitcher be crushed at the fountain, and the wheel be broken upon the cistern, and the dust return into its earth, . . . and the spirit to God" (Eccles. xii. 1-7). She had died to life to find it. Early in years, she had understood that hard word of the Master which "it is not given to all to understand"; she had responded to Christ's call, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and follow me" (Matt. xix. 21); and to secure this jewel of priceless worth she had given up all, even father and mother, and home and country, and made the great heroic act of repudiation of the world and its pleasures involved in religious profession. And this solemn step once taken, she never looked back. To make sure of keeping to it, to have her hand ever on the plow, to "hold her spouse and never let him go," she vowed, pledged her solemn word to God to persevere to the end in a poor life, a chaste life, and an obedient, i. e., a dutiful life. Hers was not the hasty, ill-considered act of an enthusiastic religious-minded girl, but the mature, well-advised choice of a soul trained to holiness, a choice approved, blessed, and solemnly ratified

and accepted by the Church. Lives like hers prove the possibility of living up to the highest standard of Gospel teaching. The life of a nun is the Gospel in practice. It is the application and carrying out in daily life both of its precepts and counsels. It is often said, and if not held, is acted upon even in Catholic circles, that man is made for the life of the world as opposed to that of the Gospel, that his powers and energies of mind and body find an outlet only in it, that most of our faculties would only rust and waste were we to lead what is called a holy and supernatural life. God, they argue, made the world and fitted our nature to it. Hence the strange fascination it has over us, binding us, so to say, with cords of silk and chains of gold. The heart naturally revolts, or at least is chilled, on hearing the denunciations hurled against it in Scripture, and in the lives of the holy men and women who left it.

Yet here we have a life that gives the lie to all this, a happy, peaceful, active and fruitful life, and at the same time, unworldly and supernatural. Indeed this is the lesson that her life and that of all "Religious" teaches, viz.: that we may be in the world and not of it, renounce all things and yet possess all things, give up the world and yet own it "a hundredfold."

Notwithstanding all the special pleading used in its behalf, the world, in opposition to the Gospel, is and ever must be one of the three great spiritual enemies against which we vowed in holy Baptism to wage incessant war. It is and ever must be ungodly, seductive, and utterly anti-Christian, else God would never have spoken of it as He did. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God" (cf. James iv. 4). "Whosoever," continues St. James, "will be a friend of the world becometh an enemy of God." And this, mind you, does not apply merely to the gross sins committed by worldlings —pride, theft, impurity, slander. These are works of the devil and

the flesh, distinct foes, that we have likewise renounced. The sin of the world—the worldly spirit is far different, and may be said to consist in either denying or, at all events, ignoring and neglecting, a future life, or any other world but the present. And herein lies its danger and at the same time its fascination. The holy life that has closed would be called by true worldlings useless, unhealthy, and fruitless. Those who lead it are deemed visionaries, unreal, and irrational; and such indeed they are, if the world is right. But, between Christ and the world, we have made up our minds. Now Our Lord did not so much teach the rules of life as live them Himself. Indeed, all divine truths were made known to us through holy and truthful lives. We speak of God as a living truth and not as a dry, dead problem. In Christ and His saints we have a practical guide of life, not a theory, but withal, as true and sure as the stars in the sky or the compass in a ship. In the life of the saintly religious now gone to her rest, we have an illustration of how an unworldly and supernatural life, patterned on that of Christ, may be led in the midst of the world, often in its densest and grossest surroundings. To her, as indeed to all holy men and women, the Gospel of Our Lord was not a theory or a system, but a reality, a life to be led, a public profession, a challenge to worldlings and their world. It gives the lie direct to the assertion that Christian life in its highest reaches is visionary or impracticable. In view of its activities and results, even temporary; compared with the best worldly lives, will any one say it was a useless, idle, or wasted life? They dare not, because they can not. The life and its details are facts, not mere words. Will any one, looking on that dead form, say it was not a happy life, a wise life, a real life, as opposed to a fleeting, vain, and frivolous one? Furthermore, will any one, believing in another world, hesitate to say that her life, as it now is,

before God, is not an enviable one? And why is it enviable? Because it was not worldly. This is the burden of her life poem; for every beautiful life is a hymn of praise to God.

II. A double element pervaded it. Two main threads formed the warp and woof and gave beauty of pattern and fineness of texture to her web of life. They were, death to the world and life to God. In some measure they form the basis, a groundwork of all true Christian lives; and we have before us an example of how a weak, feeble woman, backed by the Grace of God and her own good will, lived up to them.

(a) Death to the world in the way of wealth. Is not the life of most a race for gold? Is not gold the world's god? Do we not tread and trample one another in the unholy and often unsavory contest for riches? Are we not prepared to barter away our best and holiest birthrights to win them rapidly, dishonestly even, in mart, aye, on race course, in gambling den or stock exchange? Are not hearts and souls and minds and feelings and all the higher impulses of nature quenched and stifled and sacrificed in our greed for gold? In the world at large, Mammon is king, Mammon is god.

Now here was a soul that cared naught of all this; nay, who solemnly pledged herself by vow against the very possession of wealth—who did not own even the coarse, plain clothes she wore or rough, hard bed she lay on. But is she anything poorer now for all that than her worldly sisters who lived in palaces, rode in carriages, wore gold and silver and feasted sumptuously every day? Alas! A six-foot grave is their common inheritance here. Wealth perishes at the grave. We can take nothing with us but our good or evil deeds. "Because thou sayest: I am rich and made wealthy, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked, I counsel thee to buy

of me gold fire-tried, that thou mayest be made rich" (Apoc. iii. 17, 18). And this is what our beloved Sister, as "a wise and prudent virgin," did. She laid in her stock of oil—her store of good works. She kept her lamp trimmed and burning, the holy light of God's grace she never let go out. Dying to the world's wealth, she now lives to the true wealth that is imperishable. Discarding the empty treasure that worldlings amass, she now owns a treasure in heaven that "neither rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal" (Matt. vi. 20).

(b) She died likewise to that branch of worldliness that goes under the name of honor, fame, repute, distinction—as great a fraud in the long run as is wealth. She lies in her plain, coarse garb, known only in life and in death, as Sister ——, hardly to be distinguished amongst the members of her own order, who have gone before and are to follow her. Whilst worldlings hunger and thirst for advancement and distinction, and if they can not win fame or renown for their persons, at least strive for the shadow, in having them carved in wood or stone or drawn on canvas, she cared only to be known to God, to be "remembered by Our Lord in his kingdom." Is she then utterly lost to view, has she disappeared like an atom of air or drop of water, carried away as the particles of her body are being carried away in the swift changing of matter that makes up the even transforming material world? No! for God "hath regarded the humility of his handmaid" (Luke i. 48), therefore "He that is mighty hath done great things" to her soul. "She sought not the things that are below," and therefore "found the things that are above." And I ask, is there any queen, any pet of society, that would not envy her lot to-day? for "the least in the kingdom of God" is greater than they. She has found the Messias. She has found salvation. She reigns in heaven amongst the true "im-

mortals," one of the choice virginal band privileged to "follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth."

(c) Furthermore, she died to the world in the form of pleasure, or what goes under the name of it there. It was not merely that she renounced sinful and dangerous pleasures, but even harmless and permitted indulgences for her dear Lord's sake. Self-denial as an aid to the higher life was in her case no mere form of words. She generously took up her cross daily, in whatsoever shape God sent it, or duty required it, and followed Him. This in some shape or form is the law of Christian life. But who keeps it?

Now the essential spirit of worldliness—what makes it dangerous, unchristlike, and often sinful, is the tacit reversal of this law, the implied assertion that we need deny ourselves nothing, except what hurts the flesh and renders it unfit for further pleasure. Its boasted moderation in the use of pleasure is but cynical self-love and self-seeking. "Love not the world," says St. John, "nor the things which are in the world; for all that is in the world is the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world" (I. John ii. 15).

The holy life now ended shows how a soul may rise even to the contempt and abandonment of what in others would be legitimate pleasures, and reminds us that they are allowable only as means and as a stimulant to action and duty; never as an end. The danger to us all from the world without, and our own unregenerate nature within, is to make pleasure the aim, end, and scope of life. The Church, which has ever allowed a judicious mingling of feast and fast, sanctions, in some cases, full abstinence from what many would call the necessary comforts of existence, little being retained but the barest necessities. Of such choice spirits was our beloved Sister now with God, whose death to the pleasures of life should be a

lesson to us as pilgrims on earth at least to travel light and "be content with little."

(d) Nay, this death to the world she carried even to the renunciation of home joys and comforts. At the Lord's bidding she left father and mother, sisters and brothers, "sold all she had" in answer to the call to a higher life, "to follow him." Not that she loved her family, felt the heart-binding force of flesh and blood, less than others, but that she loved God more. The deeper and truer her love for her parents, and the pure, simple joys of home and family life, the harder the sacrifice to her involved in that hard saying of the Master: "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple" (Luke xiv. 26). No human being, even our own flesh and blood, dear to us as father and mother, must stand between the soul and its Maker. The duties of the fourth commandment yield to, or rather are explained, by those of the first. Love of God is higher and more binding than love of man, how deep soever the attachment. Who loved mother more than Jesus of Nazareth?—the mother who knelt at the manger where He was born, and stood, when all had fled, at His cross of torture? She was his inseparable and only companion for thirty out of a life of thirty-three years, an ideal Son and ideal mother; yet for an apparent interruption in the work of His public ministry, or Father's call, He used words that have set critics a-wondering ever since: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and to her maternal anxiety for His safety could say: "How is it that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke ii. 49). "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father in heaven he is my brother and sister and mother." Our Father in heaven has first claims on our duty and love.

So when our good Sister heard the voice of her beloved, "She hesitated not to forget her father and her father's house." Nor was she less truly a dutiful, loving, and obedient daughter. Duty to God is duty to a father. Even they who marry give up father and mother. Shall we blame or criticize the chaste soul that leaves all to cling to her Divine Spouse, the King of Glory? She was a soul cast in a heroic mold, one of those raised up here and there, to show to a God-forgetting, self-adoring world what true religion is, what the Gospel of Christ is, when carried out, not in a book, or a theory or a system, but in a life. She showed to us shivering and cowardly followers of Christ "far off," who "speak much and do little," what it is to "hate the world," "to be in it, and not of it;" to shun and despise its ways and maxims, to rise above and resist its tyrannies and vanities. And in thus dying to all, in losing or rather renouncing riches, honors, pleasures, and family joys in a worldly sense, she really lived and gained all. Hers was a lost and wasted life say the votaries of pleasure. She knew not the art of living—tasted not the good things and sweets that life offers; but Christ says: "He that shall lose his life will find it." "My God and my all," she could say. She found salvation. She found Christ, who is "the way, the truth, and the life." How so? Because though she died to the world she lived to God.

III. When St. Paul tells us "to mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth; for you are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 2, 3), does he mean that the higher life, the religious life as we understand it, is starved and undeveloped? No! Life in God, as our departed Sister spent it, is full, round, and complete; for "in him was life, and the life was the light of men" (John i. 4). In what does human living or life consist? In what respects does it differ from that of flower, insect,

or beast? Is it in gratifying its physical needs or cravings?—eating, drinking, merrymaking, with all that they suggest or imply? Surely not! Hardly even a sensualist would dare to say so. For, "not by bread alone doth man live." Mere carnal life is not true life. "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing" (John vi. 64). It is by the exercise of intelligence and free will that man truly lives and is raised above the beasts that perish. Strange to say, man either rises above or sinks below the humble creatures that surround him. They are ever true to nature; he is not. Hence he must in a sense be supernatural, or worse than the beasts. We are asked to be true to nature, but man, as a rule, never is, nor apparently can be. The natural and unregenerate man as we know him is a loathsome and beastly savage. The higher life, then, is a necessity even to perfect or complete his nature. Now to this higher life, this life of unclouded intelligence and trained, obedient will, the life of the world is a hindrance. Its aims, views and frivolities lead away from the true ideal of life and highest end as put before us by our Lord; and hence its condemnation. It is opposed to the life of thought, the life of lofty aspiration and desire, that is supremely and ideally life. Now what grander object of thought or desire or aspiration than Almighty God, the beginning and end and explanation of all things? Without reference to Him, all existing things spell out confusion and disorder. What gave beauty, breadth and symmetry to the life now passed away was that God was its beacon, its lodestar, its Alpha and Omega, beginning and end. Her soul was filled with God. By prayer and devout reading and reflection, she became steeped in God and divine realities. And surely this is life in its highest and noblest function. People to whom God is often a myth or an enigma often speak of a life of prayer and piety as "profitable to nothing," and a mere excuse for

an idle life. Let them try. Prayer is work. It is hard, laborious striving, the use of our highest human faculties; and is productive, too, of wealth—wealth in its highest form; unknown, it is true, to the busy searchers for gold, for it lies safely stored in heaven's mines and banks. This good Sister, by her life of prayer, has laid hold of it and enjoys it in the possession of eternal life, that now "none can take from her."

But her life was not one merely of holy thinking, of pious star-gazing. She did her share, took her part in manual and humble labor. Her will was trained to duty; the motives that animated her lent a dignity and value to all the forms of human activity in which she took part. Even the most secluded convents are as busy as beehives. Idleness is not merely blameworthy there, it is a downright sin. To a holy religious "time is money" in a sense not dreamed of by our busy city folk. Therefore was our good Sister's life not only an active but a fruitful and profitable one. And yet it was a poor life, like that of her divine Master. There were no luxuries, no worldly refinements in it. Its features were simplicity and necessity. We might go farther and say that it was marked by drudgery and monotony. But its gray, dull sky had a golden lining to its horizon, immortal life beyond the grave—and that conviction, that thought, makes the meanest home and poorest surroundings a paradise. To her the short, fleeting time of life was but a halt at the gates of eternity. Who is poor with eternal joy in prospect? Her philosophy of life—her wisdom, and the only true one, lay in realizing the utter abyss that separates the perishable from the imperishable, the decaying body from the immortal spirit, time from eternity, and making provision for it. This she did by tracing in her life the main outlines of the life of Christ—the great Model of high, holy, and perfect living. Like Him, she led an unworldly life, a

poor life, a chaste life, and an obedient or dutiful life. She died to the world thereby, but she lived to God. Who will deny that it was a full, perfect, and heroic life?

Conclusion.—We have all been present at the burial of a holy religious. It is a privilege, for her soul was dear to God, and the very body we lay in the ground awaits the last trump of judgment to rise to "the resurrection of the just." Her life is a lesson; so, too, should be her death. What now is all the rigid seclusion—the labor—the penance—the dull, hard earthly life she endured? All are past and gone. But no! for "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," seeing that "Their works follow them." "She has sown in tears, but now she reaps in joy." Her "winter is past," and eternal spring has come round, and "flowers have appeared in her land." Are we not one and all tempted to exclaim with Balaam: "May my soul die the death of the just and my last end be like to theirs" (Num. xxiii. 10), and hers? Then I unhesitatingly say, "renounce the world," see to your "wedding garments," trim your lamps and lay in a store of oil. We, too, in our measure, and according to our state, are called upon to renounce the world that always "lieth in wickedness," the world not as God made it, but as man, who transferred, and daily transfers, his allegiance, has made it. Satan, in the form of Mammon, or lust, is its God. Be not conformed to it. "No man can serve two masters" (Matt. vi. 24). "If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him" (III. Kings xviii. 21). We can not halt between two sides. We may not be called like our blessed Sister, now in peace, to enter the cloister and formally vow our lives to God; but none the less we have to "hate the world" in spirit—we have to be poor in spirit; wealth enters not into heaven. We have to be chaste in our state and obedient or dutiful in every relation of life. To be all this

we must love God. "Woe to them that are of a double heart" (Ecclus. ii. 14). "Their hearts are divided (between God and the world), now they shall perish" (Osee x. 2). And whilst joining the esteemed community she adorned, in praying for the repose of her soul, let us take to heart the lessons taught by her holy, unworldly life.

SERMON FOR THE BURIAL OF A FATHER.

BY THE REV. W. GRAHAM.

"Remember what things have been before thee, and what shall come after thee. Fear not the sentence of death. . . . This sentence is from the Lord upon all flesh."—Ecclus. xli. 5.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Seems a mockery of filial grief to quote this text. Its sting, its pain, however, lies in its truth. Even the God-man and his Virgin Mother not exempt from doom of death. Christ its conqueror. Lazarus. Sympathy with family. Our own loss. "Requiescat in pace" finds an echo in all hearts.

I. Inscriptions on brass or marble lie, never that traced on heart. Best memorial to living parents. Bitter pang felt on their death of wrong or undutifulness to them when alive. The life we owe to our father. What it is. Relations between father and child. Father the shadow of God. The honor we owe summed up in love, respect, and obedience. Root of filial duty. Father dies, God remains, and to Him we owe filial duties.

II. (a) Love. The feeling of loneliness and loss all experience in death of father. Why? The security and strength on which confidence in father based came from and remain in God. God is near. He both knows and loves us. "God slumbereth not nor sleepeth." We are not parts of a soulless mechanical universe. God behind and at the core of all. As easy to blot out sun from sky as God from heart. His presence and love encircle us. All, even atheists, turn instinctively to God as Father in sorrow or peril. What implied in thought of God's fatherhood. Asks for our love, not for His own, but our own sakes. Peace and happiness depend on "order in charity," enthroning God as supreme object of love.

(b) Respect implied in honor. Function to-day sign of it. Word of disrespect to our dead parents stirs us to just indignation. Shall we treat lightly, disrespectfully, adorable name of living God?

(c) But obedience, test and touchstone of love and respect, pith and essence of filial piety. "Better than sacrifices." Shadow of what due to God. Is root of good conduct, synonymous with duty. All creatures must obey of necessity. We as moral agents should by free choice. Double obedience, mind and will, in faith and conduct. Exhortation.

As I see around me a family mourning the death of a beloved father, I almost hesitate to choose these words as my text. It seems almost a mockery of the sacred grief evoked by the passing away of a beloved parent to say that death is not to be feared or dreaded, that it is the common lot, that it came from God as a sentence on all flesh. And yet the pain, the very sting of the words lies in their truth, their universal application to all—not excluding God Himself, clad in the vesture of our humanity, nor the immaculate Virgin Mother, within whose sacred person He assumed it. But the Creator, in suffering it, conquered it. It is the end of temporal, but the beginning of eternal life. It is the meeting point of time and eternity—the melting away of grace into glory. Remaining, therefore, a divine punishment, it is also a divine mercy. Withal it will ever retain its penal character. It is still as it has ever been to us, when it robs us of our beloved ones, "the King of Terrors." He, therefore, who wept on hearing of the death of his friend Lazarus, must surely pity and sympathize with the tears shed when a father is borne to his last resting-place on earth. In the deep sorrow of those he has left behind we all share. And justly, too; for are we not members of God's family, meeting here regularly in His holy house? And if it is true that the vacant chair at the domestic hearth calls up sad memories, the empty pew in God's house creates a void in our own hearts, reminding us that we have lost a friend and brother in God, a worthy and edifying member of our little flock. I feel sure I am voicing the feelings of the entire congregation in tendering my sincerest sympathies to the family in the great sorrow that has fallen upon them. It must be a consolation to them to know that his memory is dear to his friends, and that, after a strenuous and earnest life of duty, he goes down to the grave honored and respected by all. He has ful-

filled the great trust committed to him by God, and now rests from his labors. His sun has set, not in storm, but in peace; and the weeping children and relatives around his bier show the place he had won in their affections. The prayer of God's Church over his remains, "May he rest in peace, and let perpetual light shine upon him," is one that finds a ready echo in the hearts of all here present. We feel convinced that to him are applicable the words of Scripture, "But the just man, if he be prevented with death, shall be in rest. For his soul pleased God: therefore he hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities" (Wis. iv. 7, 14).

I. It is said, and in many cases no doubt truly, that tombstones lie grievously. There is one monument, however, not raised in brass or marble, that never deceives—the memorial built up in our hearts to our beloved fathers and mothers that are gone. And if there is one sin that weighs heavily on the conscience, one heart wound that is ever fresh and raw, it is the remembrance of a wrong, an injustice done to, an unpardonable neglect of the father who toiled for us, and the mother who bore us. To such as these, the words of Scripture seem no empty threat, as in heart and conscience they already experience their truth. "The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth the labor of his mother in bearing him, let the ravens of the brook pick it out and the young eagles eat it" (Prov. xxx. 17).

To our fathers, under God, we owe our life. And life, say what pessimists may, is a boon. Merely to live is joy. To see the sun, to bathe in its rays, to inhale the sweet, pure air, to feel and know; even to live as bird or beast or insect is a priceless possession. But a human life, though seemingly short and insignificant, is a great world in its complexity, capacity, and possibilities. For every soul mirrors and pictures in thought and feeling and lan-

guage the universe; and in itself, therefore, is a universe. Around it, as centre, circles the whole world. Now, this weird, strange experience we call life; this stream of activity, this long, living, moving panorama of conscious personal existence, we owe to Almighty God through the agency and instrumentality of our father. He lighted the flame and kept it burning. "Life from life." For years he was to us as God and Providence. We knew no other. Food, raiment, training, good example, and teaching—all that goes to make life we owe to him. And well and faithfully did our departed friend discharge his functions. The relationship of child to father is a symbol and shadow of the great common fatherhood of God. He is the source of life. We all emanate from Him. We are all, in a manner, sons of God, His children; but during the lifetime of our parents, it is His holy will that we should be dependent on them and render them, as shadowing forth His power and authority, a tribute of *love, respect,* and *obedience,* embodied in a special commandment, summing up in one word, "honor," the whole of our filial duties—duties that bind, in varying measure and under varying circumstances, the child to its father, till death "does them part." The father shadows God. This is the base or root of filial duty. This makes the tie between children and father holy and binding. But when our fathers die, does filial duty die with them? No; we still owe love, respect and obedience to God, whom our father represented. In so far only do we owe tribute to our parents inasmuch as they shadow forth God. There are instances where children have to pass unworthy and wicked parents by to obey their Father in heaven, God above us. Though our parents die, God's rights remain. Your father's lips, children, are sealed in death, his voice is hushed, his eyes closed, yet he lives to God. His spirit and example and work linger behind. They are the best

legacy he has left you. He says to you, and through you, to all of us, "I have not left you orphans. God in heaven is still your father. The rights I had over you, my claims to your love, respect, and obedience came from Him and go back to Him. They were only shadowed in me—dependently, conditionally, accidentally, but really, absolutely, and fully vested in God. He, the reality and substance, remains when I am now mouldering in the dust." People say you are now free, independent, that you walk alone and carve out your own destiny in the world; but God remains, and His claims to our love, respect, and obedience are both unchanged and unchangeable.

(a) God is our Father. The first feeling that the death of our father on earth causes is an unutterable feeling of loneliness and loss. How children miss him and long for his return! How ardently they crave for his presence and the feeling of safety and protection that the knowledge of his strong arm and tender heart inspired! But now, alas! fell death has cut off and removed this "tower of strength." But the spring of all fatherhood, the origin of all the security and reserve force it implies, is ever at hand to guide, guard, and save us. God is near us. God knows us. He loves us. "O Lord, thou art near, and all thy ways are truth." (Ps. cxviii. 151). "God slumbereth not nor sleepeth." "As I have watched, saith the Lord, so will I watch" (Jer. xxxi. 28). "Behold, O Lord, thou hast known all things, the last and those of old; thou hast formed me, and laid thy hand upon me" (Ps. cxxxviii. 5). "Thou lovest all things that are, and hatest none of the things thou hast made" (Wis. xi. 25).

Some would blot out God from heart and mind and say that we can neither know nor love Him in the proper sense of the term. They would have us believe that we are all like cogs in a machine—

mere parts of a huge mechanical universe, a great, necessary, unthinking machine, working, why, how, or wherefore we know not, nor can know. But as well might they blot out the sun from the sky. "In Israel is no God known." We both see and fear His presence. We can not know God perfectly, any more than we can ourselves, or aught else; but we are sure He exists and loves us; and in moments of sorrow and danger and trial the untutored and uncorrupted heart flies to Him and "seeks refuge under His wings." Even they who, like the fool in the Scripture, "say in their hearts there is no God," when overcome by terror or remorse, or in their sober moments, will open their eyes and turn in head and heart like the veriest children to their Father in heaven and invoke His mercy or help. "In Him we live, move, and have our being." Nor is He "far from each one of us." He works for our good in and through our earthly parents, and is without flaw, limitation, or imperfection what the best ideal father is by nature. And just as love wells forth spontaneously toward the father who loves us tenderly and unselfishly, so should the heart go out to God—turn and open to Him as the flowers to the sun. In your case, dear children, as in the case of most of us, He now replaces His earthly shadow and representative and agent, who has gone "the way of the flesh." He that is dead led us to God. It was under his watchful eyes that mind and heart and conscience expanded to the knowledge and love of our Father in heaven, who is, and ever will remain, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." We have not to look for Him, for He is near; we have not to wait till He comes back from a journey, or changes His mood ere asking His favor or help. To win our love and confidence, He says in tender tones of human speech suited to our weakness, "I have made, I will carry, I will save" (Isa. xlvi. 4). "In the wilderness the Lord thy God hath carried thee as a

man is wont to carry his little son" (Deut. i. 31). To impress this thought of His far-reaching fatherhood upon us, to make us feel that we are not alone or unprotected in life, but that a father's love and tenderness and pity and mercy and indulgence encircle us here below, He uses the beautiful metaphor of Isaias, "Can a woman forget her infant? And if she should forget, yet will I not forget thee" (Isa. xlix. 15). And the only return He asks is, "Son, give me thy heart." Why? Not for His own sake, but for ours, that He may set "charity in order within us," to calm and regulate the turbulent host of passions that would otherwise rend us. The human heart is a deep well of pure and holy affection if God our Father holds the first place therein; or a turbid pool of unruly and unholy passions if any other usurps His place. It is on the perfection and guidance of the master passion love that life depends. Let God, then, rule, evoke order from chaos, "set charity in order within us." be the supreme idol of our hearts.

Say not that He is an unknown God to many, and served and loved by very few, even of those who do know Him. Say not that light to know Him and will to love Him appear to have died out. There are sons in the world who never in heart or deed repay a fond father's love. The wealth of a father's heart, the gifts he commands are lavished on them in vain—even their father's body stretched in death appeals to them without effect. There are myriads of souls, too, who forget God—who seem to live their lives without Him, godless and graceless, whose hearts never respond to or warm with His love. He appeals to them in vain. Force them He will not, for He made them free. "I brought up children, and they despised me" (Isa. i. 2). Let us not be of the number, but ever return love for love. It is the first duty we owe our parents by the fourth commandment, and to God by the first,

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart," etc. "This is the first and greatest commandment." What higher or stronger motive can urge to this duty than the thought of God's fatherhood? This thought it is, too, that casts a light on all the mysteries of life and death and pain. It takes away the feeling of loneliness and abandonment in which so many poor souls are wrapped and fills their hearts with the veriest sunshine. But we must not tarry. There are other duties we owe to God our Father. I said that the voice of him you loved tells you in all the mute eloquence, and now, with the awful experience of death, love God, your Father by creation, to enthrone Him as Lord and Master in your heart. It further tells you to respect Him. Respect, as part of the honor we owe our fathers, is founded in the very nature of their office.

(b) A good son or daughter, therefore, ever respects in word and act and heart the father to whom, under God, they owe life and light. The function held here to-day, the trappings and ornaments of the bier, the loving care and tenderness shown to the dead body of the father whose loss we mourn, testify to the respect in which he was held, and point out the deep respect we should ever entertain for our ever living eternal Father in heaven, the Almighty God. As good children, one and all, it is our lifelong duty ever to think, speak, and act toward Him with the profound reverence due by the child to its parents, the creature to the Creator. How melancholy to reflect that the adorable name of God, at the very sound of which angels bow in reverent worship and demons tremble, falls often from human lips only in scorn, anger, or blasphemy. A word savoring of dishonor or disrespect to our beloved dead stirs us to just indignation; we resent, and rightly, aught that reflects on the memory of a father who sleeps unconscious in the

grave; shall we feel no resentment, nay, perhaps take part ourselves, in what dishonors the living presence of our adorable Father, God?

(c) But genuine love and respect are best proved and tested by obedience. This is the highest duty implied in the honor due to parents. A good father's word is law to loving and respectful children. And I am sure, children, the brightest and most cheering thought in your minds to-day is the remembrance of having ever faithfully obeyed your father who is gone. It is, as I said, the test and touchstone, the pith and kernel of filial duty. Any duty that we ought to have done, and have not done, in any sense, ever remains a dark shadow on the memory; but the sting of conscience is specially piercing in the case of neglect or disobedience to parents, intensified by the thought that we can no longer make up for the wrong done them, now that they are dead and gone. But whence comes this remorse? From Him who planted conscience as a sentinel within us.

The obedience we owe our earthly father is the shadow of the higher and more soul-searching and conscience-striking obedience we owe to God, and in which, indeed, it is rooted and grounded. Obedience is the only test of true service. We must bend to the yoke. All order, all harmony in life or conduct, public or private, is resolved into submission to law, i. e., in the long run, obedience to God. Hence the Scripture saying: "Obedience is better than sacrifices. It is like the sin of witchcraft to rebel, and like the crime of idolatry to refuse to obey" (I. Kings xv. 22). "Doth the Lord desire holocausts and victims, and not rather that the voice of the Lord should be obeyed?" (id. xv. 22). Under the watchful eyes of our fathers and the teachers they entrust us to, mind and will and conscience expand into the knowledge and binding force of

law, of duty, i. e., obedience to God. In so far only can any human beings claim submission inasmuch as they are authorized by God. "All power is from God." Our parents, teachers, and rulers are but gardeners and caretakers. They can plant, water, tend and expose to heat and air; but growth and increase and fruit are from God. He is supreme. The flowers turn to the sun and obey the laws of growth *necessarily* and *instinctively*. We, as rational and moral creatures, must do so, i. e., obey *freely* of our own choice. True, we are now left to ourselves. We walk down the way of life as we like, and independently. But a father's care pursues us. The providence of God enwraps and protects us. He is "the sun of our souls." His light guides us, His rays penetrate and warm us. We turn to His light, bend the mind in belief, worship Him in the first place with "the obedience of faith." To believe God's word readily and unhesitatingly, even when we don't understand it, is the service or obedience of the intellect. It is becoming a child to enter the kingdom of heaven. The obedient and dutiful child is our model. It believes its father and teacher against the evidence of its own senses. It believes them when they tell it that the sun is fast in the sky, and immensely large and far away, though it seems to move, and looks small and near. And next, we must obey God with the will, too, in unreserved and unquestioning submission to His law. Good conduct, the service of the will, is an act of supreme obedience. It is the duty of the child to its father, and much more; of the creature to the Creator. Mind and will perished by disobedience. They are restored and healed and purified by obedience. It is hard, you will say, but the hand of God is near. His light and healing may be had for the asking.

Now, this life of obedience is a life of duty. It is the only life worth living. All else "under the sun" is "vanity and affliction

of spirit." It is the highest form of work or energy, i. e., the use of our powers, in which alone is pleasure or happiness. All who have ever thought and tried say so. God's voice is ever heard in the market place calling on men thus to labor in His vineyard. One's duty is one's life work. "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until evening" (Ps. ciii. 23). When life's day is over and the laborer returns home, i. e., in the decline of life returns to God, then "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, that they may rest from their labors"—and why?—"for their works follow them" (Apoc. xiv. 13). Their lifelong service, their love, respect, and obedience to Almighty God find their due reward.

So it was, children, with your worthy father whose remains we are about to follow to the grave, and so we must hope it will be with us all till the evening of life, "When the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall stagger; . . . because man shall go into the house of his eternity, and the mourners shall go round about in the street, before the silver cord be broken, and the dust return into its earth from whence it was, and the spirit return to God, who gave it" (Eccles. xii. 3, 7). "Vanity of vanities," said Ecclesiastes, "and all things are vanity" (id.).

How pointedly does the present function illustrate this solemn truth and impress upon us the duty of renouncing shadows, of giving up the chase of the butterfly and the soap bubble, and "laying hold on eternal life to which we are called" by serving God, i. e., by loving, respecting, and obeying our Father in heaven. Whatever else is true or false, right or wrong, in this perplexing world of ours, one thing is safe and sure and stable and chiefly worthy of pursuit, and that is providing for the eternity that awaits us by an obedient and dutiful life.

This is the sermon preached by the wise of all ages, and which comes home to us so forcibly to-day. Let us take it to heart. Death is one of the eternal truths or facts, yet it is misleading if not taken in conjunction with the life to which it leads. We mourn with the children over their dead father; but in reality he lives. He appeals to us to learn by his example to make provision for a good death by a holy life; and, furthermore, he craves our pity—he asks our prayers. There are prisons beyond wherein the holiest may be confined till they "pay the last farthing." Let us bear him in mind in Holy Mass, in our morning and night prayers, in our visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Charity, brotherly love, ends not at the grave. Let us pray fervently that God may hasten his final entrance into everlasting peace and rest. "May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace."

DISCOURSE FOR THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

"But he said: Weep not; the maid is not dead, but sleepeth."—Luke viii. 52.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Similarity between Gospel scene and what we witness. Death a harbor to which all are sailing. A journey in stages (Wisdom v. 9 seq.). Her life, what? (a) Reflecting on its perils, etc., who, even with power, would call her back? Therefore, "Let her rest in peace." Texts: Ps. cxxvi. 2; iv. 9. Earth a cemetery. Life a funeral procession. Planet itself a funeral car on way to death. "Pulvis mortalium ultima spes." (b) This only one side of death. "For me to die is gain" (Phil. i. 21). "The body indeed is dead, but the spirit liveth" (Rom. viii. 10). Death gate of life. Texts: Rom. viii. 11; John v. 25; Job xix. 25, 26. Well may she say, "Heu mihi quia incolatus meus prolongatus est," etc.

I. Sad, no doubt, to witness premature death. Key of mystery in future life. Oldest only feel beginning true life. Mind and heart, intelligence and will, never grow old. Body only decays. Growing error of day, that man made only for this world, that there is no "supernatural." A new phase of old rivalry between "city of God" and "city of world," between "the temporal and the eternal." Results: Job xvii. 4; Jer. xvii. 13. Scene before us a crushing reply to sophistries of worldliness. Contrasts. Death scene of daughter of holy man of Tours.

II. The spirit in which we should regard this maiden's death. Her body seed to spring up at last day. Sacramental grace and power put into it. Texts in illustration. She has laid hold of eternal life. All else mist, mirage, illusion. The soul, what? A drop from ocean of life in various phases hurrying back to God. Shall we meet and recognize one another? often asked. Why not?

Conclusion.—Death doubly solemn and impressive when it knocks at our own doors. Need of readiness. Turn to God at once by sincere repentance and good confession. Folly of delay.

But for the circumstances of time and place, a like scene is before us to-day. A maiden, in all the bloom, freshness, and promise of girlhood, lies at our feet, stricken down by untimely death. The

Lord of life suspended in the one case the sentence to which He Himself afterward paid tribute; but in the case of our young friend He has let death have its way. Are we not all, however, on the same journey, merely alighting at different stages? Death is a harbor to which we are all sailing. All we can say is that the maiden to whom we are paying our last tribute of respect has reached it safely and rapidly. If we may compare life to a train journey, she has arrived at her destination without stopping, while others call and dally at intermediate stations. But the end is the same in all cases —the flight of time, the nearing of eternity. "All those things are passed away like a shadow, and like a post that runneth on, and as a ship that passeth through the waves: whereof, when it is gone by, the trace can not be found, nor the path of its keel in the waters; or as when a bird flieth through the air; or as when an arrow is shot at a mark. So we also being born, forthwith ceased to be" (Wis. v. 9 seq.). In her case we may say: "Being made perfect in a short space, she fulfilled a long time. For her soul pleased God, therefore he hastened to bring her out of the midst of iniquities" (Wis. iv. 13, 14). As her friends well know, she led a holy and stainless life. She was a good and obedient daughter, an earnest, conscientious pupil, and a worthy child of Holy Church. Her life though short, was, therefore, full, round, and perfect. And, after all, does not the Scripture say that "A spotless life is old age"? (Wis. iv. 9). Dwelling in thought on life and its perils, is there any true friend of hers here who, even if he had the power, would risk calling her back to the pains, disappointments, and illusions of life? In a higher sense than to the daughter of Jairus has He who is "the resurrection and the life" said, "The girl is not dead, but sleepeth." "He shall give sleep to his beloved: behold the inheritance of the Lord" (Ps. cxxvi. 2). "In peace in the self-

same shall I sleep and I will rest." May she now say, "For thou, O Lord, singularly hast settled me in hope" (Ps. iv. 9, 10). While grieving with her bereaved relatives, yet do we say with the Church, "May she rest in peace." Her journey was short, her crown quickly won. As I observed, is not life a funeral procession? The distance to the cemetery is the only difference. The whole fair earth itself is but a huge cemetery, if you look below the surface. The teeming myriads of living things are but a fraction compared with the dead it harbors. The planet that looks so brilliant to possible dwellers in distant orbs is but a funeral car, a huge death ship, carrying its freight of living beings rapidly through space; but the end of each and all is the same—death and burial. Every birth is but death begun. "For all men have one entrance into life, and the like going out" (Wis. vii. 6). "Pulvis mortalium ultima spes" (S. Greg.).

But this is only one side of the picture. Death, it is true, is "earth to earth and dust to dust;" but it is also "spirit to Spirit," the journey of the soul back to God. With St. Paul this young maiden can now say, "For me to die is gain" (Phil. i. 21). "The body indeed is dead, but the spirit liveth" (Rom. viii. 10). Nay, the very shrine which harbored her innocent and virginal soul, making it "a pearl of special price," and which now lies cold and clammy at our feet, will itself rise in all the glory and magnificence of a risen body. The essential elements of this stiff clay will be moulded into forms of matchless beauty and perfection, such as "eye hath not seen nor hath it entered into man's fancy to conceive." For "He that raised up Jesus Christ from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies" (Rom. viii. 11). "The hour cometh when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live" (John v. 25). "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and

in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God" (Job xix. 25, 26). Therefore, parents, and you, my young friends, acquaintances, and relatives of our sister here asleep, grieve not, mourn not deeply for her, but rather in holy envy of her lot, let us say, "Wo is me that my sojourning is prolonged" (Ps. cxix. 5) "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name. The just wait for me until thou reward me" (Ps. cxli. 8).

I. It is sad, no doubt, to witness premature death—to see a promising young life cut off so early; to see the growing powers of mind and graces of body blighted and cast away like a withered flower; but we, to whom have been made known the mysteries of God, are sure that the maiden still lives—that she is still capable of growth and expansion in a higher and better world. She has heard from the Lord she loved and served, these words of deep meaning: "Fear not. I am the first and the last, and alive and was dead, and behold I am living for ever and ever, and have the keys of death and of hell" (Apoc. i. 17, 18). Life continued into another world; life beyond the grave is the key, the only rational explanation of the strange facts of the present. In mind and heart and will, in the best part of us—our higher selves—even the ablest and oldest are undersized and undeveloped. Ask men and women who have grown old and gray in work, in study, in virtue, and they will tell you that after the lapse of the longest life they are just beginning to live in the higher sense of the term: that they are capable of infinitely greater perfection in the loftier region of life than what they can ever possibly reach in this world. It is only the body, it is only the house we live in, it is only the instrument of thought and feeling and desire; but never the soul, never the powers of mind and will that wax old and feeble. The soul of man is only in the spring,

it never reaches the summer of its life on this side the grave. Our late Holy Father and venerable Pontiff Leo XIII. was an example of how the soul almost outlives the body, even on earth. Had our beloved sister now at rest lived to be a hundred, she would have only just been a beginner, a mere babbling babe in the school of love and knowledge, the essence of life. But our young friend's life is not ended. Properly speaking, it is just in its commencement. Her life here has not been lived in vain. It was like a seed cast in the ground, and now transplanted, is growing and blooming in the gardens of God.

I dwell with special emphasis on this point because it is a growing error that man as part of nature is made for this world alone, and that in it alone do his powers of mind and body find full play and scope. People say, or, at least, imply, through all the channels of thought, that he should devote all his work and energy to the present, and leave the other world, if there is one, to take care of itself. Heaven is here below, not above, and the "summum bonum," our supreme good, is to be looked for in the actual and tangible—not in the future and visionary. There is nothing knowable or attainable outside the realm of nature or powers of reason, and what clashes with either or both is to be rudely brushed aside. And hence, without exactly denying God, they imply that if He is to be worshipped at all, it is to be only in and through reason. Faith and all it involves, prayer, hope, self-sacrifice, aspiration after a life other and higher than the present, religion, with its great facts of death, judgment, hell, and heaven, understood in the Christian sense, are but idle dreams, that are passing away before the rising sun, like the mists and fogs of the night. It is in the air. It is the spirit of the age, upheld and witnessed to in all departments of life, in art, literature, and the press. In substance, it is not new. It is

the spirit of worldliness against which we are constantly warned in the Scriptures. It is as old as Cain. It is a new form of the everlasting rivalry between the city of God and the city of the world, between Athens and Jerusalem. Its result is a frantic race for wealth, pleasure, and material comfort, a feverish anxiety to make the most of the present life; but ever resulting, as any one may verify for himself, in disillusion and disappointment; and if not checked by a return to religion, pessimism and despair. "All they that forsake thee shall be confounded: they that depart from thee shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the vein of living waters" (Jer. xvii. 13).

Indeed, we may say that this young maiden's mortal remains afford a crushing reply to all this sophistry. They teach us, not by abstract reasonings, but in hard, concrete fact, how hollow and vain is the empty show we call "the *world*," how rapidly it passes, illusory its hopes and promises. We are made for the world, men say. But can they point to a single instance wherein any one sense of body, or power of mind, ever reached a tithe of its capacity? Even the lower and animal instincts are never gratified, much less the higher and spiritual. "I have seen all things that are done under the sun, and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit" (Eccles. i. 14). What disastrous folly if our dear departed sister in Christ had staked her eternal interests merely on this life, in sight and reason, rather than on revelation and God! Instead of the hope and joy and gladness that filled her heart in parting with her friends, nothing would have been left but the gloom and sorrow and sadness of a wasted and blighted life. Compare the deathbed scenes of professed unbelievers, or even intense worldlings, with the account given us in the life of M. Dupont, called the Holy Man

of Tours, of his last parting from his only child and daughter Henrietta.

She, too, like our young friend now gone, was a highly accomplished school girl, who caught, at the school where she was being educated, an epidemic disease, and died at home. Her father, to whom as an only child she was dear "as light and life," bravely read the prayers for the dying, and at the words, "Depart, Christian soul," added, "Remain no longer on this earth, where God is sinned against, depart! Death is life, the world is death. Go, my daughter, you are on the point of seeing God. . . . I suffer, it is true, my heart is rent with grief. But, my daughter, it is the suffering that attends a birth. I am giving heavenly birth to you to-day. It is true that on earth we are the image of God; but it is a rude image, hardly discernible. It is only in heaven that God perfects and finishes us. . . . God is everywhere. We shall not be separated. You will be in His presence in heaven, and you will see Him. I, here below, will also be with Him, and through Him, shall be with you. . . . Two walls separate us at this moment. Yours will soon fall; mine will also one day fall; we shall then be once more united, and we shall be together always." When the dying girl had breathed her last sigh, turning to the doctor, he said, "My child sees God." And then in a transport worthy of a saint recited Our Lady's sublime psalm, the "Magnificat," "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

This was the ideal of a Christian's death and last farewell between a Christian father and his child. Her battle of life was over, her struggle with evil ended and won. His loved one was at rest and in peace. The link that bound them together was *apparently,* not *really,* severed. With St. Paul he could say: "Therefore, having always confidence, knowing that while we are

in the body we are absent from the Lord. But we are confident and have a good will to be absent rather from the body and to be present with the Lord" (II. Cor. v. 6-8).

It is in this spirit, brethren, I wish you to regard the death of the young maiden, whose body we are about to bear to its last resting place, there to await the trumpet sound of the resurrection. It will rest there, as a seed planted in the autumn, to rise up again bright and radiant in the general awakening of unending spring. Eternal life was planted in it in Holy Communion. "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day" (John vi. 55). It shared with the soul in the sacramental unction and healing of Christ's hand, through contact with that "of the dispensers of the mysteries of God" in the sacraments she received so frequently and so worthily during life. Yes; the frail tenement we now commit to its sister clay will one day rejoin her immortal spirit, to form again one complete living creature, shorn of its native imperfection, and radiant with a loveliness far surpassing all that painter or poet has ever expressed on canvas or in words. How this shall come to pass we can not say, but "we know whom we have believed, and are certain that he is able to keep that which we have committed unto him against that day" (II. Tim. i. 12). What we have committed to holy ground will rise again when "the figure of this world passeth away." Let it pass, and "take ye hold," brethren, as our sister did, "of eternal life." This alone is real, lasting, true. All else melts away in the grasping, like the snow and the mist and mirage. Eternal life! All else is vain, shadowy, unreal. What an illustration hereof, as I observed, lies before you! The form now stiff and cold and lifeless, not so long ago was bright and blithe and buoyant. Life and health glowed and pulsated in every vein. Death, so gaunt and

grim, had no terrors for her; for was she not young and strong, with life in almost all its length stretched out before her? She saw the world, too, as, no doubt, we all do in youth—through the mist of enthusiasm and illusion, in bright and alluring colors, like the bubbles we see wafted into the air to the delight and wonder of eager children at play. But she was born for a better one. Ere she felt its sting or imbibed its venom, ere it coiled around her virginal heart, and crushed the spirit and love of God out of it, ere, in fact, she found it out, and felt the pang of disenchantment and disillusionment, God called her to Himself. And why should we grieve? Should we not envy rather than pity her? She is with God. Who has a better right to a soul than God its Father? It came direct, so to say, from His inmost Being. It is neither matter nor any possible growth or outcome of matter, howsoever refined or perfected. In the words of Scripture, it is the breath of God. "God . . . breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul" (Gen ii. 7). Her soul was as the drop of water that rose in vapor from the sea, and which, in many forms, as cloud or snow or rain, trickling in rills or rolling in rivers, makes its way back, and is ever restless and impatient till it reaches again the ocean whence it sprang. So it is with the soul of each one of us. We shall only find peace and rest and happiness when we find our way back to our home and source in God.

It is often asked in painful doubt, whether we shall know or recognize our loved ones again in the other world. But I answer, Why not? True, we "shall be like the angels in heaven," neither marrying nor giving in marriage; but surely the angels know one another and us. They rejoice in the conversion of a sinner. The disciples recognized and knew their risen Lord, and so surely shall we come to know Him and one another, when we all meet together in the

land where "The souls of the just are in the hands of God, and where the torment of death shall not touch them."

The thought is a comforting one, but the dead body stretched before us conveys in the mute and silent eloquence of death a message of solemn warning. Death at any time is solemn. Ever since it appeared in the world the thought of it invites us to moralize and ponder on the issues it involves; but how much more impressive does this lesson grow when it comes down to our own doors, when we are brought into close personal touch with it, as we are at this moment. It is no longer trivial and commonplace. It is momentous and impressive. Now the lesson this young maiden's death teaches us is to "put our house in order," to watch; to be ready, for "We know not the day nor the hour" (Matt. xxv. 13). It was, no doubt, my friends, a bitter sorrow, a heavy cross, to part with me, she seems to say, but it is only for a time. You have to follow me. "My turn to-day, yours to-morrow." "All flesh is grass, and its glory as the flower of the field" (Isa. xl. 6). "Wherefore be ye also ready, for at what hour you know not the Son of Man will come" (Matt. xxiv. 44).

Heed these warning words. A whole eternity of weal or wo, of pleasure or pain, of supreme good or evil, rests on how we take them to heart. To put off conversion, i. e., preparation, is to risk eternal life or death on the throw of the gambler's dice. The odds are supremely against us. Though death is absolutely certain, though no known law can exempt from it, yet the precise moment and manner are and ever will remain uncertain. We may lay it down as a fixed law that the longer delayed, the harder grows the preparation. Grace, the supreme factor, recedes. We get morally blinder and more impervious to religious impressions according as age creeps on. If you ask the proof, look round. And yet we all

lull ourselves with a feeling of false security. We admit the law, but each one thinks himself an exception. All known laws regarding the spiritual side of death will be suspended in our favor. Others may perish suddenly, be cut off in the midst of their sin without time for even an act of contrition, without, perhaps, the grace of repentance or even the will to ask for it, yet we, as special favorites of Providence, shall escape. No, brethren; live not in such folly. Stake not your hope of heaven on even a deathbed confession, or the hasty reception of the last sacraments. Be not of the majority, of whom Scripture says, "Madness is in the heart of the sons of men whilst they live, and after that they go to the dead." God is not mocked. He is ever the same, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. His laws are fixed and invariable, as are the sun and stars in the sky. Will the sun rise earlier or set later to meet our convenience? No more will the laws of grace, the laws that regulate the spiritual world, alter at your beck and call. To be ready for death, to die safely at any moment, we must never count on any day or time or year for conversion; but at once, on the first stirring of grace in the heart, the first call of God, i. e., this very moment, turn to Him by sincere sorrow and take the earliest opportunity of complying with Christ's command. "Go shew yourselves to the priests" in holy confession. Then we must ever lead a life of duty, so as to be ever like a sentinel at his post to answer to the last great summons. "This do and thou shalt live," for a good, dutiful life is the best preparation for a holy death. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works follow them" (Apoc. xiv. 13).

FUNERAL DISCOURSE ON A YOUTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

"Young man, I say to thee, Arise. And he that was dead, sat up, and began to speak. And He gave him to his mother."—Luke vii. 14, 15.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Giver of life occasionally stays arm of death; but in long run, death claims and gets his tribute. Death of youth at threshold of manhood ever sad. Why? Happily all united in God's kingdom, militant, suffering or triumphant. "Though dead, he yet speaketh." His words solemn and impressive from experience. Death brought so near, adds energy, vividness, and force to its usual lesson.

I. He tells us: 1. Not to attach ourselves unduly to present life, its gifts, pleasures, and promises. They are fleeting, hollow, and deceptive. "We have not here a lasting city, but seek one that is to come" (Heb. xiii. 14). The rich man of the Bible. "Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee." Look round at men of wealth, rank, influence, capitalists or statesmen. A damp, cold grave their common inheritance. Therefore, with St. Augustine, "Vides viventem, cogita morientem." "Wise to lay by for rainy day." Pensions and annuities for old age desirable. But forget not other world, where life, larger issues more serious. Our departed friend further tells us:

II. Not to attach undue weight to the body and its worldly belongings to the neglect of the soul and its interests. Man made up of double elements—perishable body and imperishable soul. The body alone dissolves and disappears. Soul lives on forever. Our young friend not really dead. Alive in other world, with Abraham and Moses and saints of Old and New Law. The dead of the ages! Where are their bodies, where their souls? Lessons. Care of soul. Lastly, our young friend preaches to us:

III. The value of a well-spent life. The difference death makes in the estimate all men take of good or bad conduct in life. Even sensualist admits that when all is over, virtuous life is the safest and best to look back to. Rank or property, or even health, weighed in balance of death. "With him that feareth the Lord, it shall go well in the latter end" (Ecclus. i. 13). Life determines future. "What a man sows, that also he shall reap." Each one carves out his own niche in next world. Consequences and application of all this.

In these words of the Gospel we find the Giver of life staying the arm of death and restoring the young man to his friends—but only for a time. Death, in due course, claimed his tribute, and the young man of the Gospel has gone, with all the generations that are past, to the land whence no traveler returneth.

Our young friend whom we mourn for here to-day is another sad illustration of the law that "Dust we are and unto dust we must return." I say sad, because cut down by the great pitiless destroyer on the very threshold of manhood—just as he was getting ready to enter what might have proved a brilliant and useful career; a period, too, when the void created by death is most marked in the family circle. But God ordered otherwise, and "His thoughts are not our thoughts." In united concert we can only tender our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family, and join them in earnest prayer for his speedy admittance into God's kingdom above. Though parted in body, we are all united with him in that most consoling of bonds, the communion of saints; that makes us all brothers and sisters in the great family of God, whether struggling on earth, suffering in purgatory, or triumphant in heaven.

The large attendance of sympathizers present, many of them, doubtless, once intimate companions, now conscious of a gap made in their ranks hard to fill, testify to the esteem in which our departed friend was held, and the regret felt for his loss. His cheery smile and bright, sunny ways often brought joy to us all, and his associates recall, I am sure, many an incident in his life and many a saying of his to show with what a kind heart and genial disposition nature had endowed him. But alas! the heart is still, his lips sealed in death, and we who loved him and still cherish his memory, are preparing to commit all that remains of him to the cold, damp

grave outside. We may say of him in a manner, as was said of the knight of old:

> "His sword is rust,
> His body dust,
> But his soul is with the saints, we trust."

That his soul is with God we all earnestly hope, as, indeed, it is the wish uppermost in the hearts of all, "May my soul die the death of the just, and my last end be like to theirs" (Num. xxiii. 10). Like the young friend we grieve for, we have all in our turn to encounter death and the intensely important issues depending on it. But the love of life is so strong, the mere joy of living so intense, that even those on whom age has long set its seal fondly cling to the hope that death is comparatively far off, and that they still have time to spend in the occupations and pleasures of earth. And yet, as our meeting here to-day proves, we are all, the youngest and strongest, as well as the oldest and feeblest, in various stages, and at various rates of progress, hurrying forward to the grave. The occasion invites us to go down with holy David "to the gates of death," there to listen to the emphatic words of warning that the dead speak to the living. People talk of the silent grave; but, in reality, there is no preacher so eloquent, no voice so penetrating and telling as the voices of death. Look at the remains of our young friend below, walk through the crowded cemeteries of our large cities, or stroll through a quiet country graveyard where those sleep who went before us, lived in our houses, shared in our works and pleasures, acted and suffered and sinned as we do. Do we do not hear from each narrow grave, as well as from the lips of our departed friend, the solemn words of warning, "Hodie mihi, cras tibi"? "Like you, I, too, was once young and strong and

healthy and active. I mocked death and his fancied terrors. I smiled at the pictures of him drawn by preachers, and pitied the credulous throng who listened to them; but now I am in his grasp. I am his prey."

To many of us here present, perhaps, the innocent merriment of our young friend, his blithe and winsome manners were as sunshine to our souls in the dull gray monotony of everyday life. Nay, to some of you, perhaps, his soul was knit as that of Jonathan to David. But now he is gone the way of all flesh. "Though dead," however, "he yet speaketh." Listen briefly to some of the lessons he teaches. The words are mine, but the thoughts are his.

I. The truths are general and abstract, but the circumstances under which they are announced lend them energy, vividness, and force. The death of our friend and fellow-parishioner teaches us not to bind ourselves inordinately to this life, or aught that it can either promise or give. Indeed, its promises are vain and empty, and ever exceed what it can or does give. Sooner or later we must quit all—home, friends, parents, wealth, and influence. "We have not here a lasting city." Let us, therefore, as St. Paul advises, "seek one that is to come" (Heb. xiii. 14). The most extensive land-owners, with their broad fields and unnumbered herds; the most powerful capitalists, with their untold wealth and piles of gold; the great rulers and leaders of men, with their world-reaching influences, equally with the poorest and lowliest of their tenants or workmen or subjects, come down at last to the dark, cold, narrow dwelling of the grave. "Vides viventem, cogita morientem." "You look, perhaps, with envy on a rich man *living*," says St. Augustine; "think also of him *dying*." "The rich man said to his soul: Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thy rest, eat, drink, and make good cheer. But God said to him:

Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee; and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God" (Luke xii. 19-21). Mark the closing words of this quotation. He does not blame the man for being rich. There are good rich men who do not worship wealth, but use it well; and there are bad poor ones whose hearts are filled with lust and covetousness of it. He blames the man because he was poor in virtues and good works. He blames him inasmuch as whilst he took care to lay up treasure on earth, was clad in purple and fared sumptuously every day; yet in the sight of God was a moral Lazarus, poor, blind, covered with rags and filth and vermin; for truly so is he that selfishly "layeth treasures for himself and is not rich toward God."

A great deal is said and written nowadays about the need of making provision for old age, of laying up, by pension or annuity, something against a rainy day. It is wise and prudent, no doubt, in its way; but let us not forget to make timely provision, now that we can, for the long, endless day or dark, dreary night of eternity, "when no man can work." How carefully men put savings in the bank, how they hoard and deny themselves almost the necessaries of life, against what may be only imaginary hard times, and yet never think of casting a farthing into God's treasury, of laying up in the divine remembrance a store of merit and good works against the real hard times when opportunity and capacity for spiritual work and merit are no more.

Were our young friend's lips capable of utterance as mine are, how would not his words burn into our very souls the need of laying up a treasure in heaven, that "rust or moth can not consume" nor "thieves break in and steal;" the folly of building on the quicksands of time, the truth of the words, "O Death, how bitter is the

remembrance of thee to a man that hath peace in his possessions" (Ecclus. xli. 1).

II. A second lesson taught us by our departed friend is to estimate the body and its belongings at their proper value. We are composed, as you know, of a double element—the perishable and material, that we share with the beasts; and the imperishable and spiritual, that we have in common with the angels. The one crumbles into dust, returns to earth, as we see, "Thy carcass is fallen down: under thee shall the moth be strewed, and worms shall be thy covering" (Isa. xiv. 11), the other lives forever. It is the body only that perishes, or rather, dissolves. The soul is immortal. The better part of ourselves, the conscious self, the part that alone is permanent under the ever changing, ever vanishing matter of our bodies, the soul, in fact, never dies. Strictly speaking, those we call dead are not dead. They still live. He whose loss we mourn to-day is alive in another world. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the saints of the Old and of the New Law, our own fathers and mothers and theirs before them, the wicked who enjoyed life, the just who suffered—all are strangely and mysteriously alive. Their bodies have gone, their tombs are empty, their ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven; yet, what made them men and women, their *souls,* are alive before God. Now the great lesson that the death of friends teaches us is not to set undue value on these bodies of ours, that will one day become the prey of worms; not to pamper or indulge them at the risk of starving or otherwise injuring our immortal souls. Bear in mind that no sooner has the breath left the body, no sooner has the soul winged its flight to another world, than these bodies that we mainly lived, perhaps, to adorn and take care of, are got ready to be hurried off to the grave, just as the dust and garbage of our streets are carted to the rubbish heap,

lest they should infect and poison the air around us. Even our nearest and dearest friends and relatives must join in hiding us out of sight, thus removing all traces of the bodies we nursed and cherished so fondly, and, perhaps, lost our souls for. What are we doing now in the solemn pomp and ceremony of a funeral but dropping deep down into the earth the body of our beloved friend and companion, so lately the joy and pride and hope of a bereaved family? What sacrifices would they not have made to keep him in their midst? But now the decree is gone forth—the soul to God, his body to the dust; and we who loved him must help in carrying it out. Happily he had acted out in his short life the answer he so frequently and readily gave to one of the earliest questions of the Catechism, "Of which should we take most care, our bodies or our souls?" He had not allowed "wickedness to alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul," and, therefore, "being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time" (Wis. iv. 13). But is it so with us? Do we, or did we ever, put the soul and its needs before the body and its sensual cravings? Alas! when there is aught wrong with the body what trouble we take, what sacrifices we are ready to undergo! But is it so when we feel our poor souls "even sick unto death," conscience stricken, a prey to evil habits—all spiritual power and energy gone? Take the one element of time, "the very stuff that life is made of," how much of it is devoted to the soul? How much, on the other hand, to the fast-decaying, perishing body? What a difference the light of a deathbed will make in our judgment as to the relative value of body and soul—the temporal and the eternal! Indeed, everything we see around us here to-day—the bier, the coffin, the dead form of our young friend—all loudly tell us to think less of the body and its passing wants and more of the soul and its vitally important claims.

III. Furthermore, in full consciousness that I speak the mind of the dead, I add another lesson as taught by the service we hold over our young friend to-day, and it is the value of a well-spent life, the truth, so often forgotten in life, that, "With him that feareth the Lord, it shall go well in the latter end, and in the day of his death he shall be blessed" (Ecclus. i. 13). Opinions often differ as to how to enjoy life when we have it; but when over the verdict is unanimous. Even the most confirmed libertines will hesitate to say that they regard his lot as enviable and happy who merely had during life plenty of amusement, who was strong, healthy, rich, prosperous, and nothing more. No! the vital point for himself was, How did he behave? What was his conduct? Was he a good Christian or a bad one? Did he do his duty in all the various relations of life? Was he, before God, a good son, a good father, a good husband, a good member of holy Church? What was his character? In the depth of their hearts they feel that it was not the state of his account financially, but the state of his conscience, not the weight of his gold, but the weight of his personal merits, that form the standard of his condition now. His conduct during life alone measures his state after death. And why? Because we all know perfectly well that "what a man sows that also he shall reap" (Gal. vi. 8), that we can not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. Each one will find exactly "*his place*"—the place that suits him and which he earned and prepared for himself during life. We carve, by our behavior here, the niche we are to occupy hereafter. It is often said in praise of a man that he was the builder of his own fortune; but, in the deepest and truest sense of the term, every man is such. Surely we can not compare in importance the few closing years of life—itself "a mere dream of the night"—with the endless existence that goes under the name of eternal life. Hence the

truth we are preaching—and which all admit in theory, but so few live up to in practice, that "to love God and keep His commandments is the whole of man"—another way of saying that a well-spent life is the supreme good; an ill-spent life the supreme evil. Nobody knows this better than the youth we bury to-day. How piercing and eloquent would his exhortation to holy living be were he permitted to stand up in my place at this moment! But could, or rather should, his words be more impressive than those of Christ, who said, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi. 33).

Let us put ourselves in the position of those about to die. We have all to go through it one day. Let us reflect on what would give us most consolation at that dread moment. Would it not be the remembrance of a good and worthy life, a life spent mainly in God's service; a life, which if not as that of our young friend and neighbor an innocent one, was at least a penitent one; a life during which we could honestly say that, in spite of many sins and lapses from good, we yet strove for and aimed at higher things, tried, to the best of our lights and graces, to know and to do the holy will of God. Brought so closely and impressively into touch with death as we are to-day, let us be wise in time, and do now, while time and opportunity are ours, what we should like to have done then when our own turn comes, and both time and opportunity are no more. Remember the words of Scripture, "The death of the wicked is very evil" (Ps. xxxiii. 22). "Evils shall catch the unjust man unto destruction" (Ps. cxxxix. 12); but, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" (Apoc. xiv. 13); and, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints" (Ps. cxv. 15).

DISCOURSE AT THE BURIAL OF A MOTHER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, DARLINGTON, ENGLAND.

SYNOPSIS.—I. Present occasion one when sympathy almost an intrusion. Word due as tribute of respect to one so worthy. What involved in loss of mother. What we owe her. First thought of God, earliest glimpse of duty, the whole moral capital of life, in short, due to her. Pain of loss intensified by feeling of lack of appreciation of her during life. All see ravages of death and repent. "All flesh shall fade as grass and as the leaf that springeth out of a green tree;" but it is never truly known till it knocks at our own door. How cold and empty the house when its queen is called away. Consolation in thought that we may meet again. All roads in life end in death. Very hard for young and strong to realize. They deem all allusion to death as almost a conspiracy against life and its joys. How it forces itself on the attention. Meant to by God.

II. Life to be round, full, and perfect, must be coupled with death, its end. Death is part of life. Determines eternal life. We can not think of our friends, near and dear to us, who are gone, without being brought into touch with gates through which they passed. Our Lord and puzzled disciples (John xvi. 21, 22). Contrasts (Job xix. 25-27). Lesson conveyed to "lay hold on eternal life," for "The shadow of this world passeth away." Very hard lesson to learn, but forced upon us by Providence. Danger of worldly views of life and death. World's business to live, not to die. Nature, too, against the supernatural, but man above and lord of nature. Condemnation of world by Christ through His own. Why?

III. Function to-day points to wisdom of words, "What doth it profit a man," etc. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," etc. The four great permanent facts or realities—death, judgment, hell, heaven. Vision hereof should color life. Optimists and pessimists both wrong in views of life. Lessons of holy life just closed. Folly of delaying conversion.

Conclusion.—Imitate her virtues, pray for her soul. St. Augustine and St. Monica.

I. There are occasions when even the expression of sympathy appears an intrusion. There is a feeling of sorrow so very deep that even out of pity one had better leave condolence alone. I ex-

perience this feeling, brethren, on witnessing bereaved children and their widowed father gathered round the bier of a beloved wife and mother. Their grief appears too sacred, too intimate and mental to be disturbed. And yet for the sake of the many friends of the family I see around me, I feel I must give utterance to a few words of sympathy and counsel, were it only as a last tribute of respect to one who commanded it so deservedly during life. We may, indeed, say that a shining light has been put out in our midst. A holy life with its bright example of Christian virtue has been ended—a void created in the circle she adorned; and, above all, the hearth, the sacred shrine of domestic virtue, the family group, has been robbed by cruel death of its queen. A model wife, the stay and counselor of her husband, a model mother, whose care, example, advice, and holy prayers were ever lavished on her children, now lies a helpless corpse at our feet, and a suppliant to Mother Church and to us for prayer. Of a mother, perhaps more than of anything else, can it be said that her love and tenderness are felt and appreciated most when she is gone. Long forgotten incidents recur to memory of how this love was shown, mingled it may be with a pang of regret that it was not valued or reciprocated to the extent it deserved. The poet is right, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, It might have been." A shadow falls across the soul of a true child at the thought of even unconsciously failing to respond to that almost divine thing, a mother's love. We can all understand, then, how bitter it must be to part with her, to all appearances, forever. To many a young soul barely capable of knowing what death is, it is the first experience of its sting, the first awakening in life to the thought that there is such a thing as death at all.

The earliest idea of duty, and duty too in its highest form of

love, the first dawning on the soul of the existence of a Father in heaven, a God above whom we are not only privileged to know, but to love and approach, we owe to her; the first and most lasting impression of good, the very moral capital of life we gleaned at her knee. Reigning, therefore, in heart and home, taking part in our joys and sorrows, knit together in soul she becomes part of our very selves. She is, indeed, the spring and wellhead of the family; brothers and sisters like buds on a common stem, or the varied hues of the rainbow that meet in her as one common pure white ray of light, are one, because of her. Now to find this bond severed, rudely snapped asunder forever, must be a cruel wrench to tender, loving hearts. Hence the sympathy we feel for and tender to her orphaned children to-day.

I grant, indeed, that all this sounds hackneyed and commonplace. We all know that we have to die. We are continually hearing it from the lips of preachers and witnessing it in the gaps that death daily makes around us. It is the common fate. "All flesh shall fade as grass and as the leaf that springeth out on a green tree. Some grow and some fall off: so is the generation of flesh and blood; one cometh to an end, and another is born" (Ecclus. xiv. 18, 19). True, but it never comes home to us with such force as when it lays its icy hand on those we love. It might, we think, spare a dearly beloved mother. Our very light is put out. The fire burns cold on the hearth. Warmth and light seem to leave the home. But has she left you orphans forever? Will you never again hear the sound of her voice, feel the magic touch of her hand or behold the love and pride of a mother sparkling in her eye? Not certainly on this side of the grave; but just as certainly beyond. The parting is temporary, fleeting as the life it closes. It depends on yourselves as it does upon us all whether, jointly, we see and recog-

nize her again. Once we pass the same portals of death, once our bodies are laid out to be dropped into the same narrow grave, then may we perhaps see and converse with her in the abodes of the blessed. We are all making the same journey. The whole race of the living are on the same track. The roads of life are various; but all end at the grave. Nor is the way nearly so long as it seems. Ask not those who are starting or in its earliest stages, but those who have well nigh completed it, who are simply waiting for the last summons, and each one will tell you, in the words of holy David, "My days are vanished like smoke. My days have declined like a shadow, and I am withered like grass" (Ps. ci. 4, 12). Indeed, it is only as we are entering "the valley of the shadow" that we feel the weight and force of the warning words of Scripture as to the shortness of life and rapid approach of death. When young and strong and hopeful we regard sermons on death, or even an appeal to think of the dismal subject at all, almost as a conspiracy against the joys of life or obsolete platitudes that form part and parcel of the preacher's stock in trade. We want to learn how to live, not how to die—we want to be taught how to make the best of the world we know rather than be wearied about a world and life of which we know nothing.

II. Now I say that if we would live well, if we would enjoy a round, full, and complete life, we must think occasionally of death; for the reason that to live well we must learn to die well. Death in reality is a part of life. It is the most important act in it, because eternal life depends upon how we leave the present, i. e., how we die. Nor can we escape death in life, even if we would. It strikes us at every turn. It comes home to us in endless ways. As we crave to hear the living voice of her who lies stiff and cold below; as we prize her memory, as we gaze upon her portrait or

the scenes with which she was associated during life, we can not but think of "the gates of death" through which she has passed, and which we, too, must, sooner or later, enter. As we look upon her bier are we not convinced that the very best moments of her life were those she spent in dwelling upon death, and so preparing for true and lasting life beyond?

We read in the sixteenth chapter of St. John that Our Lord once, speaking of His death and resurrection, embarrassed His disciples by the words, "A little while, and now you shall not see me; and again a little while, and you shall see me: because I go to the Father" (John xvi. 16). He clears up his meaning in words that come home to us strongly on the occasion that gathers us here to-day. "A woman, when she is in labor, hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but when she hath brought forth the child she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world. So also you now indeed have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man shall take from you" (John xvi. 21, 22). The fact that even Christ had to pass the "gates of death ere being seen and realized by his disciples, in the fulness of joy", that our nearest and dearest must pay tribute to the grave, throws light on those strange words of holy Job: "I have said to rottenness, Thou art my father; to worms, My mother and my sister. . . . All that I have shall go down into the deepest pit" (Job xvii. 14, 16). And yet it is Job, too, who says: "I know that my Redeemer liveth and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God. When I myself shall see and my eyes shall behold and not another; this my hope is laid up in my bosom" (Job xix. 25-27)—golden words that the holy patriarch himself wished to be "marked down in a book with an iron pen and in a

plate of lead or graven with an instrument in flint-stone (id. 23, 24). Now the drift of all this—the main purpose of living and dying in this world, the lesson that our departed sister reads to us all from the solemn book of death is "to lay hold on eternal life," to remember that "the shadow of this world passeth away," to impress upon us the solemn truth of the psalmist's warning: "O ye sons of men, how long will you be dull of heart? Why do you love vanity and seek after lying?" (Ps. iv. 3). "Take order with thy house, for thou shalt die and not live" (Isa. xxxviii. 1).

I know that this is a lesson not easily learned. The world is a bad school for the study of death. Why it should be so is not far to seek. The world we live in is so full of life and pleasure and movement, the very joy of living and ceaseless activity attending it are so engrossing; and then such care is taken to disguise the signs or emblems of death, or keep them in the background, that it is only on such solemn occasions as the present, when it enters the sanctuary of our own homes, that we can realize what a part death plays in life. The gaps it makes are soon filled up by the young and strong; and to the world at large christenings and weddings offer a more attractive side of life; but death ever follows them as a shadow. His ravages can not be ignored. They are forced upon our attention. "The sun shall go down at midday, and I will make the earth dark in the day of light, and I will turn your feasts into mourning, and all your songs into lamentation" (Amos viii. 9, 10). And well is it that it should be so. It is only when death lays its icy hand on those we love and darkness and sorrow fall on our homes that we think of another and a better world than this. It is God's way of bringing us to think seriously of our origin and destiny. It is the same all the world over. We do not stand alone in our sorrow and bereavement. Other husbands are mourning

devoted wives, other children are weeping the loss of loving mothers. All reminds us that our own turn will come, and that death is the busiest agent in life.

Yes, brethren, at every beat of the heart, at every tick of the clock, numbers of human beings, each with his or her long life-history and unutterable responsibilities, are being swiftly hurled into eternity. But because personally or in our homes we are spared, this awful fact passes by unnoticed. No doubt that it should be so is part of nature and must be; but none the less, the spiritual minded, those that Christ left watching, and we particularly, whom death has visited in one of our members, should take deeply to heart our Lord's repeated lessons and warnings. It is remarkable how persistently He warns His followers in the Gospel against the spirit of the world on this very point of death. He even condemns the world inasmuch as it limits its views and action to the present life without thought or making provision for the next. He says that, in spite of warning, death and its consequences, the world will ever make merry and rejoice. Its business is life, not death. Even when the last day comes round, and our earth with its freight of souls is on the brink of final ruin, it will be even then, he says, as when the flood came or when the fire clouds were gathering over the doomed cities of the plain, the world "making merry," "marrying and giving in marriage." Did not God then make and deck the earth? Did He not create the world and does He not rule it? Yes; but man neither reads nor uses it right. Indeed, by the power of free will he may be said to have unmade it, as he daily misuses and misapplies it. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." God's earth is ever young. She emerges fresh from the cold, deathlike days of her winters into the beauty and glow of her ever-returning springs. Nature clings to life and abhors

death or all that leads to or savors of it. Like all that is young and strong, she is cruel, and her word to the feeble and infirm and aged is to get out of her road so as to make way for the young and the strong and the vigorous. In all this she is true to herself, because nature is only natural. Man is more, he is called to the supernatural and ever has been. Nature is heedless and unconscious of the higher or supernatural life; she recognizes no immortality but her own; and in spite of Christ's religion and Christ's warnings most men follow her, and so make up the world that He condemns. But it is for us to whom have been made known the mysteries of God, to read nature truly, and take to heart St. Paul's warning that "the fashion of this world passeth away" (I. Cor. vii. 31), and that death cometh like a thief in the night, when we least expect it. The dead even speak and warn us in the words of Holy Scripture, "O that they would be wise and would understand and would provide for their last end" (Deut. xxxii. 29).

III. One would think this were a lesson easily learned, and yet to see how most people act it must be very hard. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul, or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?" (Matt. xvi. 26). What do these words mean? That we were made for God and heaven, not for ourselves and earth, that it is our souls and not our bodies that should have the first claims on our attention, and that the world which passes is nothing in comparison with endless life. Yet though even in the lips of professing Christians, what impression do they make in heart and conduct? But let us not be deceived. God is not mocked. "What a man sows" in life "that he shall reap" at death.

Four great facts—four great, solemn truths encircle and determine the fate of man—death, judgment, hell, and heaven. Of these mo-

mentous realities no true Christian should ever lose hold or sight. They should be grasped in all their bearings, understood in and out, through and through. True, indeed, "the fashion of this world passeth away," or as holy Job puts it, "The life of man fleeth away as a dream and passeth by as a vision of the night" (Job xx. 8); but death and judgment, hell and heaven remain.

Now this thought of death or, rather, of the above tremendous issues depending on it, must color the lives of all who think seriously at all. It need not paint them black. There are men called optimists who think or profess to think this the best of all possible worlds, and others, pessimists, who deem it the worst; but in reality it is neither, "it is sober gray." The world is relative, or, as it is commonly said, "what we make it." To appreciate it at its true value, to see life in it, in true perspective, we must look at both, in and through their common end, death. This is real wisdom, because it enables us to weigh, balance, and judge the two great factors of existence, time and eternity. It will tell us in the words of Scripture, so well exemplified in the holy life that has ended, that "Venerable old age is not that of long time nor counted by the number of years," but that "a spotless life is old age" (Wis. iv. 8, 9).

And now, brethren, let the practical lesson learned from the sad funeral service at which we assist to-day be to learn to live if we would learn to die, to look upon death not as distinct from, but as part of life. As your eye rests for the last time on the mortal remains of our dear sister in Christ, reflect that her pure, holy, and dutiful life meant and earned for her a holy death. She died well because she lived well. It was not the few closing moments of her life, it was not even the fervent reception of the last Sacraments that made her death as that of the saints "precious in God's sight." No; it

was the holy life that went before. This it was that formed the seed and kernel and determining cause of her holy death.

There is no greater or more melancholy delusion than to think of duly preparing for endless eternity during the last few expiring hours or even days of life. What more extravagant than to fancy that when the body is worn out with disease, the mind and its powers reduced to helplessness, then we can make the most supreme effort of life, an effort involving the highest bodily and mental strain, to say nothing of the most essential element of conversion, good will and the grace of God—grace especially, that may be denied by Him who solemnly declares "He will not be mocked." What greater folly than to put off fulfilling the hardest and most important duty in life, till soul and body are at snapping point. No! as the saintly Father Faber says somewhere, "We must get our preparation for death ready before we lie down to die. We can not be too much on our guard against the fatal error of separating life from death," of looking upon the last solemn act of life's drama "as if it were a distinct spiritual exercise, the going to confession or communion, or making a retreat, quite forgetting that whether we think of death or not, whether we serve God or neglect to do so, life in spite of ourselves is a minute and detailed preparation for death." Death is not an isolated act, standing out by itself. It is the last link in a chain. It is the last act in a series intimately connected with, dependent on and resulting from those behind it. This thought is clearly and pithily expressed by St. Paul in the oft-quoted words: "He that soweth in the flesh, of the flesh also shall reap corruption. But he that soweth in the spirit, of the spirit shall reap life everlasting. And in doing good let us not fail. For in due time we shall reap, not failing" (Gal. vi. 8, 9).

And you, dear children, as your eyes linger for the last time on

the mortal remains of your beloved mother, and your hearts go down with her to the grave, let the tribute of your love be a fixed resolve ever to live and walk worthy of her. Let her example be ever graven in your memories. Live like her as you would die like her, so that of you, as of her, it may be said, "I walked in the innocence of my heart, in the midst of my house. I did not set before my eyes any unjust thing" (Ps. c. 2, 3).

Her soul we feel is with God; but we can not yet say whether "in the fulness of joy," and it is, therefore, our duty to unite with Holy Church in praying fervently for the repose of her soul. Even of the holiest souls we can not say that they are admitted immediately to gaze upon the infinite purity of God. "The last farthing" that we all have to pay to the boundless justice of the Almighty, ere we leave His prisons on earth or beyond, is a far-reaching word, so that many a soul dying in her Maker's peace and embrace is crying out to us in anguish to see her God in the words of Scripture: "Bring my soul out of prison that I may praise thy name: the just wait for me until thou reward me" (Ps. cxli. 8).

For forty years the great St. Augustine never failed to pray daily for the repose of the soul of the saintly Monica, his mother. This was true filial piety that we should all imitate. Though we may be confident that the holy soul we pray for specially to-day is in peace with God, yet it is our duty and consolation combined to remember her frequently in our prayers and join in saying, "May her soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

DEDICATION OF A NEW CHURCH.

BY THE REV. WM. GRAHAM.

"This is no other but the house of God and gate of heaven."—Gen. xxviii. 17.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Temples reared to the Supreme Being all the world over prove the general belief in, and duty of, divine worship. False or grotesque forms of worship no proof against true. Religion a witness to God. To-day's function, an answer to our need of worship. Notwithstanding how little is God really known and loved. Has He other witnesses on earth besides buildings of stone? Men engrossed in matter and impressions of matter. Yet is God known and witnessed to, I., in nature; II., in heart; and, III., in Catholic Church—three great witnesses to God in the world.

I. Nature or creation a great temple of living God. "His invisible things from the creation of the world are clearly seen" (Rom. i. 20). Ordered and rational world needs intelligent cause. Play of atoms would never shape into a cathedral, nor letters shaken in urn into a book. Atheism disease. Not outcome of thought. "Dixit insipiens in cordi suo non est Deus." God not only intelligent and powerful, but holy, loving, "Our Father in heaven." "Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei; opera manuum ejus annuntiat firmamentum."

II. Heart also reveals God. In His temple. Mind of best men has ever read God in nature. Worst types, too, in universality of conscience. Words for duty, right, wrong in all languages. Law traced in heart ere committed to bronze and stone.

III. Nature and heart open books to all, yet contents disputed. Hence need for authoritative, outward voices to interpret and decide and witness to things of God. Anarchy would reign, spite of ideas of order and justice, without a state. Israel, prophets. Christ and Church a "kingdom of God." Court of appeal. Lighthouse of world. To read God in nature and heart must obey Church. Brought home to us concretely in this building. Lessons. We are all stones in living church. Exhortation to worthy membership.

The purpose that has brought us together to-day is solemnly to dedicate this building to the worship of the one true God. Go

where you will, what first strikes the eye in city, plain or hill, is some temple reared by the piety and generosity of men, to the Supreme Being. All that man holds best, in the way of art, skill, or wealth, has been lavishly poured out on divine worship. The ruins of the oldest cities, as well as the towns and steeples and minarets, of the newest, attest the world-wide belief of mankind in God, and the duty of publicly worshipping and honoring Him. False gods there were, and corrupt religion, but the universality of religious belief shows the need man ever felt of faith in the existence of a power or powers above, and distinct from the visible world, and the corresponding duty of worship, even though at times assuming forms unholy, or grotesque.

We are here, to-day, in answer to this need and call, to consecrate a building to the one true God, in and through the rites of the one true Church. It is to be a witness, while it stands, to the Almighty and His claims on His creatures—a reminder to them that there is another world besides the present, another order of facts besides what we see, or otherwise feel. It is to be a school wherein, through divinely authorized teachers, "We are to learn the things that are to our peace."

And yet, though the world is studded with churches, how little is God known and loved! How narrow the space He occupies in the minds and affections of men! Has He no other witnesses, then, in the earth, than the stones of which our churches are built? Yes, the whole universe is a temple, wherein the intelligent creature may see and adore God. "He is not far from each one of us; for in Him we live, move, and have our being." The heart of man, too, if not utterly corrupt, is a temple wherein, through aspirations after higher things, and the voice of conscience, God is revealed. And lastly the great Catholic Church, His Kingdom on earth, ever has

testified, and ever will testify, to God in the world, even when nature and the human heart seem dumb. But to men of "good will," to those that "have ears to hear," all three fondly proclaim the being and attributes of God. He is not, it is true, the object of sense, for "He is a spirit and unseen," but He is no less real and knowable. To many, nowadays, immersed in matter and thoughts about matter, nothing seems real except what strikes the senses. They measure reality by what they can see, hear, taste, smell, or touch. And yet they surely have never seen, heard, or handled a thought, even with matter for its object. Memories of the past, remorse of conscience for sins known only to God and self, are very real things, though we can neither see them nor touch them. No more can we bring under the ken of sense, however keen, or instruments, however perfect, the soul in life, that we know to be the most real part of ourselves, as it is the very seat and origin of sense and thought and will. So is it with God,—the one great Supreme Cause who is behind and at the core of all existing things,—the "Causa causarum," producing and preserving all other causes, yet Himself uncaused. Outside and alongside of the visible, there is a very real, though unseen world, to which the beautiful structure we dedicate to-day bears witness. Many, alas! say they can not see God either in nature, in the heart, or in the Church. They look with unbelieving eyes and irreverent minds at the beautiful world around us. Where the clean of heart see in every blade of grass and breath of wind, in the sun shining and the rain falling, and in the gifts of nature profusely bestowed on just and unjust alike, a patient, loving, and merciful God, they see only blind, unconscious law—"cosmos," as they call it—quite indifferent to us, or, indeed, to any moral distinction whatever. In rearing up this monument of our belief, we may appropriately

dwell on how nature, the heart and the great kingdom of God, the Church, bear testimony to Him in the world.

I. Creation or nature bears witness to God in the world without. Indeed it may be called His temple, wherein He speaks as eloquently as in prophecy or revelation. It is St. Paul who says: "His invisible things from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made" (Rom. i. 20). A rational or ordered universe where law reigns must have an orderer or Creator. Behind the matter, ultimate or otherwise, that forms the groups of ordered creatures in nature, in wide sense of terms, are intelligence and will. The accidental play of blind atoms, blindly intermingling, accounts for nothing. It is as much playing with our reason and common sense to say that thus was shaped the glorious creatures we look at around us, as to say that the chance shaking out of particles of clay would produce the Cathedral we are dedicating or a palace; or the tossing out of numberless letters in an urn give us a Homer or a Bible. Indeed, were it not for what we read and hear in learned circles sometimes, it would seem a waste of words to say that nature requires a Creator, that the world did not make itself. Plain men, equally with deepest thinkers, if sincere, one would think, must see God in nature—must see that her forces are controlled and guided by a mind and will—as clearly as the sun in the sky. "Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei"—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth the work of his hands" (Ps. xviii. 1). "He made us, and not we ourselves" (Ps. xcix. 3).

Genuine disbelief in existence of God, if it exists at all, is only an assertion, not a belief—it can not possibly be, as some people appear to think, the outcome of profound thought, or the expression of an honest conviction. It is only "the fool" in Scripture that "says in

his heart: There is no God" (Ps. xiii. 1). "No man," says even Darwin, "can stand in the tropic forests without feeling that they are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of Nature, and that there is more in man than the breath of his body." (Darwin, Origin of Species.)

But, it may be asked, are we sure that the God revealed by nature is a personal God at all—anything more than an abstract expression of the sum of forces at work in the world? Is the great power at the back of all *moral,* besides being *strong* and *intelligent?* Is there any preponderating evidence to show that the force which controls and molds the world is just and righteous? Is there a God distinct from nature, free from all limitations and imperfections, to whom we can all look trustfully up, and say, "Our Father who art in heaven"? It seems rank blasphemy to put such questions in a sermon, yet to hear sensible folk speak, one would think that our beautiful world was the work of a strong, intelligent devil, rather than of a living, tender-hearted Father and Lord. Does not nature show us everywhere, not only supreme power and skill and wisdom, but supreme kindness and thoughtfulness on the part of the Creator toward the works of His hands? "He openeth his hand, and filleth with plenty every living creature" (Ps. cxliv. 16). "He maketh his sun to shine on the just and the unjust" (Matt. v. 45).

There is purpose and finality stamped on the face of nature, and though we may not see "behind the veil," yet the well-being and ultimate advantages of all sentient and intellectual beings freely co-operating with God, is one of them. It is not my present object to "justify the ways of God to man," but only to show that a divine holy Presence gleams through all the order and loveliness of nature, to any one who devoutly seeks for it. The earth is a tem-

ple filled with God if only we have "eyes to see and ears to hear." The true, the good and the beautiful that are the basis and groundwork of all knowledge, and art and skill are but shadows cast by God in His own house,—a house not "made by hands," but by the mind and will of God. He is at the root of it and behind all visible and invisible things. The mind, if at all unclouded and unbiased, discerns, therefore, very clearly a self-conscious supreme intelligence, whom all nations in some way have ever named "the great God." It is far harder for the mind to grasp or realize an eternal self-existent world than an eternal, self-existent God, who is the first cause uncaused, at the back of, and directing all other causes. Reflecting upon our own intellect, conscience and will, we easily rise to the thought of a Being having these perfections in all fulness without flaw or limitation.

II. But not only is God witnessed to in nature without. He is also mirrored in the human heart within. Indeed without this inward testimony, that of the skies above, and rocks beneath, would be without force. Unless there is a mind to know and a heart to love, and a willingness to see and hear God, nature alone might seem blind, Godless and immoral. Man must read and interpret her testimony. Even if she had not suffered with us in the fall—"For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, . . . and groaneth and travaileth in pain until now" (Rom. viii. 20-22)—it could not, without discerning knowledge and responsive love, afford a complete revelation of God, "Corde autem creditur ad justitiam" (Rom. x. 10). At all times and in all religions, this thought of a righteous God at the very core and centre of things has blazed up in many choice and lofty hearts. Job, e. g., not a member of the chosen race, saw and felt God around him, as intimately as Moses in presence of the burning bush. But God reveals himself to all, good

and bad, righteous and unrighteous, in conscience. There never yet has been any human being, however corrupt, or ignorant, that has not perceived some glimmering of difference between right and wrong. The term duty, and the correlative expressions, right and wrong, good and evil, are imbedded in every language spoken by man, and thus, in a shadowy way at least, witnesses to the existence of a God—a law-giver commanding the one to be done, the other to be avoided. It is no answer to say that what we all now deem right many once thought wrong. The idea may have been misapplied, but the duty to do good, and shun evil, has been ever recognized. No doubt it was, and sometimes is, hard to find out what is right; in fact, right and wrong, good and evil, have often in men's minds got turned upside down and inside out; but man, in full possession of his faculties, ever felt he was bound by a power not himself to do what was right, even though a wrong thing or act went under the name. This "thou shalt do, and that, leave undone," at thy peril. The very feeling of pain, desolation and wrong following transgression, in other words, sin itself in the heart, witnesses to God. This shows that, ere the law was written on tables of stone, or graven in bronze or iron, it had been still more deeply engraven on the heart—traced indelibly on the human conscience. Now what is this but a revelation or unfolding to us of the presence of a Supreme Being commanding what is right, forbidding what is wrong, and to Whom we are answerable if we fail.

The heart, therefore, taken to mean either the mind, or will, or conscience, or all three together, mirrors and bears witness to the presence and supervision of Almighty God in the world. The heart, therefore, is also a temple and witness to God.

III. But the book of nature and the book of the heart have been open to men ever since the world began; and yet, men are still dis-

puting about their contents. No doubt those "who have ears to hear" and are "clean of heart" see and hear God in nature and their own hearts; but alas! how few there are who pay heed thereto. Nay, there are many who deny that the word God is written on either.

Hence, God, who forces not men's wills, sends a great world-wide infallible witness, a great society—the Church, or "Kingdom of God," as it is called, to testify unmistakably to Him in the world. The Church is the lighthouse of the world in the moral and intellectual order—ever casting rays around, that no man can put out. It is indeed true that nature and the heart reveal God; but in order to strengthen this testimony—to raise it from the plane of subjective caprice and waywardness—to separate the wheat from the chaff, in conflicting views of religion—we must have an *outward* and *objective* standard, from whose decision in the religious sphere, as in the case of the Supreme Court in the realm of civil law, there can be no appeal.

All men see and admit need of law, order and justice in their mutual dealings. But to enforce them, and apply and explain them, some authoritative body—called the state, be it republic, empire or kingdom—is absolutely necessary. Without some such institution, anarchy and lawlessness would reign supreme.

Notwithstanding the perpetual revelation of God in nature and the human heart—though both might aptly be termed temples, built by Himself to reveal His being and perfection—yet He would have been quite ignored and forgotten in the world had it not been for a chosen people—the seed of Abraham—specially selected to uphold belief in God and a coming Messias in the world. Men fell away into Paganism, and all forms of error, though God is ever shining in nature and the heart, like the sun in the sky. A long line of holy

seers or prophets, culminating in Christ, the Light of the world, were needed to keep even the chosen race from forgetting their God.

Now the same thing happens to-day. God has planted a witness to Himself in the world, "the Kingdom of God;" "the new Israel of God," His Church. He has promised her His special protection and assistance. When she bears witness solemnly amongst the nations, we are sure that she declares the truth. Christ, who is God, promised to send the Holy Ghost—the very Spirit of Truth—to be her soul, and not permit the gates of hell, i. e., the spirit of unbelief or error, to prevail against her; but to put into her mouth those words of hers that should not depart from her "henceforth, now and forever."

God knows how little the untrained and uncultivated eye looking at nature, or heart dealing with problems or conscience, are to be depended on; and to realize it, we have but to look at the confusion, if not anarchy, ruling in the world of belief and ethics. Conscience, it is true, reveals God and the moral order—it points out the essential distinction between right and wrong, and the duty of "obeying God above men;" but it does not do so clearly or intelligibly to all. It does not authoritatively point out what *is* right and what is *not;* what we have to believe and what not. Hence the need of a strong external decisive rule of faith—a rule which God in His mercy has furnished us with in His Church, which St. Paul calls, "The house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" (I. Tim. iii. 15); and which not to hear, when speaking authoritatively, within the prescribed limits of faith and conduct, is to "be as a heathen and a heretic."

Outside of her, all is confusion and disorder in the sphere of religious teaching and thought. The elementary truths, the very first principles that form the basis of reason both in the intellectual

and moral order, are discussed, questioned, and denied, whilst in matters of religion it is the realm of Babel. There is hardly any hope of saving even reason itself, except in submission to her voice. Indeed, revealed truth is the best guardian of what is natural. Moral and intellectual shipwreck in the sphere of religion is the usual result of desertion from the truth "that is in God." With far greater truth than St. Peter may we say to-day, when tempted to abandon the traditional teaching of the Church: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Light and guidance, hope and saving, she alone in the world, as Christ and in His name, confidently undertakes and claims as an exclusive right to secure. Let us commit ourselves to her holy care. In this beautiful building, as in every other wherein her voice is heard, and her sacred rites administered, we may "Behold the tabernacle of God with men" (Apoc. xxi. 3).

"Three witnesses," St. John tells us, "bear testimony in heaven, and three on earth;" but the great living witness to God in the world is His Church; and here in this holy house you listen to her message and her testimony. We have dwelt to-day on the witness borne to God in the great temple of nature outside of us. It is filled to the devout observer with the presence and glory and majesty of the unseen God. The human heart, too, and more particularly the human conscience, proclaim the being and justice and holiness of God; but it is the Church of God—His holy house, set upon a hill to which all nations are called—that *confirms, explains* and *rectifies* both nature and the heart. If we wish to read both aright, we must first of all listen to holy Mother Church. She will teach us to purify the heart by prayer and grace—clear the mental vision—conditions necessary to see God either in or out of our own souls. The universe is an immense temple filled with God. So is the human heart,

especially when undefiled by sin. So is the world-wide Kingdom of God on earth—the Holy Church; but in all three, "Holiness becometh this house of God" (Ps. xcii. 5). "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest in thy holy hill? He that walketh without blemish and worketh justice" (Ps. xiv. 1, 2).

Now there is no more effectual means of doing so than that of loving and frequenting this holy house that you yourselves, out of God's own gifts, have lovingly reared to His worship. Herein you have the word of God preached unto you without admixture of error or merely human views and conceits. The humblest pastor that ministers in it—in communion with the capital of God's Kingdom—holds his commission in unbroken succession from Peter, the rock and keybearer chosen by Christ.

There is nothing to distract from God herein; everything speaks of Him. The tribute that nature brings in stone and wood and gold and silver, and that art, guided by lofty aim and purpose, works up into beautiful forms—all speak of Him, who made everything "after its kind," good and true and beautiful. Our own hearts, too, speak to us more plainly, and answer more readily to the holy impressions of scene around us, within these venerable walls, than in the busy, pleasure-seeking, God-forgetting world outside. When its bells peal forth for Mass or service, or announce a christening or marriage, or burial, it is testimony to the fact that in all the relations of life God is supreme; that He is "above all, and in all and through all." "Thine are the heavens and Thine is the earth; the world and the fulness thereof thou hast founded" (Ps. lxxxviii. 12).

The stones that form the building we meet in are knit together and cemented into one great whole or unity, and form a poem—a song of praise poured forth from the grateful hearts that raised it, in mute eloquence to the Most High God. So are we all living stones,

in the Church of God, welded together in unity, bound fast to each other by the golden bonds of a common faith—the same hope and a like charity. Let us never break loose from the great temple of God, into which we are built; let us cling to our holy faith, hold fast to the hope that is in us, and never swerve from the crown of charity. The building reminds us of our duty to God. It holds fast together, under all weathers and conditions—ever pointing to the skies—ever proclaiming and witnessing to the one true God. We love the beauty of the Lord's house; let our hearts mirror this beauty, "For we, too, are the temples of God." "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (I. Cor. iii. 16). In thought, in speech, in conduct, let us bear witness to Almighty God, remembering St. Paul's words, "If any man violate the temple of God, him shall God destroy. For the temple of God is holy, which you are" (I. Cor. iii. 17).

THE FEAST OF ST. PATRICK.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

"He that shall do and teach, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. v. 19.

A. D. 492, Patrick, archbishop and apostle of the Scots, went to his rest on the 17th of March, in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age; sixty years after his coming to Ireland to baptize the Scots.—Annals of Ulster.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—No saint has left deeper trace in memory of land he evangelized than St. Patrick. Elsewhere, patron saints often the shadow of a name; but in Ireland, Patrick a living force. Races judged by their ideals, i. e., their real, working beliefs. He seems to have, under God, fixed those of Ireland forever. Unshaken tenacity to the faith for upward of fifteen centuries proves this.

Whence the influence he wielded and still wields over Irish race? The secret hereof appears to lie in this:

I. He first sanctified himself, i. e., did God's work in his own soul.

II. He was thus equipped and fitted to do God's work effectually in the souls of others.

I. (a) Two marked features characterized his spirit and made him a strong man spiritually—prayer and penance. The great instruments of holiness to all, but to him specially. Circumstances under which he first appears in history. Hindrances to piety and even belief in God. Prayer in his case a spur and a safeguard. Slemish. (b) Penance. Why needed. World and man out of joint with self and God. Height of asceticism to which our saint rose. Examples and quotations. Need for all. No hindrance to his work for others. Hill of Croagh Patrick his Alverno and Horeb.

II. (a) Work for others. The field. Soil good and ready for Seed of Word. State of Ireland on his coming. Soul of it "Naturally Christian." (b) His mission a triumphant march. Work, though rapid, yet solid. Clergy and Monastic life. His work endures. Seems to have transmitted his spirit to his people.

Conclusion.—Exhort to unity in civil as in religious affairs. Hopes and prospects. Practical lessons impressed by thought of St. Patrick's life.

Far back, almost in the dawn of our era, when Theodosius ruled in imperial Rome and St. Siricius sat in the chair of Peter, a Christian youth, of Roman parentage, was seized by a band of Irish raiders, who had swept down on the coasts of Gaul, and sold by them as a slave to a chieftain in Ulster, Milcho by name. The leaven of the Gospel had not yet purged even Europe of slavery, much less of war. For six weary years he suffered and toiled, but his trust, and love, and deep reverence for God never flinched. He became a saint, and it is in his honor that we meet here to-day. The very existence of America was unknown in his day, yet, on its soil, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Plata, wherever a knot of Irishmen can be brought together, the name of St. Patrick is revered and blessed, in song, and speech, and prayer to-day. For no saint has left a deeper trace in the memory of the race he influenced than the apostle of Ireland. David in Wales, Andrew in Scotland, Augustin in England, are now mere shadows of a shade; whereas the name and fame of Patrick live, on Irish lips and in Irish hearts, all the world over. The shamrock we wear in his honor to-day is an emblem of our love and fidelity to the faith he planted and the fatherland he may be said to have thereby founded and united. A race, like an individual, is judged by its ideals, i. e., practically speaking, by its creed. The Irish are said to be moody and fickle as their ever-changing skies; yet for more than fourteen centuries they have clung with unshaken tenacity to the standard of belief and duty preached by St. Patrick. And what nobler or higher was ever put before a people?

His name (Latin for nobleman, as he truly was) and fidelity to his teaching are often flung in contempt at his children. But it is their glory, not their shame. To the Jew and Greek the world owes its highest form of religion and civilization; yet, on account of

the oppression to which they were subjected, those grand old names are now often synonymous with usurer and thief; whereas, the worst reproach that can be made against Ireland as a nation is her lack of worldly goods and worldly wisdom, to both of which for centuries she was denied access.

Whence, it may be asked, the influence of St. Patrick? How comes it that a Roman stranger is so lovingly enshrined in the hearts of the people of a land where he once lived and toiled as a slave? No doubt it was partly due to his own character and partly to that of the people he turned to Christ. The laborer and the soil were matched. The reaper was strong and the harvest was ripe. Saints are God's agents in doing God's work, but the message they carry must be freely received. On both sides we see "the finger of God," and "it is wonderful in our eyes." No philosophy, no form of human wisdom, or merely human religion, produced a saint or converted a race, in the true sense of the word. Saints grow on one soil only, and nations are gathered by their influence into one fold only, that of the true Church. God equips the saints, His messengers, with gifts and graces; and similarly fits the people to receive them. But both must respond to God's call. Both may fall away. Lucifer and Adam were holy, but lapsed from grace. Now, the duty of a saint, as of all, is to cultivate personal holiness first ere attempting to raise others to their own height. This is what St. Patrick did. He first, and indeed all through life, perfected himself, and, next, he tried to lift up the Irish race toward his own moral level; and succeeded in doing so; in other words, we have to see God's work in his own soul, and, next, God's work, through him, in the souls of others.

I. I do not, in the first place, mean to catalogue his virtues, natural or otherwise, but rather touch briefly on the spirit of St. Patrick that made these virtues grow and expand. Two leading

characteristics marked this spirit, viz., love of prayer and the love and practice of penance. They are more needed to-day than ever. For want of them holiness is everywhere shrinking in the heart of man. Grace abounds, it is true; opportunities for piety lie in abundance at every one's door; yet few approach God in fervent prayer, and many try to forget, doubt, or disbelieve in Him. The craving for bodily comfort and gross material pleasures is "extinguishing the spirit." Selfishness in its worst forms often rules us. Hence the lesson of St. Patrick's life.

He first comes into view in the year 387, when, with "thousands of others," he was taken captive and sold as a slave. The iron grip of imperial Rome was relaxing, and in the border provinces ordered life appeared doomed. Raiding bands, by sea and land, had it all their own way. Human life, property, and honor lay at their mercy. Patrick's parents were both probably slain, his two sisters made prisoners, and himself a helpless victim in the hands of pirates.

Nowadays any one may lead a holy and virtuous life, if he chooses; then it seemed impossible, humanly speaking. It was a time to try one's faith in God. He seemed to have forsaken the world and given it over to evil fiends. God appeared to be far away in the heavens. The devil was free. But Patrick's piety was neither selfish nor superficial. It was deep and solid. He had lost his father on earth, poor youth, but he clung all the more hopefully to his Father in heaven. Earnestly and heartily his soul rose to God in prayer. Day and night the pious youth sought and found help, light, and comfort in this holy practice. Prayer was his sole resource, even spiritually. There was no Church, no Mass, no Sacraments, no priest, no fervent crowd of fellow worshippers, or even fellow believers. He was alone among scoffers and idolaters. But he felt that God was near, and in mind, and heart, and voice he "rose up

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and went to his Father." On the cheerless slopes of Slemish, or the dismal swamps and miry bogs around, in foul weather or in fair, by day or by night, his trustful spirit communed with God. In those cruel days labor had no rights, masters no duties. His work was hard and unceasing, his fare the coarsest, his garb torn, thin, and scanty. His sad and cruel lot would have driven most souls to despair, or brutalized and degraded them. But it only served to urge St. Patrick to pray and have recourse to God all the more fervently. "To whom else could he go?" "On whom else could he cast all his care" save "on Him who has care of all?" Hear how he describes his daily life on the barren uplands of Slemish. "On coming to Ireland I was daily tending sheep, and many times in the day I prayed, and more and more the love of God and His faith and fear grew in me, and the spirit was strengthened, so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same. And I dwelt in the woods and on the mountain, and before the dawn I was summoned to prayer by the snow and the ice and the rain, and I did not suffer from them, nor was there any sloth in me as I see now, because then the spirit was burning within me" ("Confessions," cap. ii. sec. 6).

Prayer ever is and must be a marked feature in all souls that "walk with God," but it was specially characteristic of St. Patrick. Nay, it is a gift that he seems to have handed down to his children, as any one can testify who has heard them pour forth their souls to God in country chapel or moorland cabin, or when sickness or sorrow fall in their families.

Prayer made our saint a giant in spirit. It was the source of his strength, the secret of his success as a saint and an apostle. Quite as much as he we need to "put on this armor of light." The gloom and darkness that shroud the spirit world is as dense as in his day.

The mysterious problems suggested by nature, by life, by death, by the mind and heart of man, are still unsolved. Light must come from above, and in prayer we seek and get it. Apart from this a soul without prayer is a soul without God. St. Patrick was "a man of God," "fistula Spiritus Sancti," "an organ of the Holy Spirit," because he was "a man of prayer." When thwarted, or sorely tried, or puzzled at God's strange ways, he did not rush, as so many nowadays, into unbelief or despair, but cast himself on God, and in prayer, "cried all the more." Prayer was to him in life, and in death, as it should be to all, an "opening of the heavens and drawing down into the troubled soul the peaceful dove of the Holy Spirit."

(b) The next great feature in his character was his spirit of penance. Self-denial is the very basis of piety, but in St. Patrick it rose to the highest pitch of asceticism. Man is a blend of matter and spirit, body and soul. Both are from God, and one would think they should act in harmony, each with its rights and claims, duly ordered. But we live in an anomalous world. There is a divorce between pleasure and virtue. Ease, indulgence, comfort mostly go with sin and luxury; whereas virtue is often left out in the cold. Nay, pain and grief and sorrow and self-restraint are usually the condition of its practice. Life does not always bring the good a pleasant saunter "through the real," but a hard and weary exile. We know, it is true, that virtue will one day have its reward; but meanwhile "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent only bear it away." "Unless you do penance," says Our Lord, "you shall all likewise perish." The world is out of joint with its Maker, as we may see in ourselves and observe in the sin-tossed world outside of us, where "every creature travaileth" in pain. Man revolted from God, and our own bodies revolted from their guide in reason. We can only make our way back to God by penance, i. e., by

repentance interiorly, and keeping the revolting flesh in subjection to the spirit. We have all in some measure to cultivate "a spirit of compunction," and so create "a new and clean heart within." In the case of St. Patrick, as I observed, the practice of penance, inward and outward, rose to a heroic degree. Indeed, measured by our standard of sorrow for sin and bodily austerity, it was carried to the verge of folly. His cheeks were furrowed by tears shed for what we should deem the indiscretions of youth. He was reckless, we should say, in his austerities. Night, that usually brings to the toiler rest and refreshing sleep, was, in his case, harder than the day. Part of it he spent in prayer, immersed in water to the chin. The little he gave of it to the body was spent on a bare rock, with a stone for pillow, often exposed to the fury of the elements. A rough hair-cloth, worn next his skin, added to his bodily discomfort.

All this no doubt is meant more for admiration than imitation; but shame on us if it does not urge us to practise at least the self-denial involved in a virtuous life and in keeping the commandments of God and of Holy Church.

Slemish in the north was his hill of prayer during slavery, Croagh Patrick in the west his favorite resort when free. It was the scene of visions and austerities, his Alverno and Horeb. There, following his divine Master's example, he fasted rigidly for forty days and nights—like Jacob, "wrestling in prayer with God." It is supposed that on this occasion he obtained from God the signal grace that the lamp of faith should never burn low in the land he loved. . . . "Then Patrick knelt and blessed the land, and said, Praise be to God, who hears the sinner's prayer" (De Vere).

And now I ask did his work for others suffer in consequence of his lifelong practice of prayer and penance? Were the long hours thus spent taken away from any useful service to his fellow man?

On the contrary, it was the personal holiness thus acquired that made his work so fruitful. Where is the life with such a record of unselfish devotion to his kind? "The service of man," it is said, "is the service of God." Truth lies also in the converse. If we do not first serve God, aught else availeth nothing. Herein lay the secret of the saints—personal holiness and unselfish service.

Even bodily St. Patrick was no loser by his austere and prayerful life, as his hundred and twenty years prove. Old age was his sole malady. He was hale in body and sound in mind to the end. "He who loses his life" for God "will find it," in spite of worldly wisdom. His spirit still haunts the land. For well-nigh fifteen centuries pilgrims' feet have trodden the rugged sides of Croagh Patrick and the rocky shores of Lough Derg, showing that prayer and rigid austerities are not a dead letter in the land that St. Patrick converted.

II. So much for the character of the laborer. A word next on his work and the field in which it was carried on. Be it remarked that the ground in which he was called to labor was neither stony, nor thorny, nor rocky, but "good soil and meet withal for the seed of God's word." In nature not all grounds are fitted for all growths; no more is every race fitted for gospel teaching. A certain tone or elevation of character, a certain degree of culture in short, is a necessity. "Nihil per saltum" in grace or in nature. Rough human virtues prevailed in the island, and predisposed to ready acceptance of St. Patrick's message. There can be no doubt that conjugal fidelity, maiden modesty, respect for women, and a fairly well ordered social life were the rule and not the exception. The Brehon laws, lately unearthed and published, show that justice prevailed between man and man, and had already taken concrete shape in a code. The ornaments and weapons so numerous in Irish and other museums, show a good knowledge of the arts. War, and slavery, and piracy

no doubt existed as in the rest of Europe, but less common and not so ruthless. The existence of bards—a class devoted to the cultivation of music and poetry, softened the rude, warlike manners of the race. The country, too, under the predominant tribes of the "Scoti" was rapidly advancing to political unity.

Hence the glad acceptance of the word and St. Patrick's triumphant march through the land as herald of Christ. He might almost have said, with Cesar, "Veni, vidi, vici." The best proof that the field was ready for the sower is the number of holy priests, monks, and nuns that he consecrated to God even after the first year of his mission, showing, to use Tertullian's phrase, that the "soul" of the country was "naturally Christian." The difficulty, or rather moral impossibility, of training a native clergy in newly converted lands is well known; yet in Ireland, within a very brief period of St. Patrick's death, we find her missionaries and scholars the teachers not only of Ireland, but of Europe.

The crowning glory of St. Patrick is to have been God's instrument in raising the ideals of Celtic Ireland up to the standard of the gospel; and the spirit he infused still broods over the island. His deep faith in the living God, his keen sense of justice, his love of prayer, his utter carelessness of wealth and bodily comfort are still marked features of the race. He prayed that "gold and silver might never fail in Ireland," and it was in this shape God answered his prayer. What wealth can be compared, after all, to a sunny mind and an easily contented heart? From a Christian standpoint, surely, in the words of St. Vincent of Paul, "Man is never so rich as when he is like Jesus Christ," or as the poet expresses it:

> . . . . "If thou art rich, thou art poor;
> For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
> Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
> And death unloads thee."

Though St. Patrick's work was rapid, it was thorough. After the lapse of fifteen centuries of storm and flood, and with a hostile garrison entrenched in her midst, and enriched from her spoils, the Church in Ireland, the building reared by St. Patrick, shows no sign of decay. The light of the faith he planted burns as brightly as ever. There has been no wilful national apostasy. He still holds his people in the hollow of his hand. "Though dead, he yet speaketh."

Few apostles live to see the full results of their labors. They plow and sow, whilst others reap the harvest. In faith and love, they tread their lonely furrows, trusting to God to "give the increase" in His own good time. Not so with St. Patrick. Under his magic hand Ireland grew up in his one lifetime into an island of saints. On reaching Ireland he found the land "in darkness and the shadow of death." Long before his death he could say, in the words of Isaias, "The earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea" (Isaias xi. 9). He thus writes in his "Confessions": "Wherefore in Ireland they who hitherto had no knowledge of God, and up to this time only worshipped impure idols, have lately become the people of the Lord, and are styled the sons of God. The sons of the Scots and the daughters of princes are seen as monks and virgins of Christ" (ch. iv. sec. 8). Toward the close of his life he saw in a vision "the whole land, as it were, like a great furnace, whose flames reached to the sky, and he clearly heard the voice of an angel saying, 'Such is now the state of Ireland in the sight of the Lord'" (Life by Morris, page 261).

"Before long," says Jocelyn, "there was no desert, no spot or hiding place in the island, however remote, which was not peopled with perfect monks or nuns," so that throughout the world Ireland was justly distinguished by the extraordinary title of the Island of Saints.

Such was the influence of this meek, gentle, holy man of God that he became an uncrowned king as well as chief prelate of the Irish people, "a very Moses in Israel." His word was law, and he spoke out fearlessly to princes and people alike.

In the year 455 he resigned the See of Armagh, yet outlived its four succeeding occupants, and died in a monastery at Saul in Ulster on the 17th of March, 492; in the words of St. Erin, "a just man indeed; with purity of nature, like the patriarchs; a true pilgrim, like Abraham; gentle and forgiving, like Moses; a praiseworthy psalmist, like David; in wisdom like Solomon; a chosen vessel, like the Apostle Paul; a man full of grace and knowledge, like the beloved John," etc.

Since St. Patrick breathed his last, some fifteen centures ago, few countries were subject to so many vicissitudes as Ireland; but his work remains. All else has gone, yet the Church of Christ is still there, fresh and young as ever. Wave after wave of invaders, Danes, and Normans, and Saxons, have swept over the land, destroying or changing all, but the fabric reared by St. Patrick abides. Every vestige of her promising institutions have disappeared—laws, language, political hopes; yet his voice is still heard and his work still goes on in her midst.

Let us hope that his influence and prayer will keep Ireland one in nationhood as it made her one in religion. In life he welded her warring clans into one united spiritual commonwealth, that grew into, as it has ever since remained, one of the fairest provinces of God's kingdom on earth. Peacefully, and unitedly, and tolerantly it has managed ecclesiastical affairs. Is there any reason to suppose it should act less wisely or less justly in civil? Let us pray God that all this may come about peacefully, harmoniously, speedily. And while praying that the nation may be restored to its God-born

rights, let us not fail to take to heart individually the lessons taught by St. Patrick's holy life.

He died a saint because he lived a saint. A lesson and a warning to us all is this trite truth, "Qualis vita, finis ita," i. e., "As our life, so our death." Next, he was personally good, pure, holy; therefore was his work for others blessed and powerful. He sanctified his own soul, therefore did God through him sanctify others. We are not meant to live for self alone. Whether we wish or no, we profoundly influence others, few or many, for good or for evil. We are all "sowers of seed." We all are moral magnets. "Virtue" or "vice" goeth forth from us. Let us, then, like St. Patrick, do God's work and not the devil's. Let us build up the Church in our own souls—sanctify ourselves by use of means at our disposal. By prayer and self-denial St. Patrick kept the grace of God alive in his soul, even in a pagan land. Let us do so in a Christian, and thus live and die worthy children of St. Patrick.

SERMON ON OCCASION OF A PRIEST'S SILVER JUBILEE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

"You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and have appointed you, that you should go and bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain." —John xv. 16.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Note both of sadness and joy on this occasion. Rapid flight of time and approach to life's end; but joy predominant. Why? Text that comes home both as warning and consolation to priest is that wherein Our Lord tells His disciples they are, 1, "the salt of the earth"; 2, "the light of the world."

I. The priesthood the salt of the earth. Knowledge of God and moral law man's inheritance. Ideas of justice, purity, mercy, truth, and charity inherent in world. But how far would their influence extend without voice of priest? Bad literature, all the forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil to counteract. Priest God's agent in this work. His voice and influence ever raised against evil. Christ still lives and acts through priest. It was said by prophet, "I will give you pastors according to my own heart, and they shall feed you with knowledge and doctrine" (Jer. iii. 15). Men ever drifting toward materialism. Priest sent to remind them that "not alone by bread doth man live."

II. "Light of world." Each mission and church a moral lighthouse. Priest ever holds up torch of truth and morality. Reason and culture, as experience shows, no substitute for religion. Christ's light and power in voice and hand of priest to teach and heal. "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast words of eternal life." Obedience to authority not blind; binds but does not enslave. Priest's light and power for all. His life one of self-sacrifice for God and His people. "His own light must shine" before men.

Conclusion.—Exhort to due respect for Church and pastors, to gain fruits of their ministry.

It is a pleasant experience to meet on an occasion like the present, to felicitate our reverend friend on the silver jubilee of his priesthood. Twenty-five years a priest of God! There is a note of

sadness as well as of joy in the announcement. It is not like, though in some respects it resembles, a birthday or a marriage, for it tells of weightier responsibilities, more onerous duties. Every priest carries "the burden of the word of the Lord to Israel"; and to a conscientious soul this is no light nor easy task. Moreover, when a priest has spent twenty-five years in the ministry, he has already traveled a good two-thirds of the journey of life, if we are to take the "threescore years and ten" of the Bible as its allotted span. Indeed, all anniversaries remind us of the rapid march of time, and the gradual drawing near of even the longest life to that bourn "whence no traveler returns." In some respects, then, we may hesitate ere felicitating too cordially the recipient of so many friendly greetings as our esteemed pastor today. Though a festive, it is a solemn occasion. But the note of joy is heard sounding high above all others, and best responds, I am sure, to the feelings that actuate us in coming here. The meeting of intimate friends, the gathering of a loving and respectful flock round their trusted and venerated shepherd, the thought of twenty-five years of earnest work and faithful service, the hope of still living to help others along the rough road of duty that he has trodden so faithfully himself, must fill his heart with gladness as it does ours. What if his step is not quite so buoyant, nor his sight so keen, nor his hair quite so uniform in color, to say nothing of the other traces that tell "of the wear and tear of time." His mind is still brisk and strong, and his heart as glad and young as ever. And, after all, are not these the best part, nay, the whole of a man? The soul grows stronger and sounder as time leaves its marks on the body that harbors it. Even in nature, late summer and early autumn have their glories. A sunset is but a sunrise reversed. He sinks to one world to rise to a better.

Now there is one text of Scripture that must ever come home to a priest at every stage of life, both as a consolation and a warning. It was addressed by Christ to His early followers, among whom were chiefly prominent His own chosen priests—the clergy, so to say, of the Church in embryo: "You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? . . . You are the light of the world. . . . Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house" (Matt. v. 13-15). These words indicate in telling metaphor the priest's mission in the world. He is said, 1, to permeate the mass of humanity with the leaven of truth and grace, and, 2, to be to all and each a light to point out the way to God.

I. No doubt men have never absolutely been without the knowledge of God—the idea of a self-existent Being—prior to and cause of all else—and moral Ruler of the world, is the inheritance of the race. The great moral law traced dimly, yet obviously, on the reason and conscience of all men, the obligations of justice and truth are clear to all. But it is the office of the priest, as representing Christ, as continuing His work and mission, to make known these truths, to bring the idea of God and duty to Him into action, to make the moral law, often a mere lifeless abstract dry detail of philosophy, vivid, living, near, and important to us; to put light and life and grace into it. Religion is the very salt and savor of social life. What would it be without justice, purity, mercy, truth? We all know what an immoral and Godless life means, and shrink from it even when we ourselves lead it. Now, who is witness to God and duty? Who reminds men week after week, in season and out of season, of the great central truths, without which the world would be a hell? Alas, the world left to itself soon forgets God!

Walk down our busy streets, look into crowded assemblies, listen to the conversation of those you meet, in train or tram or mart; or even in the seclusion of their own homes. God might as well be non-existent for all you hear of Him there. But there is one voice ever raised to remind men of God, to proclaim that He is Lord and Master—"all in all"—that He is "our Father," not merely to be grudgingly admitted as such, but to be obeyed, fear, loved, and served in every relation and circumstance of life, that good conduct is better than knowledge or wealth, that the sense of responsibility and the voice of conscience—a future life and the importance of our attitude toward it are not mere dreams, but the most real things in life—that not only have we a body to care and provide for, but a soul to save.

Who is to counteract the baneful influence of the trashy vapid literature of the day, help by word and example to keep under and subdue the deadly insidious penetrating spirit of worldliness, the spirit so opposed to God and His Christ, and which we so aptly sum up in the terms, "the world, the flesh, and the devil"? The agent ever ceaselessly at work in this holy cause is the priest of God. His voice is ever raised in protest against vice and error in all their hydraheaded forms. Christ is no longer among us in flesh and blood to warn by word, and heal and save in action, but He is visibly present among us in the ministry of the priesthood. His voice, the voice of the Good Shepherd, is still heard gathering around him His sheep and His lambs, warning and guarding them against prowling wolves. "I will give you pastors according to my own heart, and they shall feed you with knowledge and doctrine" (Jer. iii. 15). "Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen all the day and all the night" (Isa. lxii. 6).

God is out of public life; and were it not for the ministry of the

priesthood, true religion would die out in the land. The flavor of piety that still leavens the masses, the savor of divine things still lingering in the world, is due to the widespread presence of Christ in His representatives, whom He has well described as "the salt of the earth."

The stream of thought in the world at large is in the direction of matter. Men are engrossed and interested only in material things. Now it is the function of the priest to run counter to this, to remind them that there is a great spiritual world lying outside what we see, that we are constantly brought into touch with it in various ways, that it is more real and lasting and important than the world of sense. "Not by bread alone doth man live." This is the cry of the priest in the wilderness of life to a world ever practically drifting toward Atheism. "The kingdom of heaven," the great spiritual empire of Christ, "is at hand;" nay, "it is among you—in your midst." Every priest is a John the Baptist to his age, his mission; his church, an oasis of light in the surrounding gloom.

II. "You are the light of the world." To vary the metaphor, it may be said that the priest's house, his church, his mission is a lighthouse on a rockbound coast. The priest is sent there, shut up as it were, to tend the sacred fires, hold aloft and never allow to be extinguished the light that guides and warns the human beings that sail the seas of time on their way to eternity. Now to hold up the light of faith, to point out to perishing souls the right way, in all states of the world's atmosphere, is no easy task. It is easy enough when the sun shines—in the full blaze and warmth of God's presence—but to do so faithfully and constantly when God seems hidden from us—in fog and rain and deep night—to stand up unflinchingly for truth and justice and equity, to preach Christ, and Him only, not to waver nor trim nor hesitate in His cause, tests

the strength and fidelity of the strongest and bravest. For five and twenty years this has been the work and function of our reverend friend, whom we meet here to honor to-day. Well may he say, looking back on the past. "The Lord is my rock and my strength; in him will I trust" (II. Kings xxii. 2).

You will sometimes hear it said that the priest in modern life is an anachronism and bound to disappear, that dogmatic creeds and formularies are a thing of the past, that any good the priest does or even did in the world springs from his preaching the moral law with a great show of authority and a still greater admixture of superstition, that reason and the law of nature are the only light of the world, and that these were man's inheritance long before Christ's priests began to teach or preach. If we worship at all, it should be in the great temple of nature, they say, by simple forms and with no mere man intervening between God and the soul. Indeed, it is said they who sit under no priest and are not labeled with any religion are often as good, frequently better than they who do and are. Now this cant of the day, this attempt to enthrone reason in the place of revelation, like the culture craze that would substitute education for grace, is as old as sin, and itself bound to perish. The need for the light of God to guide the mind, and His grace to mould the heart, and a human voice and hand to apply both, is almost a self-evident truth. That mere, unaided reason goes a very short way in clearing up the riddle of life, the noisy Babel of its own advocates proves. And as for culture replacing grace, you have but to think of old Greece and Rome; or the so-called centres of light, our own modern cities, and you will find that hideous vice dogs its presence everywhere. To hear those talk who would abolish the supernatural and give us a simple, scientific creed or religion, dispensing with the clergy and their system, one would think that

they themselves really did adore and pray to God in the great temple of nature; but on inquiry, it will be found that such worshippers are a negative quantity. The temples of reason and halls of science, as well as the groves and hill-tops of the new creed, are empty and bare. Genuine religion in some shape or form is a necessary element of life. The foundations of the one the priest teaches are too deeply laid, too firmly set in the bed-rock of divine promise to be easily shaken by wind or wave. It alone stands the test of time and opposition. Never did St. Peter's words come home with such force and unction as to-day: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Nor have these words of eternal life died away with Christ. They still live on the lips of His authorized clergy; and in various ways and manifold application have been spoken by your own beloved pastor for the past five and twenty years. "For the lips of the priest shall keep knowledge; and they shall seek the law at his mouth: because he is the angel of the Lord of hosts" (Mal. ii. 7). This prophecy is daily fulfilled in the Catholic Church, where all learn their faith from the lips of divinely-appointed teachers. In the kingdom of God on earth, the most cultured become as "little children," wisely deeming that the highest use to which human intelligence can be put is to elicit an act of divine faith.

There is a certain amount of truth in the gibe, that God comes in where knowledge ends; i. e., God revealed by faith.

It is said in derision that they who listen to the priest are penned, thwarted, and limited in the realm of mind, slaves in fact to mere forms of words called dogmas. Undoubtedly they are; but for their saving, just as they and all men are, in the realm of conduct, by law. The very multiplication table pens and thwarts in the sphere of thought; and so, too, does the moral law in the sphere of action.

Any one who believes in God is, so far, hedged in and restricted by dogma.

The hollowness of the reproach is seen all the more clearly when we reflect that they who make it, belong themselves to some sect or school of thought, a long way narrower than our own; and sit reverently at the feet of some self-chosen Gamaliel, whose every statement is to them a dogma. The priest himself is only a pupil. He does not originate the religion he is commissioned to teach and expound. It comes from Christ and claims to guide men to right thought and right action in religion, matters surely of supreme importance to all; and yet wherein admittedly human reason is ever at sea without compass or rudder. When did men left to themselves ever succeed in steering straight herein? Does not experience prove that men as a body are like a flock of sheep, to be either penned and fed, or shorn and slain? If they have not the shepherd, they will fall a prey to the wolf. If we have not the light of sun, moon, or stars, we are likely to follow mere bog lights, a will-o'-the-wisp or jack o' lantern. Before people ask us to renounce our clergy and their teaching, they had better first agree among themselves, whether there is a God at all or not, and next, whether He has made a revelation, and, if so, who are its guardians.

The truth is that the Catholic who listens reverently to his spiritual guides, confident that God is ever with His Church, stands on the safest and broadest platform in the world—the platform of Catholic belief, which claims as its adherents all right and sound thinkers in the sphere of religion. All such belong either to her body or soul, or both. We are as free in thought as any one can rightly claim to be; for it must not be forgotten that all truth *binds,* but unlike error does not *enslave.* We may say of the Catholic priesthood as a teaching body therefore, that with Christ in their

midst they are "the light of the world," "the light that shineth in darkness," even though "the darkness does not comprehend it" (John i. 5).

Nor is this light "put under a bushel, but on a candlestick"; to shine for the benefit of all. The mission of the priest is not merely to a select and cultured few, but to all, without distinction—"the poor, the halt, the blind." The very scourings of the "highways and byways" of life are gathered in by him to eat the bread of truth at the King's table. Philosophy and many forms of so-called theology illumine only a select circle; religion is for the race, its classes and masses. All find in the priest "guide, philosopher, and friend," as is said. Nor is his pastoral care limited to general warnings, delivered once a week. It is his duty to guard and follow, if strayed, each individual soul entrusted to his keeping. "My sheep hear my voice: and I know them, and they follow me" (John x. 27), he can say with his Master. He is thus brought into close personal contact with each and every member of his flock. It is not the hard crusts of dry abstract moral truth delivered from a professor's chair or from behind the pages of a dull, dead book that he dispenses to his flock hungry for truth. No; it is living bread—the word that came down from heaven. It is "living water from the Saviour's fountains" that slakes the thirst of the parched crowd around Him. He handles the word entrusted to the saints—the word of God that shall not pass away. "He shall strike the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips he shall slay the wicked" (Isa. xi. 4). What attaches priest and people is that the life of the priest by its very nature involves self-sacrifice. He has cut off at his ordination the usual avenues to pleasure and wealth. He has no family ties and lives among and for his people. He is at their beck and call day and night, like St. Paul, living sin-

gle, that undivided he may the better serve the Lord, "becoming all things to all men, that I might save all" (I. Cor. ix. 22).

Thus his mission to the world requires personal sanctification or holiness. Though not essential to acts of order, yet his life would be barren and incomplete without this. As Cardinal Manning well puts it, "He is not only saved to save others, but sanctified for their sanctification. He is set as the light to give light, as the salt to resist corruption, as the good odor of Christ, like the censer between the living and the dead. To make others love God he has to learn to love God himself; to lead others to perfection he must have gone the way himself; no easy task, I assure you, in view of the atmosphere of sin in which our lives are cast. To make the word of God a light and guide to others, to make it warm their hearts, he must first make it the guide and spring and motive of his own. Religion is both for head and heart. Now this is what the priesthood aims at, and in all but comparatively few instances carries out. The priest is called aside by his vocation to devote himself to God and his people, to be free from worldly ties and engrossing temporal affairs, the better to pray and labor for all."

Christ in prophecy was called "Pater pauperum," Father of the poor, and such the priest in His name remains—friend and father of the outcast and the poor. Indeed, almost universally now, the instinct of its fitness has led the people to bestow this title upon him. It is, as it were, a shadow or reflection of the common fatherhood of God. No title better expresses the relationship to Almighty God than that of Father, taught us by Christ in the beautiful prayer that He coined for us with His own lips. And so it shadows and outlines the office and functions of the priest to his people. A good father attends to the teaching, correction, feeding, and guarding of his children. It is what a priest has to do—teach his people sound

doctrines, correct them when they go astray, lead them along the way of righteousness, both by word and example. God has entrusted to him as to all fathers, a portion of His power—the power or ministry of the word and of His sacraments. He stands as dispenser of God's gifts at the fountains of grace and healing. He admits you through holy Baptism into the kingdom of God, he holds the key of the tabernacle wherein is stored that bread of the strong —the body and blood of Christ, called down upon the altar by the words that in Christ's name he utters. He holds the ministration of "the forgiveness of sins," that marvelous power left by Christ to His Church, by which the sentence of the priest on earth is ratified in heaven, and the penitent soul restored to pardon, peace, and grace.

These are not fairy tales, but wonders that take place daily in the midst of you. God's agent in carrying them out is your own venerable pastor whom we are met here to honor to-day. I say *your own,* because he exists for your benefit. As I said, he has renounced even the lawful pleasures and comforts of life, family ties, worldly office and rank, freedom of choice and movement, the more readily to devote himself, heart and soul, to your spiritual welfare. I feel sure I am echoing his sentiments in saying that he carries you, one and all, in his fatherly heart. Your best interests, temporal and eternal, are his. Single in purpose and undivided in heart, it is his joy to labor, "to spend and be spent" in your service. All he asks is your sympathy, your support, and your prayers. While joining heartily in the felicitations that are offered him to-day, fail not in the duties that the faithful owe to the shepherds of their souls. Listen to his words, follow his counsel, profit by his ministrations. Be not lured away from the right road by false lights, false teachers, even though disguised as angels of light. There is only one true

Christ, one true fold, one true shepherd. Hear His voice. "Blessed are they who hear the word of God, and keep it" (Luke xi. 28). "Obey your prelates and be subject to them. For they watch as being ready to render an account of your souls: that they may do this with joy and not with grief" (Heb. xiii. 17). To carry out the apostle's injunction is the best and most welcome tribute you can bring to your worthy pastor on his silver jubilee—the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood.

GENERAL DISCOURSE ON OCCASION OF BURIAL OF CHILD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

"Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth in peace; the mountains and hills shall sing praise before you."—Is. lv. 12.

SYNOPSIS.—Introduction.—Note of joy sounded by Church in funeral service of child. Why? No sin, no true death. But parents feel none the less keenly its untimely departure. Ravages in autumn timely and natural, but waste and loss of early budding life in spring, unintelligible. Tempted to question "ways of God."

I. Such is drift of thought on present occasion. It is but naturalism and paganism—the despair of those who think all ends at grave. But "we will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope" (I. Thess. iv. 12). "Christ the resurrection and the life" (John vii.). Has this flower perished or been trodden by soulless forces of nature? No! Nothing of what God made wasted or annihilated, strictly speaking. Not a particle of matter or atom of force. Change and transformation, not destruction. Souls greatest of all forces. Indestructibility of matter, "conservation of energy," add force to Our Lord's words, "Are not you of much more value than they" (Matt. vi. 25 et seq.). The heavenly gardener has transplanted a seedling. Flower gone to bloom and develop in better soil.

II. Every funeral a prayer and admonition to living. Church rejoices in present; but will mourn with solemn dirge over ours. Sure of child's safety, not ours. Its baptismal robe unstained. In what state is ours? "Kingdom of God" its flower and cream. Our models. How? They listen and obey. No doubters, scoffers, nor unbelievers. Keep grace. So must we be of "kingdom" in body and soul. What this means.

III. How regain lost inheritance? Providence of God in raising stream and fountain for cleansing and reviving the unclean. Easy to wander and lose oneself; hard to get back. "Learn wisdom from babes and sucklings." Child a preacher. Exhorts to watchfulness by being ever "on duty."

Conclusion.—Exhort (1), to wash robes clean in "blood of Lamb," and (2), to preserve recovered grace and fulfill all justice, i. e., all duty.

Throughout the funeral service to-day not a single note of sorrow is heard. The hearts of the parents of the child, whose remains we are about to place reverently in the grave, may be rent with grief.

but the Church, its mother and ours, fills our ears with words of joy and triumph. The psalms and prayers she has chosen as an accompaniment to the burial speak only of gladness and peace. True, it is "dust to dust and earth to earth"; but there is no real death, because there was no real actual sin. The very trappings on the bier point to sleep, rather than death. The tender lamb, now safely transferred to God's sheep-fold above, has had its brief season of sorrow—its sharp cry of anguish, like the rest of creation, under the spell of sin; but the Good Shepherd has brought it quickly home, to join the chosen band of holy and innocent souls that "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth"; inasmuch as they never needed to dye their baptismal robes white in His blood. For sinless souls there is no death. There is change—transformation; but they never perish. Sin is death and death is sin.

And, yet, deep in the heart of many of you is sorrow. A parent's heart naturally clings to heaven's best gift, in the form in which heaven sent it—the babe, the child. The home seemed lighted up by its presence. Its voice was as the sweetest melody in the fond and loving ears of father and mother; and their home now appears dark and cheerless and lonely. But, Christian and Catholic parents, your child still lives. It is not dead. Its Father's mansions are glad with its presence. The angelic melodies are increased by its song. When with you, you folded its little hands in prayer, and taught it to lisp in childish accents, the "*Our Father,*" and, no doubt, earnestly craved that it should never forfeit its right to see God. Murmur not that your prayer is swiftly heard, and that your child has gone to join its Father and your Father in heaven. To all this, perhaps, the head says yes, but the heart answers no. We can not help asking why God gives and takes in almost the same breath. When in late autumn we see the flowers, that gladdened

us with their wealth of beauty and color all through the spring and summer, now yielding to the chill damps and early frosts, we are resigned and say it is just and natural. They bloomed and waved in the balmy air and soft, sweet sunshine their allotted day, and must now yield their place to others. Everything has its season. But when in spring or early summer we see blighting winds and untimely frosts nipping, ravaging and destroying the tender buds of rose or pink or honeysuckle, just emerging into full life and beauty, we feel pain and grief, and are tempted to question the strange ways of God to man. Why this waste? Why this blight on what was so fair and young and full of promise?

I. Such, maybe, is the drift of the thought current in many a heart here present. They grudge not to death his harvest of the old, the infirm, the useless, those whose work is done—the grass that is ripe for the sickle; the flowers even that have ripened and expanded to the sun. True, it is sad, but it is the order and way of nature. As Job says, "Man cometh forth as a flower and is destroyed" (Job xiv. 2). But that death should be permitted to mow down beneath his relentless sickle the hope and promise, the very flower and blossom of our race, the young and innocent just emerging into life, seems cruel and unreasonable. The heart revolts. Our sense of justice and of the fitness of things is outraged. You ask for comfort, sorrowing mother and deeply afflicted father. All your earthly hope and joy, perhaps, were centered in this tender rosebud of your family. The very light of life seems put out. Its smile, its childish prattle, its growing strength and opening powers of mind were as very sunshine to your souls; but now all is joyless, sad and silent. Like Rachel, you mourn over your little one, and refuse to be comforted, because it is not. I share your grief all the more keenly, as there is no human remedy. And yet,

in saying all this, am I not lapsing unconsciously into paganism? Death can not be premature, if God wills it. The mere humanists of all times, who only see in death the end of all life, lament, deplore and curse it. The expression of their despair, their grief, their complaints against the gods, may be read in tomb and pillar and broken stones and marbles along the old roads and in the old remaining or recently disinterred centres of Greek and Roman life; but they who spoke thus knew not the true God. They had neither faith nor hope nor charity as we. They had never heard the voice of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life: He that believeth in me hath everlasting life" (John vi. 47); nor the words of His apostles, written to men who had previously believed they were like the beasts that perish, "We will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them who have slept through Jesus will God bring with him" (I. Thess. iv. 12, 13). "Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words" (Ibid.).

Has your flower perished? Has the tiny blossom of humanity that lies at our feet been roughly torn from its protectors, and trampled out of being, by the great soulless forces of nature? No, assuredly! Nothing of what God has made, nothing in the wide and boundless realm of His kingdom, not a blade of grass or flower, not a particle of matter or an atom of force is lost or wasted, much less perishes or is destroyed. The dust itself, the earth your child has returned to, is imperishable, as learned men tell us. Is the force, the element that gave it form and life and beauty, that felt and thought, and loved in it, less so? The forces that rule the material world, heat and light and ether and electricity, are only transformed, never destroyed or annihilated. Shall the greatest of all

forces that rules, uses, chains and enslaves all others, the soul or spirit, even though encased in the form of a child, perish or disappear forever? No! What men call the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy throughout endless change add force to our Lord's words, "Be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the life more than the meat and the body more than the raiment? Behold the birds of the air; they neither sow nor do they reap . . . and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not of much more value than they?" (Matt. vi. 25, 26). Who, then, will dare to say that the force, the intelligence, the budding mind and will power, the soul, in short, of your child has perished? No! It lives. It is among the angels. It has gone to swell the number of those bright pure spirits that minister around the throne of God. Therefore, I say, dry up your tears. The child "is not dead, but sleepeth." Even in its bodily form it awaits the resurrection. Your flower has gone to bloom, to grow, to expand elsewhere; and if you want to know *how* and *where,* and *why,* then, with Mary Magdalen, "ask the gardener." Ask him, the Saviour, "the firstfruits of them that sleep" as leaving the tomb and the grave cloths wherein they had shrouded him, He emerged our risen Lord, from a rock-hewn grave, deeper and stronger, and better guarded than that in which we are going to lay your child. He, the heavenly Gardener of souls, will say that He has transplanted it to a better soil and a richer and kindlier land. He to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth will say, "The Master hath need of it," and it is for you "to loose it and let it go." "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God. Fear not, therefore, you are of more value than many sparrows" (Luke

xii. 6, 7). Your child is in good hands. It is in holy keeping. It is with God.

Perhaps, too overfond parents and relatives, will God whisper to your heart the words He uttered ages ago, through the writer of the Book of Wisdom, "He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul. For the bewitching of vanity obscureth good things, and the wandering of concupiscence overturneth the innocent mind" (Wisdom iv. 11, 12). Overfondness might have spoiled it. Instead of "a staff to lean on in old age," it might have "dragged your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." Such things happen in this world of sin. For its own benefit, then, and perhaps for yours, God has withdrawn it from life earlier than usual, and in doing so has saved it a long, weary and dangerous journey.

II. In the funeral service, after the prayer for the dead, there is usually added a prayer for the living, containing an admonition and petition combined. Now in this connection, I make bold to put a straight and pointed question: Why does the Church deck herself in her marriage robes for this child lying dead before us, whereas at our funerals she will put on her sable garb and sing plaintive songs of pity and mercy for our souls? Alas! She is sure that to-day the Church triumphant has received a new member; but in our case she is not so sure. This child, she knows, has kept unspotted the wedding garb of grace received at its christening. The same symbolical white robe was placed on our shoulders, too, in holy Baptism. What is its condition now? Have we soiled it or torn it? Have we dragged it in the mire—fouled it with the odor of unclean or unholy living? If not, happy are we. But if we have, then "we must become as little children, if we would enter into the kingdom of God." And why? Because, as little

children carry their "baptismal robe unsullied and unstained before the judgment seat of God," "the gates of heaven are lifted up to let them in"; and, therefore, to be like them we must "wash our robes white in the blood of the lamb." We have come down by a broad, easy and flowery path from the "mountain of the house of the Lord," to which we were admitted in holy Baptism; but if we would go back, it must be by a straight, steep, hard and narrow one, that few have strength and courage to face. The child whose mortal remains lie before us entered easily into the joy of its Lord, because it never set forth on the easy slope that leads from the city of God. It found God in the other world, because it never lost Him by sin in this. Nothing defiled can enter the kingdom of heaven (Apoc. xxi. 27). If innocence is lost by sin, then it can only be regained by penance. "Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord: or who shall stand in his holy place?" Surely "the innocent in hands and clean of heart" (Ps. xxiii. 3, 4). We are told to "learn wisdom from babes and sucklings"; and indeed as regards the grace of God and the kingdom of God we must kneel as pupils at their feet. We hear a great deal about the kingdom of God. Some appear to think it can be disinterred from dead books like a buried city—others build it in airy fancy, out of their own heads; but the truth is, we can say in Christ's words, "Lo the kingdom of God is amongst you." It is here on earth, ready built and perfectly organized in the house or church of God which all are bound to enter. Now the cream and flower and model citizens of this kingdom are children; and hence our Saviour says we must become like them. Children listen with faith and simplicity to the voice of their teachers. There are no doubters nor scoffers nor unbelievers among them; and so must we bend "both mind and will reverently and unhesitatingly to the revelation and law found in Christ kingdom." But

this is not enough. We are thereby only citizens of His realm in body; we must be so in spirit, too, by guarding like sinless children the treasure of grace, the white, stainless robe of Baptism. If we have not on the wedding garment, then we are shut out from the feast, we are dead in sin, more really dead than the child on the bier below. Its body is untenanted, but its soul lives *to* and *with* God.

But wonderful providence of almighty God! There are cleansing and healing waters in His kingdom. He has set up in the house of David, i. e., "His Church," a fountain for the washing of the sinner and the unclean—the fountain of the Sacrament of Penance wherein all may wash their soiled baptismal robe clean. It cleanses the soul in and out. "The water that I will give him shall become in him a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting" (John iv. 14). "You shall drink water with joy from the Saviour's fountains" (Isaias xii. 3). To drink of it is to live—it is stronger and sweeter and more healing than Jacob's well or deep Lethe's fabled stream. Learn wisdom from the lips of this dead child, or, rather, let those of us who are dead to grace listen to this child that "has laid hold on eternal life"; as He says to us "Go wash and be clean." "Go shew yourselves to the priests" (Luke xvii. 14). Plunge into the waters of Penance. Though cold and penitential, they are the Saviour's fountains, and in no other way can you get back into the fulness of the privileges of the kingdom. "Grieve not for me. I am at rest." "Weep not for me," this child seems to say, "but for yourselves and your children" still left behind.

As I observed, the heavenly Gardener has transplanted His flower and yours to a better soil. Nor can we reasonably complain. It is his world, not ours. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof" (Ps. xxiii. 1). He knoweth the day and the hour best

suited to plant or transplant. He alone is absolute, ruler, Father, Lord. Of Him only can it be said truly that He can do what He likes with His own, knowing, as we do, that in all things "righteous are His ways."

We hear a great deal about the waste of child life and consequent loss to state and family; and in this respect, perhaps, the fact truly may be sad and deplorable; but let us not forget that in regard to God's kingdom, "What is earth's loss is often heaven's gain." The Lord, "who gave, hath been pleased to take away." The child life He withdraws is not wasted, nor does it perish. It blooms and flourishes by the cool waters that flow past His throne. He has only picked a tender rosebud in His garden. Hence it is that holy Mother Church, knowing the fate in store for it, rejoices instead of grieving or mourning over the passing away of the tiny member of our race whose grave we are about to close.

Nor is it silent for all this. It speaks with the mute eloquence of the grave to us all. *"Hodie mihi cras tibi"*—a very short but powerful sermon—"My turn to-day, yours to-morrow." I have been transplanted early and have readily struck root in the soil of the new Jerusalem. But remember, your turn will surely come. No matter how deeply rooted you seem to be in this world—howsoever firm your hold in life—though youth, health, easy circumstances are all at your beck, you will have to go "into the house of eternity." Nay, the stronger your hold and claims on earth, the more deeply you strike root below, the harder it is to root firmly above. But die you must. Death, God's minister, spares none, pities none, passes no one by. He mercilessly lays all under tribute. Therefore, do I say in Christ's own words, "Watch ye, therefore, because you know not the day nor the hour" (Matt. xxv. 13). "If, then, thou shalt not watch, I will come to thee like a thief" (Apoc. iii. 3).

Now how are we to watch so as to be ready like a sentinel on duty? Are we thereby required to leave the world and its dangers, to ponder idly and moodily over death, to give up work and cast aside all interest in life, renounce all the ties and even innocent amusements it offers? No! But we have to watch by being ever on duty. The man whom death finds doing his duty is ready. Duty not in the narrow sense of what people often call it, but duty that covers the whole field of life and human activity—not partial, as of a soldier, or sailor, or citizen, or teacher, or lawyer; but duty, rendering what is due, what we owe, not only to ourselves and our fellow men, but to God. In this sense it is constant, ever present, touches all the springs of conduct, reaches down to the depths and roots of life. Though often changing form and varying with time, place and person, yet it is really founded in love of God, and shows itself in a good, fruitful life. The best preparation for death, then, is to be found leading a dutiful, i. e., a fruitful life. The child we bury had barely struck roots in life. We are trees firmly planted, deeply rooted, but we, like it, must go. Now I ask is there fruit or promise of fruit? Is it leaves only that are making up a goodly show and nothing more? Are we barren fig trees fit only to be cut down and cast into the fire? "For the earth that drinketh in the rain which cometh often upon it, and bringeth forth herbs, meet for them by whom it is tilled, receiveth blessing from God. But that which bringeth forth thorns and briers is reprobate, and very near unto a curse whose end is to be burnt" (Heb. vi. 7, 8). Let us be, then, of "the remnant that is escaped of the house of Juda" that "shall again take root downward and bear fruit upward" (Isaias xxxvii. 31). If we have soiled our baptismal robes, if we have wandered in spirit from the kingdom of God, we have to tread the hard way of repentance, we have to build up and repair what we pulled down

and ruined by sin. We must get ready, and, what is more, ever keep ready for death's call. In varying degrees of rapidity, but one and all with unerring certainty, we are hastening to the grave. The spirit of the child whose mortal remains we are about to transfer to their last resting place asks not our prayers. It needs them not. It has joined its sister spirits in heaven above. But one thing it pleads for, one lesson it now teaches, and it is this: to take care of our own souls. It admonishes us, first of all, "to wash our robes cleaner in the blood of the Lamb," applied to our souls in the holy Sacrament of Penance; and, next, to bring forth, in a life of duty to God and man, "fruits worthy of repentance." It tells us, in the words of St. James, not to be as the man who "beheld his countenance in the glass and then forgot what manner of man he was"; not to deceive ourselves, not "to be hearers only, but doers of the word" (James i. 23, 24). "This do and thou shalt live" as this child lives, and deserve to enter with it one day into everlasting peace and rest.

THE SWEETNESS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.

BY THE REV. T. J. GERRARD.

"O taste and see how sweet the Lord is."—Ps. xxxiii. 9.

Throughout Holy Scripture, my dear sister, Our Lord uses the sweet and pleasant things of nature to describe to us the sweetness and pleasantness of his graces. "The judgments of the Lord are sure. . . . More to be desired than gold and many precious stones; and sweeter than honey and the honeycomb" (Ps. xviii. 10). "Blessed is he whom thou hast chosen and taken to thee: he shall dwell in thy courts; and shall be filled with the good things of thy house" Ps. lxiv. 5). And you may say: "The lines are fallen unto me in goodly places: for my inheritance is goodly to me" (Ps. xv. 6).

Now, if this is true of all God's graces, more especially is it true of the grace of a religious vocation, and most especially is it true of a vocation to a contemplative order. For the real contemplative life, lived according to the spirit of each one's special vocation, is a joy and a delight: it is the highest realization of the words of the Psalmist: "O taste and see how sweet the Lord is."

At least this is the teaching of our master theologian St. Thomas, and it is to his principles we shall go for the further explanation of this beautiful truth.

In the first place, then, the holy doctor does not confine the division of the active and contemplative lives to certain religious orders, but he extends it to all human life. Every human being who has a knowledge of God, and who lives a life of union with Him, must in some degree live both the contemplative and the active lives. He must live the contemplative life in so far as he thinks upon God and

his goodness, and unites his will and affections to Him in love; he must live the active life in so far as he exercises himself in good works externally and in the practice of the moral virtues. Sometimes God gives one grace by which one is drawn more to the contemplative life, sometimes by which one is drawn more to the active life. Hence we have the various religious orders and states of ecclesiastical life, some in which the contemplative predominates, others in which the active predominates. So also within the orders themselves, we have the division between choir monk and lay brother, between choir nun and lay sister, according as each is designed by Almighty God, one called to more contemplation and less active service, the other called to less contemplation and more active service. But neither excludes the other. Nay, each is the fitting complement of the other. They are like the form and matter of the Sacraments: the words are joined to the things and the Sacrament is complete; the active life is joined to the contemplative life and the religious life is complete. Mary unites her will and affections to Our Lord by sitting at His feet and hearing His word. Martha unites her will and affections to Him by ministering to Him in many things. The way of their service is different, but the end of their service is the same: to "taste and see how sweet the Lord is."

The world at large can not believe that religious life is so sweet. What sense, it asks, is there in a nun burying herself in a convent? Why throw away a beautiful life which could be made so happy by the joys and attractions which the world has to offer? It is an old complaint. St. Thomas heard it and answered it in his day, and his answer suffices for us in our day. Whatever is received, he says, is received according to the condition of the recipient. You speak wisdom to a foolish man and he takes it as foolishness, you speak

religion to a worldly-minded man and he takes it as nonsense; but you speak religion to the religious-minded man and he takes it as his highest delight. When, therefore, almighty God wishes to confer on one of His children the delights of a religious life he prepares the way for it by making the child suitable. First he gives the desire and relish for spiritual things and makes the desire constant and permanent; then he gives the dispositions of character, health, and ability; then he removes impediments, such as family cares and responsibilities; then he provides a suitable order or congregation, with all the means of fostering the religious spirit; in one word, he gives a vocation. Consequently, when the aspirant to religious life comes to make her final choice, she finds that she has that which satisfies every longing of her soul, every desire of her heart, every throb of her emotion, every demand of her affection. Yet more. The delight of a life of contemplation is one which exceeds all other delights. And why? Because its object is God, the very essence of all delight; because God is the only object on which love can feed to its full satisfaction. We may imagine every ordinate earthly love we know of: love of parents, of relatives, of friends; love of nature, of books, of recreation; love of art, of knowledge, of wisdom; love of anything that is good and delightful in any creature. It is found in God, but infinitely intensified. Again, what is it that makes any love more and more a joy? It is the closeness of the union between the lover and the loved one. And what a union with Him has not God provided for the soul that seeks Him in religion? First there is the union which detaches the soul from earthly attractions, the union of the threefold vow of poverty, chastity and obedience. Then there is the union of sanctifying grace, in which the human will becomes one with the divine will, and which the rule of the order tends so

much to maintain unbroken. Then there is the mystical union of the soul with God in Holy Communion: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him" (John vi. 57). No poet ever sang of a love so intimate as that. And frequent communion is one of the blessings of religious life. Indeed, the union is so intimate that St. Thomas is constrained to ask whether in this life it can not obtain to the Beatific Vision. Of course, his answer is that it can not, but that it can become a foretaste of the Beatific Vision. It is the delight which the Psalmist perceived when he said: "O taste and see how sweet the Lord is."

But what shall we say about the difficulties of religious life? It would be idle to suppose that they come to an end with the taking of the vows. God does not usually call weak characters to the religious life. Therefore, from the very nature of the case, the living of a community life, although on the whole it has so many charms, yet often demands the sacrifice of personal inclination and convenience. Greater saints than any of us have felt the difficulty and have turned it to good account. St. John Berchmans has left it on record that common life was his greatest mortification. *Vita communis, mea maxima mortificatio.* Then there is the difficulty which comes from one's own weak nature. "For the corruptible body," says the Book of Wisdom, "is a load upon the soul, and the earthly habitation presseth down the mind that museth upon many things" Wis. ix. 15). It may be the presence of temptation, it may be the absence of spiritual consolation, it may be dryness in prayer, it may be a natural distaste for some particular kind of work, it may be indifferent health: but in whatever form the difficulty may come, it is allowed by Almighty God to train the soul, to give it stamina, to allow it opportunities of acquiring virtue. "The cross," says

à Kempis, "is always ready and everywhere awaiteth thee. Thou canst not escape it, whithersoever thou runnest; for wheresoever thou goest thou carriest thyself with thee and shall always find thyself." And yet even the difficulties are a source of delight; not that they are pleasant in themselves, but that the satisfaction of having overcome them is so exceedingly delightful. Was there ever a saint or sinner who had so much to fight against within himself as St. Augustine? Yet he derived the greatest joys from his self-conquest. "The greater the danger of the battle," he says, "so much the greater is the joy of the triumph."

Next, my dear sister, let us think of the delights of religious life in its good works. We know only too well in what a deluge of sin the world is plunged. We know well, too, what active forces the Church has at work trying to cope with that deluge, the parochial clergy, the more active orders both of men and of women, societies, confraternities, lay help in a multitude of forms. But we must never forget that the success of that work depends at least to a very large extent, if not entirely, upon the prayers and good works of the contemplatives. One mystical writer has asked if they are not the lightning conductors which draw away the wrath of God from destroying nations on account of their wickedness.

We remember too the story of Moses—how he held up his hands in prayer while Israel fought against Amelec, and while he prayed Israel prevailed; and when he ceased to pray Amelec prevailed; but when his arms were again held up in supplication victory again passed over to the side of Israel. So are the contemplative orders. They stand on the mount, away from the din of battle, pleading for the sins of wilful humanity, pleading for the success of the fighting forces, ensuring victory for the cause

of Christ. Is not this a source of delight and joy, my dear sister, to think that you have such a part allotted to you in the work of the salvation of souls? Is it not sweet to know that God is thus using you to help Him in the very work for which He came on earth and suffered the death of the cross? Truly did He say, "My yoke is sweet and my burden is light;" and truly may we say, "O taste and see how sweet the Lord is."

And lastly, the life is sweet, because to those who are called to it it is the most perfect expression of personal love for Our Lord. Love is something so wonderful, so mysterious, so mystical, that it can not be fully explained in the language of words. But one thing may be truly said of it: that the measure of it is sacrifice. And where is sacrifice more complete than in the religious life? First, there is the sacrifice of everything in the world pleasant to the natural man; then there is the lifelong daily sacrifice of one's own will. There is nothing so dear to the English character as personal freedom: free thought, free speech, free trade, free press—all these are its ideals. Consequently, when that freedom is renounced there is all the more merit in the act. Is it not then sweet and pleasant to think that you have the privilege of making that renunciation for Christ's sake? Is it not sweet to think that you are able to give such an expression of your personal love for God? "O taste and see how sweet the Lord is."

And if you would have an example, my dear sister, of how this renunciation may be most perfectly accomplished, you have it in the holy woman whom you have taken as your patron. Her history is comprised in a few verses of St. Mark's gospel. There we read that when our dear Lord was in Galilee Salome followed Him and ministered unto Him; that when he hung on the cross she stood in

the distance, watching Him; that on the first Easter morning she came to the holy Sepulchre and brought sweet spices, that she might anoint Jesus. She had renounced the world, that she might be with Jesus; she had tasted how sweet He was and she was faithful to Him both in life and in death. Let this then be your resolution to-day: to recognize in all your actions the ministry of Jesus. Then will you realize to the full the sweetness of religious life.

Jesu, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest.

AT THE BURIAL OF A CHILD

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—John xiii, 7.

"For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me" (Psalms xxxi, 4). Thus complained King David, amid the suffering that burdened his heart, in the grief that oppressed his soul, and there was but one thing in which he found consolation, the hope in God. This he makes known in the words: "Thou art my refuge from the trouble which hath encompassed me" (Psalms xxxi, 7). In this hope in the Lord's assistance, pain sees its relief, sorrow its end, and the complaint is silenced.

"Thy hand is heavy upon me." So may also the parents say who to-day are looking upon the grave of their child. Great, indeed, the grief of a father, of a mother, from whom a loving and beloved child is taken by death. Who will censure the parents if the disconsolate words of the psalmist echo in their heart? How shall I console myself when death and the grave tear the fondest ties? But: "Thou art my refuge from the trouble which hath encompassed me," says the psalmist, and these words should also be yours. And this God, in whom we are to take refuge at all times with hope and confidence, who in the dark hours desires to come to our assistance, will give you light and consolation in your sorrows. "My thoughts are not your thoughts; nor your ways my ways" (Isaias lv, 8). Christ, the God-man, comes to the sorrowing with the consolation: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." Oh, what great consolation lies in these words of the Lord, especially when we gather at a grave!

"What I do," so the Lord says, and I will not pass over these

words without some reflection. "What I do"—therefore He does, acts, works in all things and with all men. He clothes the lilies of the field, gives life and takes it again; He makes parents happy by the gift of children, and again He takes His gifts when He sees fit. In all this giving and taking, in things great and small, God acts, and everything that God does is right. "The words of God are perfect, and all his ways are judgments: God is faithful and without iniquity, he is just and right" (Deut. xxxii, 4). Who dare say God is not doing right? That that what He does is not well done. Dare we censure Him? No, far be such sinfulness from us!

"What I do thou knowest not now!" The Lord acts; man beholds these acts, but does not understand them? How often do we see this! There you build your house of happiness, you live in it happily and peacefully, but over night it collapses, and, rudely awakened, you behold in horror its ruins. Why did God do this? You do not know!

The path along which He leads you, along which He even urges you, is so different from the one you plan. What you least expect is your lot, and what you most ardently desire is refused. Why? You do not know.

Is it not so in this hour also, in which God takes this child, a hopeful blossom from the tree of life? We do not know why God does this; with tearful eyes we know that He has permitted it.

And yet: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know and realize hereafter"; you will then realize that tears are already blessed on this earth; you will realize "that patience worketh trial; and trial hope; and hope confoundeth not" (Rom. v, 4-5); you will realize this still more in the hereafter, when faith and hope are realized, when in the light of eternity you will understand the things which in this world you could only dimly perceive; when life's mys-

tery will be revealed to you, and when all that was dark becomes light to you. No doubt it is with a heavy heart that you now say: "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." But in the hereafter you will adoringly prostrate yourselves and with gratitude and joy sing with God's angels: "Praised be God above all!"

Let this, then, be a consolation, sorrowing parents: What God does you know not now, but you will know one day; the path of the Christian leads through darkness to light, through suffering to happiness.

Only a few words more. I would address them to you, my dear children, who stand at the coffin of your little brother. "What I do thou knowest not now." Oh, happy childhood that knows so little of sorrow, and is so sure to forget the hour of anguish; tears soon disappear at your age, while the bitter tears wept in later years leave a deep mark in heart and mind! It is certain that all of you will experience what grief is; for this experience life will give ample opportunity. To you as well as to you, parents, let me point out a lesson in the death of this child; human life is as the frail flower of the meadow, the nightwind may break it. No one, young or old, is sure of another day. Let us therefore take to heart the warning which God sends in sad events like this; let us be prepared to go before His awful judgment seat when our time comes, be it soon, or far distant. Amen.

ADDRESS AT A WEDDING

Through the blessing of the Church your marriage is now sanctified. You are joined in union before God and man, and from this solemn moment you are, through God, bound together until God again separates you. At the foot of this altar you have made your solemn vows, and at the foot of this altar a new life begins for you, with new hopes, but also with new cares and new duties. From this holy place you enter a new path, which Providence has pointed out to you through life, and from this important moment on, each joy must be for you a mutual joy, and each sorrow a mutual sorrow.

The beginning of this new life-path is strewn with roses; Providence has endowed you with the material circumstances desired for happiness in this life; heaven has favored you still more, and granted you that which offers you assurance of eternal happiness. This day is for you truly a happy one, and all conditions seem to promise you a happy lot in life. Thank God for this with your whole soul, and praise His goodness with gratitude, for all gifts come from above, from God, the Father of Light!

It is my duty, however, to warn you that things will not remain as they are to-day. Our life on earth is subject to constant changes. The gentle spring is followed by a sultry summer, by the bleak autumn, the cold winter. The days are not always fair, the sun does not always shine; dark and rainy days will follow, clouds and storms may come up on the horizon. The person now in happiness is not secure against grief and suffering; in the happiest homes misfortune may suddenly appear and adversity may be the lot of the happiest marriage. The adversity, however, is robbed of its sharpest sting if shared by a loyal partner; the suffering is more easily borne by

mutual love; virtue gives courage to bear misfortune in a Christian manner, and even the hardest blows of undeserved disaster have no power to disturb a union in which religion and the fear of God prevail. If, therefore, the dark days of winter approach sooner or later, husband and wife, who in mutual respect and confidence are attached to each other, carry eternal spring in their hearts. To the couple who in God remain faithful to their bond, the love which is sanctified by virtue becomes an eternal spring which can not be darkened by threatening skies. In the marriage in which one heart understands the other, suffering and misfortune will serve to bind more closely these souls, who have been joined for better or worse, in sickness and health, for here and hereafter.

May you also, my dear friends, possess this eternal spring of mutual esteem and confidence! May the sun of pure love, sanctified by virtue, never set for you. May it shine forth, conquering all the storms of life, as clear and bright as on this, your happy day! May your hearts remain united, in joys and sorrows, inseparable, faithful, steadfast, loyal, unto the grave! You, as bridegroom and husband, have in this union new and important duties imposed upon you. You have bound yourself from this moment to preserve and protect the happiness of your bride as you would your own. Your wife is given you by God as a companion for life; you owe to her love and loyalty, protection and assistance. You are indissolubly united to her, and only with and through her, you can hereafter find your happiness. Your wife's welfare must be your welfare; your wife's honor your honor; your wife's esteem and love must be your pride and pleasure; your wife's happiness the task and reward of your life. She has given herself to you in closest union, she has for your sake taken upon herself new duties; for this she has a right to your love and support. I exhort you most earnestly, as the

minister of God who imposes these duties on you in this Holy Sacrament, to love, honor and protect her till death.

And for you, the bride and wife, begins to-day a new life and new duties. You have to-day sworn to love and to be faithful to your husband, and this oath must govern hereafter your whole life. Your husband has chosen you for his partner in life, he desires from this day on to be your counsellor, protector and defender; you therefore owe him in all reasonable things obedience, confidence, love and faithfulness. Whatever the future may have in store there can be no other place, for you, but at the side of your husband, no other happiness than with him. The home must be your sphere of activity, and yours is the task to establish there peace, cheerfulness, contentedness and happiness and to keep them there. Then may the future bring what it will, you will bear misfortunes with fortitude if it meets you at the place appointed for you by God, at the side of your husband. You have to expect that God will test you by sickness, suffering, and may be by death. There is nothing perfect nor lasting in this world.

May Our Lord grant you then, dear friends, all the graces He promises to those united in holy wedlock in His Church! May heaven guard you on your journey through life, grant you many happy days, keep distant from you all danger, and may every succeeding year find you more closely united in respect and confidence, in love and loyalty, in virtue and the fear of God! May Providence keep you many long, happy years. May the good Lord look down graciously upon you, and may the blessings be with you of God the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

ADDRESS AT A FUNERAL

"Rejoice, therefore, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart be in that which is good . . . and know that for all these God will bring thee into judgment."—Eccles. xi, 9.

SYNOPSIS.—The impressions produced by the sight of death. We are taught the certainty of our own death, and the vanity of the things of the world. This should not make us sad, but should stimulate us to a better life; to use each day, each hour, in a Christian manner, so as to merit the judgment of praise from Our Lord.

Where is the human heart that will remain untouched and indifferent at the deathbed of a friend or relative, witnessing the anxiety of an uneasy heart, the sighs of an oppressed breast, the death struggle and the final departure of one whom we knew and loved? Who seeing this will not with alarm remember that the hour will come in which it will be his own turn to struggle against death and suffer defeat? Alas, that our undue love of life and of the world should make the final separation of the soul from the body so fearful to us.

Should we, therefore, as believing Christians, so anxiously avoid the sight of death and of the grave, and flee the thought of death because it disturbs our earthly pleasures, and might wake us from the sleep of sin? No, my dear brethren, this is not becoming for Christians, for the picture of death, the thought of the vanity of everything earthly is most beneficial, as it reminds us forcefully of our true destination. Death teaches most impressively how empty the things of this world are and how sin leads to eternal destruction. Tell me, dear Christian, of what avail at the hour of death will be your wealth, your position, your friends ?

Neither wealth nor influence will free you from the awful com-

mand: "The dust must return to the earth, from whence it was; for dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return." If you truly realize this, can you still make the treasures of this earth your only goal, your only pleasure? Can you afford to indulge in base gratifications of the senses, until the Lord comes suddenly to demand your soul, and ask you to give an account of your stewardship? Can you take this foolish risk when you daily see that neither high station nor comfortable circumstances, nor age, nor sex, are safe from death; that no power can save us from the hands of the stern Judge, who will measure out reward for virtue and punishment for sin? Nothing is so certain as death, and in order to be prepared for this dread hour let us often picture to ourselves the last moments of a dying person! Not that you should walk in sadness. No, let us say with Solomon: "Rejoice, therefore, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart be in that which is good in the days of youth, and walk in the ways of the heart, and in the sight of thy eyes; and know that for all these God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccles. xi, 9). If you will remember and truly realize this, my dear brethren, how diligently will you work out your salvation while it is yet day, and before the night comes in which no man can work! How carefully will you make use of the time given you and seek after the kingdom of God, His justice and faith; so that you may be adorned, like the wise virgins, with the robes of grace and virtue, with the lighted lamp of love, and enter with the Lord into His kingdom, when He shall come to judge the living and the dead, to reward the faithful and punish the faithless. If you desire to avoid the bitterness of death and to overcome the fear of that terrible hour, take care that your conscience will not reproach you with sin; live every day as you, on that last day, will desire to have lived; save yourself the remorse and pain that the

review of a sinful life will cause. Live a life of dutifulness, so that you can give a good account before conscience and your God, and travel in the light so that you may not fear to acknowledge your works. There will be a day when they shall bring you to this place in a coffin, and let not that day come before you have made your peace with God. That day may come next month, next week, to-morrow.

"Be converted to the Lord and you shall be saved" (Is. xlv, 22). Amen!

"IS CATHOLICISM DECLINING IN THE UNITED STATES"

ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

BY RIGHT REV. MGR. JOHN WALSH

The courtesies of this occasion are soon exchanged. The same welcome I have given you in other years I extend to you now—to you and your guests. The same pleasure your presence has given me in other years is mine now. This is the place of your annual pilgrimage—the scene of the mustering of our full roster to exhibit your corporate strength and your individual faith. Here you renew your faith, and hence you go with a new thought of religion. In your separate parishes zealous priests are ministering to your spiritual wants. My duty here is not to interfere with that ministry, but as your chaplain, embodying more or less the Catholic aspect of your organization, to deliver a message which men may listen to and from which Knights of Columbus may derive some instruction and possibly some encouragement. To emphasize the purpose of your presence here, I am reminded of an episode in Motley's "Dutch Republic." An aged officer in the service of the great Charles V. asked permission to retire to private life. On being interrogated by the Emperor as to his reasons for such a request, he rejoined: "I want to put a little space of religious contemplation between the active portion of my life and the grave."

Of himself, the same Emperor used to say to the officers who came to serve under his banner: "Pray only for my health and life, for so long as I have these I will never leave you idle—at least in France. I love peace no better than the rest of you. I was born

and bred to arms and must of necessity keep on my harness till I can bear it no longer." When that time came he retired from the management of his vast dominions into a monastery, where, like the veteran of his younger years, he interposed a period of religious reflection between the years of the warrior, the king and the statesman and the end of all power and royalty and diplomacy—the grave. A better plan, it seems to me, is not to wait for the hoary years or even the autumn of the sere and yellow to retire into the solitude—the introspection of religious meditation wherein we calculate the velocity of the current of the swift-moving years and the burden of the frailties and responsibilities of life and our accountability to God as stewards of His properties committed to our custody. How much more profitable it is from time to time in the heyday of our youth and strength to withdraw for a brief spell from a world and its interests that engross us—from a world and its ambitions that absorb us—from a business and its anxieties that wear on us—and retire into a refuge of repose and thought such as we have in our churches, and there calmly survey and calmly contrast the mere husk of external, earthly affairs and worries with the abiding substance of things external: *"Ad te omnis caro veniet"*—"To the will all flesh come." This is the incentive to sober thought.

This annual service is an hour of rest between these ceaseless and wearing activities. It is a breathing spell in the hurry and scurry of life's quick race. It is the relaxation of physical muscles and energies for the sake of toning up and invigorating another class of muscles—in will and soul and spiritual nature—to meet the exacting demands of a warfare with sin and neglect and the divers powers of evil, for no matter how we may sigh for peace, and no matter how we may misjudge our true attitude in the moral world, we are all soldiers carrying the harness of our warfare, which we

are not to lay aside till the burden of life is transferred from this world to the next.

In conformity with the plan of other years, I will address you to-night on a vital theme—such a theme as I may fittingly present to earnest men seeking a solution of religious problems. That I might be in touch with you, I asked some of your leading members if they could suggest some topic for treatment. The answer was, they had nothing to suggest, but would leave the selection of the subject entirely to me. After much reflection, I have chosen for my topic the seemingly paradox: "Is the Roman Catholic Church As a Discipline and a Rule of Practical Conduct Declining in This Country?" On the other side of the question, I presume there can be only one opinion; as a body of doctrine appealing to our reason and faith for acceptance, I find little to discuss. There is no backsliding of note to record, and I venture the opinion that loyalty and submission to the church's teachings, so far at least as their acceptance is concerned, is as marked as at any time in our history. But on the reverse of that picture—in the incorporation and translation of teaching and restraint, of regulation and faith into conduct and practical living, is the same unanimity of opinion justifiable? That is the issue that confronts us to-night. The territory is continental in its dimensions, but by setting up landmarks as we proceed, I hope to be able to spare us the confusion of losing our way and present a tangible conception of the entire ground. To put it in a nutshell, the question for discussion is a question of leakage—leakage, not from the faith, but from the practise of religious observance.

It seems to me I can not too often emphasize the fact that there is no appreciable or calculable leakage from the faith. The denominational churches may view with alarm special religious movements which threaten to sap their life and empty their pews, but the

Catholic Church has no share in their consternation. It is a curious and suggestive phenomenon that whilst as a nation we are exceptionally educated, and the proportion of readers to the general population is higher than in any other country, that very commendable average culture is no safeguard against the grossest religious humbugs and the most fatuous religious fads. Our exceptional intelligence runs apace with our exceptional gullibility. Vociferous and imprudent advertisement is the only condition for the wide acceptance of the most grotesque and preposterous theories in politics, business, sociology, and religion. Brigham Young and the Rev. Alexander Dowie as Elijah the Restorer, are typical samples of successful impostors who have duped and are duping a multitude of educated American idiots and neurotics. The irreligious and blasphemous truck develops so rapidly along radii of every progressive contradictoriness as to defy enumeration or classification. A fact worthy of record is, we never or very rarely hear of a Roman Catholic offering incense to these false and absurd idols. There is bred in the Roman Catholic mind by the wholesome diet of Catholic faith and standards such a sturdy and normal ideal of what is demanded in those who claim to represent God as ambassadors that the bogus credentials of these counterfeits are rejected with quick and indignant scorn.

If then there is a leakage, it is not from the teachings of the Church embodied in the creed of the Church, or from the Church as the divine custodian of the truth and doctrines of Jesus Christ. If there are any treasonable defections they are traced to the ten commandments of God and the six commandments of the Church, because these are more the standards of Catholic conduct than Catholic belief. I have been amused at the speculations of alleged experts in their ventures to account for the divergence between

Catholics and their standards of behavior. The following are some of the reckless and immature statements in their original terms: In the social order there has been a stupid and vindictive defiance of the people displayed by more than one prelate; the Sacraments have been denied to parents, who, for good reasons, have sent their children to public schools; there have been indiscriminate denunciations from high places of socialism and social democracy: there has been a notable absence of Catholic priests and bishops from movements directed to political and moral reforms; there has not been enough encouragement of that perfect intermingling of all creeds and classes which is both the assurance of our country's safety and the indispensable condition of the Church's permanent prosperity. Glowingly and fervently it is proclaimed that the American Church, young, prosperous, powerful, has had its eyes opened to the European Church, stale, decrepit, and disappearing. According to the use it makes of the vision will a momentous chapter of future history be written—a chapter of the decline and fall of Catholicity or of its rejuvenescence and perpetual ascendancy.

There is a specious and fictitious exhibit of verisimilitude and likelihood in this summary of reasons for the decline of the Catholic Church in America to which I must demur as cogent or satisfactory. The whole issue of socialism is still in a fluid, formative stage and the attitude of our Church is not to oppose or defy, but to restrain within legal and moral limitations. We are a conservative element in a seething and fermenting population. We have sharply defined convictions of legal and moral obligations. The prelates and priests of the Church are the custodians of the public conscience—of that public owing allegiance to the Catholic Church. It is our supreme duty to hold this conscience fettered by these legal and moral bonds and in all the vacillating and wandering movements of our modern

world groping and reaching out for the promised land by devious and tortuous paths, to bring home to the collective conscience the necessity of clinging to the cable of all that is stable and steadfast in this general unrest—the clear, unquestionable and unassailable existence of law, order, and morals.

The question of the necessity of church-schools, independent and sectarian in the best sense, is an issue so well-defined that it has passed beyond the controversial stage, and must be accepted as a vital ultimatum. Ever since its concise definition by the first Delegate Apostolic, now Cardinal Satolli, there have been no denunciations from high or low church authority, except in the case where it is flagrantly violated or where threat and exhortation become imperative to sustain the principle of religious training. In the assumption of all the sacrifices borne by Catholics involved in the erection and maintenance of our separate schools there is implied a principle too often overlooked by those not in sympathy with us. That principle is the nourishing and invigorating of the divine faith in the supernatural and the eternal—in God and His law—in conscience and sin as a violation of law, whether human or God-given—in religion and its duties and burdens and consolations—in the acceptance of a God from whom we issue and to whom we shall return—in a heaven and a hell, which shall be the goal of the unspotted and the repentant and the unrepentant—in the clear, unclouded vision of a whole host of restraints and duties and helps in social, domestic, and business careers, where the human is so wilful and weak, and where often the work to do is so seemingly beyond our capacity.

This is a tremendous, awe-inspiring capitulation of human destiny. The tide is against us. Men and women are defying these truths with scorn. The intellect, the avarice, the selfishness, the passion of the

world are getting rid of them and settling down into a mire of chaos, anarchy, and infidelity. The Christian school is the expression—the embodiment of our protest against demoralization and the banishment of God from His own world, and an anchor thrown to windward to hold our own at least in the safe channel, away from the shoals that invite shipwreck. In the gloom, waywardness, crime and trials of a sad enough world, we are endeavoring to install the check and hope of religion, and to plant it firmly like a Rock of Ages, to which we may cling when the gourd of our earthly possessions has withered in our grasp and the shifting sands on which our feet rest have vanished. "If I had my way," said the eminent French statesman, Thiers, in the year 1869, "instead of diminishing religious influences, I would place the control of all the elementary religious schools in the hands of the clergy. If you de-christianize the masses they will rise and murder you. There must be some higher authority for right doing than his Honor the Mayor or the chief of police or the superintendent of public instruction, and I defy anybody to produce anything better than the ten commandments with their august authority and their majestic history. The legislator who tries to make a religion of atheism is a madman, who eventually must ruin the country he misleads by his fanaticism." In his own quaint way John Ruskin said: "The three facts which it is most advisable that a man entering into life should accurately know are: First, where he is; secondly, where he is going, and, thirdly, what he had better do under the circumstances."

This triple branch of human knowledge is ignored by popular education. To-day Mr. Combes in France is leading a conspiracy against the liberty to teach. Twenty-five years ago the notorious Van Humbeck, in Belgium, did the same, and boasted that he had rolled the corpse of Catholicism into the ditch. To-day who can

penetrate the oblivion that enshrouds Van Humbeck and his boasts? President Eliot of Harvard the other day startled the country by his caustic arraignment of so-called popular education. The flaw in his indictment is that he mistakes the remedy. He deplores the prevalence of drunkenness and gambling. Universal suffrage has not yet begotten an ideal government. Crimes of violence are multiplied by educated mobs and individuals all over the country. We are still unrefined in our reading and in the plays we enjoy. Labor strikes are yet a bountiful commodity, and politics is smirched with the spoils system. His cure for these evils is the expenditure of four or five times more money for education, and an allotment of one teacher for every ten or fifteen pupils, instead of forty or fifty, as is the vogue now. This is the very nightmare of absurdity. Education alone was never intended to remedy such evils, and never will. Their origin is a perverse heart and a crippled moral nature. To reform the one and cure the other we must invoke religion, and in natures bankrupt and devoid of religion a reformation is hopeless. Multiply teachers and schoolhouses, and so long as popular education is godless, the improved intelligence becomes a keener and subtler instrument to achieve worldly success, but no safeguard against the selection of questionable and unscrupulous means to gain the end sought.

If, therefore, there is a decline of practical Catholicism, it must be sought by processes and agents other than those mentioned. That brings us back to the old query, is there a decline? In conversation the other day with a priest, venerable of years and wide of experience, he said this same question had been interesting him for a year or more, and though he was obliged to answer in the affirmative for his own well-worked and well-attended parish, he thought the paralysis was only local, and might be due to local causes. This

led him to interrogate other priests, and particularly the missionaries, who have facilities for more general information. The consensus of opinion was that his own parish was not an exception, but that there seemed to be a widespread neglect of religious duties. There are undoubtedly exceptional parishes which still retain all the devotion and generosity of the olden time. The question is, Are they the rule or the exception?

This leads me to investigate the causes and give you the result of personal observations covering more than three decades of years.

To present this matter intelligently, we must first define what we mean by a practical Catholic. A practical Catholic is one who attends Mass on Sunday and holy days of obligation, when possible, confesses his sins once in the year, receives communion in the Easter time, and conforms his conduct to the ten commondments of God and the six commandments of the Church, especially in the duty of fasts and abstinences, unless dispensed, and shares in the support of the Church. Belief in the Church as a divine teacher is assumed.

1. The obligatory attendance at Mass. Within twenty-five years there has been a marked change. Then there were only two Masses, and the attendance at both was large in the large parishes. Now, with the increase of priests and the general employment of our people, early Low Masses are multiplied, and the people, weary with their week's toil, flock to the early short services and avoid the High Mass and sermon. For reasons not necessary to analyze, our people are not fond of sermons, and sermons are apt to bore them. Sometimes it is the fault of the preacher and sometimes of the hearers. This practise is a distinct loss for the people. We all need instruction and a stimulus. "Faith comes by hearing." The sermon is a searchlight turned on individual hearts and consciences. To avoid its scrutiny leaves us blind to our own failings, and en-

courages moral conceit and self-sufficiency. The sermon is a signal for the unwary that they are approaching the danger line. It is a plea for consistency, reminding those who believe that they must practise what they believe. And yet, by the mercy and goodness of God, in defiance of the neglected sermon, I believe the average attendance at Mass is up to the level of other years.

2. The annual Confession and Communion. Confession admittedly is the crux—the most arduous test of Catholic life. It is hard to flesh and blood. Sin may be easy to commit, but it is difficult to confess. An energy of faith less than strenuous will never suffice for the cleansing of the confessional. At best there must be something solemn, serious, and tender about any attitude which we denominate religious. If glad, it must not grin or snicker; if sad, it must not scream or curse. The cream of the seriousness and solemnity is the attitude of the sinner on his knees engaged in a process of introspection in an effort to discover the smears and smudges on his conscience, and the same sinner immediately after in the confessional detailing those smears and smudges, varying from the sere to the inky black, to a priest, with the heroic resolve to conceal nothing and abate nothing. The confessional is the operating-room, where the X-rays are applied to consciences—where moral surgery is practised on diseased consciences. What wonder if the moral deformities are carried indefinitely rather than submit to the exposure! What wonder if our admiration is quickened for the men and women who, despite the difficulty, present themselves for forgiveness and treatment! I believe in parishes where no special facilities and no exceptional encouragements are given to penitents the number of delinquents will grow progressively numerous.

3. The observance of the ten commandments. To discuss this

comprehensive theme would carry us far afield into the wide world of morals, which, for the lack of time, we must dismiss with this comment—there is much to be desired on the part of contemporary Catholics in the keeping of the commandments, and I know no period of the Church's history when that same comment was not just as applicable as it is now.

4. Observance of fasts and abstinences. In this sphere of Catholic obligation there has been, and there is, a very notable relaxation, due to the severity of our climate, the periodical visitation of the grip, the generous measure of dispensing discretion left the bishops by our present Pope, the enfeebling effect of our employments and the low average of physical health as compared with former generations. The abstinence of Friday, however, is a general observance among our Catholic people.

5. The support and maintenance of religion. Though the contributions are small, and the average of giving has not kept pace with the improved financial status of our people, I believe the aggregate collections for churches and their support, and for the erection and maintenance of schools, will equal the offerings at any time in our history. In every Catholic congregation there are some selfish, obdurate laggards, who fail in this duty of sharing in Church support.

And now let us sum up. Alexandre Dumas, the great French novelist, once wrote of himself: "Heaven forbid that I should pose as a man of religious observances, but my education and the influences of my early life have imbued—I will not say my actions, but my beliefs and opinions—with so deep a tinge of religious feeling that I can not even at my present time of life enter a church without taking holy water or pass before a crucifix without making the sign of the cross."

Alas, how true it is that there are too many Catholics like him of abundant feeling and emotion, but sterile of the practise of religious observances! If in the general round-up we are able to show a very creditable average, the result is not only praiseworthy, but provocative of admiration and thanksgiving. This wonderment will be intelligible when we contrast the present with the past. When our fathers came to this new home they emigrated from a land where to be a Catholic was to incur many social and political disabilities, and where the Church and the faith they loved were hampered and crippled by legal chains which made allegiance to it an intolerable hardship. Their pilgrimage here, as in the case of the Puritans of old, was a pilgrimage of conscience. Here, under a fairer and freer government, they hoped to serve God as their Church directed without any impairment of their manhood. If they came as refugees they brought with them souls tempered in the furnace of persecution, and their fervor and piety partook of the fierce fires through which they passed. Scarcely had they driven stakes and set up their tents here when to their dismay and disappointment they had to face and fight the creature known as the bigot, in some States backed up by the sanction of law, who sometimes with an innocent malignity and oftener with a perverse vindictiveness made them fight for their character and their religion. The encounter, though disagreeable, was wholesome. It electrified and aroused every fiber of body and soul. The Catholic was put on his mettle. It knit him to his creed, and for the sake of his manhood and his faith and conscience, not only did he accept it with a whole heart and mind, but he practised it with equal tenacity and generosity. The appeal to do both was quickened by the brutal opposition. Churches were poor, and few and under way. Priests were sparse and hard-worked and needy, and the incentive to give often gave vitality to the impulse of

charity. These were war times, and war for religion's sake supplies good discipline for human souls as well as splendid crises for religious creeds.

Now all that is changed, for the better in some respects, for the worse in others. We have won, and our honored place is recognized and secure. Over our Church in these United States broods a peace as calm as that in any summer noon. We have organic unity; we have numerical virility; our churches are built with a garniture out of which the crude and the poverty-stricken and the inartistic have vanished, in their stead we have installed the ornate and imposing, the comfortable and inspiring; our schools are set up on a high plane of efficiency and architectural dignity; our priests have multiplied and are protected against drudgery and poverty except in special fields of labor; we have become part and parcel of the people, and our associates in every sphere of human activity are the representatives of every denomination and of no belief. We are in the van of money-hunters, sweating, moiling, winded like the rest of them. We are running as swift a race after gaiety and distraction as any giddy butterfly of native growth. We are paying the penalty with cracked nerves and distraught brain, and our countrymen are piling up their average in the insane asylums of their adopted country. We have laid aside the implements and weapons of religious warfare and settled down to enjoy the repose of peace. So close are our social affinities that many, too many, are seeking wives and husbands among those who are aliens to them in religion. The whole range of this situation is a dreadful exhaust on Catholic faith and practise. Contention and the gage of battle try men's souls, but invigorate them. Peace tries souls and emasculates them. Men begin to be tried and tested down to the very underpinning of their natures in prosperity and repose. The heroes of peace have a

more colossal stature than those of war. Instead of discouragement at the net result, we will thank God that the evil is no greater, and strive to hold our place among those who are still unspoiled and untempted by the flesh-pots of Egypt.

CENTENNIAL OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

Sermon Delivered by Right Rev. Denis M. Bradley, D.D.

"And this day shall be a memorial to you; and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord. . . . And when thy son shall ask to-morrow, saying, What is this? Thou shalt answer him: With a strong hand did the Lord bring us forth."—Exod. xii, 14; xiii, 14.

Most Rev. Archbishop, Rt. Rev., Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers: My beloved brethren, it is unnecessary to say that we are assembled in this metropolitan church this morning for the purpose of commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the dedication of the first Catholic church edifice erected in this city of Boston. This church, at the time of its dedication, was known as the Church of the Holy Cross, and, subsequently, as the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. The one hundredth anniversary of its dedication to the service of God should be a "memorial to you and should be kept by you as a feast of the Lord," because of all that the ceremony implied to your city and yourselves. It was on this memorial day, one hundred years ago, that Jesus Christ took up his actual permanent abode in this city of Boston. From that time, and at every moment during the past century, He has been as really present in your city as He has been present in Nazareth and in other portions of Palestine during the thirty-three years of His life upon this earth. Blessed privilege this! May the time never come, while time is, when the Eucharistic Christ will not find a lodging-place within your walls. His delight is to be with the children of men.

One hundred years ago to-day the Church established by this same Jesus Christ, in as far as it existed in the United States, was centered in this city of Boston; because there was present as chief au-

thoritative actor, in the function of the occasion, the only legitimate successor of the apostles found within the limits of the republic. As St. Peter had sent St. Mark to Alexandria, as he had sent St. Patrick to Ireland, St. Augustine to England, and St. Boniface to Germany, in order that they might establish the Church in these various countries, so he sent John Carroll to the United States in order that he might establish, rule, and guide the Church therein. And in September, 1803, this Apostolic Prelate came to this distant portion of his diocese that he might dedicate to the living God the first Catholic church erected in your city. How the then rare ceremony of the dedication of a church must have gladdened the heart of this venerable high priest! His great soul must have rejoiced at the evidence which the existence of your Church of the Holy Cross gave him of the fact that here and now was planted a sturdy tree whose branches would soon extend themselves throughout New England, sheltering under their luxuriant foliage hundreds of thousands of children of Holy Church. On this notable occasion the hands of the patriarch of the Church in the United States were held aloft by the humble, zealous Matignon and by the gentle, learned and chivalrous Cheverus, the only priests in Boston in those bygone days. Many edifying reflections suggest themselves at the mention of the names of these two apostles of New England, but we are reminded that things historical are to be dealt with elsewhere during the period of this celebration. In turn the hands of these saintly priests were sustained by the few hundred Catholics of Boston, whose sacrifices for God's house made possible the ceremony of the day; a few hundred Catholics, the story of whose sturdy, practical faith went forth to gratify and fortify their brethren of neighboring States. In turn again, and let it be said in grateful acknowledgment, the hands of the few hundred Catholics of Boston were held aloft by the timely

and generous assistance rendered by not a few of their townsmen who were not of the household of faith. We wonder if the action of these latter good men has not been visibly rewarded in them and their posterity by that blessed Lord who gives abundantly for the cup of cold water given in His name.

"Let this day," the day of the dedication of your first church, "be a memorial day to you; and you shall keep it a feast of the Lord. And when thy son shall ask to-morrow, saying: What is this? Thou shalt answer him: With a strong hand did the Lord bring us forth." When thy son shall ask thee! The sacred writer uses the word son advisedly, and the term is not inapplicable on occasions like unto the present. The apostle says, "The head of every man is Christ and the head of the woman is man." Tremendous responsibility, this of the man. It is the duty of the head to lead and to guide. Man is the head; it behooves him to lead, but to lead only in the footsteps of his head, Christ the Lord. It is, then, entirely in order that on to-morrow thy son should say to thee in reference to the significant religious festivity of to-day: "What is this?" It is well in these days, when the temporal would supplant the eternal and the natural the supernatural, that Catholic young men should feel it incumbent upon them to ask questions about things supernatural and eternal. It is well they should give expression of their belief in the fact that eternal life consists in knowing the one true God and Jesus Christ whom He had sent. When thy son, then, this man, this head, shall ask on to-morrow, What is this? thou shalt answer him, "With a strong hand did the Lord bring us forth." To God's strong hand be the honor of what you are about to tell him. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who buildeth." Tell thy son of the handful of Catholics of Boston of one hundred years ago, who, like the Jews of old, "rejoiced when they promised their

offerings willingly; because they offered them to the Lord with all their heart," in order that they might build in their midst a temple worthy of the true God. Tell him of the vast immigration to your city, in the early and middle portion of the past century, of the children of that supernatural race who brought with them as their gift to their adopted home a deep, living faith and vigorous, honest manhood. Tell this son of yours that because of the generosity of these poor immigrants and their children, the one church of a hundred years ago is succeeded by more than fifty magnificent temples, at the head of which is this noble Cathedral, in which is enthroned a successor of the apostles who has witnessed, who has known and who appreciates the great deeds of this sacrifice-making people for God and Holy Church. Tell him there is no ill—moral or physical—to which human nature is a prey for which the Catholic charity of Boston has not, during the past century, provided a remedy. One finds the hospital for the sick, the shelter for the orphan and the homeless, the refuge for the foundling and the abandoned, abodes of correction for the fallen, and of protection for the feeble. Tell him, likewise, that Catholic sacrifice and generosity have provided institutions of learning of every grade, from the lowest to the highest, for the Christian education of youth. One beholds the seminary for students in philosophy and theology, the college well known for its high standard of education, many academies for the training of young women in the higher studies, together with numerous parish schools, in all of which the pupils receive instruction at the feet of Christian Gamaliels, who, while they seek to give the highest secular training, yet insist that as the heart as well as the head is a component part of the human being, this heart must receive its due attention if education would be what it should be—a harmonious development of all the faculties of the entire man.

Tell this son that the few hundred Catholics who assisted at the dedication of Boston's first church are represented at the ceremonies of to-day by nearly an equal number of hundreds of thousands of God-fearing, law-abiding Catholic citizens. Tell him that for the two priests of God who served in the sanctuary of the Church of the Holy Cross a century ago, a couple of hundred are to-day found within your city limits ministering to the spiritual wants of the children of Holy Church. Tell him that here as elsewhere these priests constitute the great conservative, order-preserving body of the community. Tell him your priests are largely of the people who have built up Catholicity in Boston. Tell him that having been stamped in God's good Providence with the priestly character, they return whence they came to be an eye to the blind, a staff to the feeble, an ear to the deaf, a physician and consoler to the afflicted, a life-giver to the spiritually dead, a father to the widow and the orphan, a protector to the outcast and the homeless, and a preacher of the Gospel to all. And tell him these hundreds of thousands of faithful Catholics and these hundreds of devoted priests are affectionately and loyally united with the venerable archbishop of this diocese, Boston's devoted high priest. And tell him that for near unto sixty years this Apostolic Prelate has labored in season and out of season in your midst with but one end in view—the glory and honor of the Master whom he so faithfully imitates and serves. May God spare him to continue his good work.

Let this anniversary day then, brethren, be kept by you as a feast to the Lord. It is well that it should be thus; for God "hath not done in like manner to every nation." And in your feasting turn heavenward; turn to those who are rejoicing with you to-day, to whose labors have contributed not a little to the accomplishment of the great things which conduce to your joy and your glory on this

memorable occasion. A Matignon, a Cheverus, a Thayer, a Fenwick, a Fitzpatrick, a Fitton, a McElroy, a Haskins, a Healy, a Blenkinsop, a Lyndon, a Shahan, and hosts of clergy and laity, joyfully praising God, take up your refrain and chant with you: "This day shall be a memorial to us and we shall keep it a feast of the Lord, for with a strong hand did He bring us forth."

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE PRIESTHOOD OF MOST REV. P. J. RYAN, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA

SERMON DELIVERED BY RIGHT REV. I. F. HORSTMANN, D.D.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, O all ye lands; sing ye a psalm to his name; give glory to his praise. . . . Who hath set my soul to live, and hath not suffered my feet to be moved. . . . I will go into thy house with burnt offerings; I will pay thee my vows which my lips have uttered. . . . Come and hear, all ye that fear God. And I will tell you what great things he hath done for my soul. I cried to him with my mouth. And I extolled him with my tongue. If I have looked at iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me. Therefore, hath God heard me and hath attended to the voice of my supplication. Blessed be God who hath not turned away my prayer nor his mercy for me."—Ps. lxv.

Words taken from the Psalm *Jubilate Deo*, a psalm of praise and thanksgiving. *Jubilate!* Yes, sing with joy to the Lord. It is the golden jubilee of the priesthood of your beloved Archbishop and father. This is a great, glorious, and spiritual family celebration. I behold before me his brethren in the episcopate, his faithful and devoted clergy, the members of the numerous religious communities, and you his children of the laity; and there is but one thought in all minds, one feeling in every heart, and that is that we are all glad to be here, to rejoice with him, to praise and thank God for the fifty years he has spent so faithfully and so honorably in the priesthood, and to beg of God that he may be spared still many years with mind undimmed, with voice ever eloquent and with health and strength to labor ever for the extension of God's kingdom, for his greater honor and glory and his own sanctification and increased merits for eternity. *Jubilate Deo!* Let us all sing joyfully to God and give

glory to His praise. Fifty years! What has he not witnessed during that time? What great changes have taken place in the condition of the Church in our country—changes both temporal and spiritual! When he was ordained priest in St. Louis, in 1853, he found there in the whole State of Missouri only fifty-six humble churches, with sixty-nine priests in charge of them and the two missions. In Philadelphia, which at that time comprised also the Dioceses of Scranton, Harrisburg, Trenton, and Wilmington, there were only one hundred and ten churches and one hundred and thirteen priests. In both St. Louis and Philadelphia there were very few parochial schools and fewer Sisters to teach in them. In 1902 in the Diocese of St. Louis, with the Diocese of Kansas City and St. Joseph separated from it, there were two hundred and fifty-two churches, four hundred and thirty-seven priests, and one hundred and forty-one parochial schools, with twenty-seven different communities of Brothers and Sisters. In Philadelphia, with Scranton, Harrisburg, Trenton, and Wilmington cut off, there were in 1902 three hundred and eight churches and chapels, four hundred and seventy-five priests, two thousand nine hundred and sixty-three Sisters and ninety-nine Brothers. In the city of Philadelphia in 1853 there were sixteen churches; in 1902, eighty-four. In the city of St. Louis in 1853 there were eleven churches; in 1902, sixty-seven. Wonderful growth, physically, but the change morally, even as wonderful! Then Catholics were despised, hated, and persecuted. We remember the days of Native Americanism and Knownothingism, and the mob violence against our churches and convents. Now, thank God, that unchristian spirit has disappeared from the minds and hearts of all intelligent non-Catholics, and our importance and influence for good is acknowledged by all. *Jubilate Deo!* Sing joyfully to God and give glory to His praise.

Fifty years ago our beloved jubilarian stood in the sanctuary as a deacon and heard from the lips of the venerable Archbishop Kenrick those solemn words, which no Bishop can utter without thrilling through and through, perhaps far more than those to whom in the name of the Church the words are spoken: "Beloved son, as you are about to be consecrated to the office of priesthood, take care to receive it worthily, and having received it, to fulfil its duties praiseworthily. For it behooves the priest to offer the Holy Sacrifice, to bless, to rule, to preach, and to baptize. . . . Therefore, preserve in your morals the integrity of a chaste and holy life. Realize what you are doing; imitate what you handle; so that celebrating the mystery of the Lord's death, you may mortify your members from all vices and lusts. May your doctrine be a spiritual medicine for the people of God; may the sweet odor of your life be a delight to the Church of Christ; so that by your preaching and example you may build up the house that is the family of God."

Let me say a few words on the two most important duties—the Mass and preaching. It behooves the priest to offer up to God the Holy Sacrifice. St. Paul tells us that no one should dare to go up to the altar unless he had been called by God as Aaron was. On that altar the priest daily brings to God that great mystery of faith, the continuation of the Sacrifice of Calvary. He offers it up for the propitiation of the sins of the world. His power is only less than creative. Jesus Christ speaks and works in him and through him, in giving to His Eternal Father the only worship and adoration worthy of the Most High. It was on the evening before He suffered that He took the bread in His sacred hands, blessed it, and said to His apostles: "Take ye and eat; for this is my body. Do this for a commemoration of me." Likewise He blessed the wine and said: "Drink you all of this, for this is my blood. Do this for a commemoration of

me." He changed the bread into His body. He changed the wine into His blood; and the priest does as He did. It is only less than creative power; but it can be likened unto it; nay, more, surpass it; for the finite is changed in a sense into the infinite by reason of the divine nature being united substantially to the human in Jesus Christ. It is the joint prayer of sacrifice which the whole elect people of God offer each morning before the tabernacle. There are sons of Israel sprinkled with the Blood of the New Covenant. Calvary is enacted over and over again. The actors in the scene are different, but the great leading Actor, who is both Priest and Victim, is the same. If our Lord's pleading was with efficacy when He hung upon the Cross, it is not the less mighty here. It is the same identical word of entreaty. Indeed it is the Word Himself who becomes an incarnate prayer, and He is heard for the respect He bore His Father during the hours of His passion. The Mass is the great instrument of mercy for the faithful dead, but oh, remember also that it is the greatest of all instruments of blessing upon the living. It is the great sacrifice of propitiation for the living and the dead, the supreme act of adoration to the Most High, the most sublime praise and thanksgiving to God, placed at our disposal by the divine Son of God, and the most powerful of all petitions that can be sent up to the throne of grace. Jesus Christ Himself, the Great Priest, is the principal celebrant as well as the Victim; and the priest at the altar acts in, with, and through Him. Who can ever comprehend this awful dignity of the priest? Well does the Church call the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the mystery of faith. No wonder that this daily sacrifice offered up from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, proclaiming the name of the Lord as great among the Gentiles, should have impressed the minds of thoughtful non-Catholics. "It is the Mass," writes one, "that matters; it is the Mass

that makes the difference, so hard to define, yet so perceptible between a Catholic country and a Protestant one, between Dublin and Edinburg." Jesus is always with us, our true King and lawgiver, glorious, great, sacramental.

The mystery of faith! Is not the doctrine of Real Presence, which gives the meaning of that act of worship and which identifies it, not in type or figure, but in awful reality, with the one self-sufficient, all-atoning Sacrifice of Calvary, well compared to the shadow of a great rock thrown across a thirsty land? "Now the Rock is Christ," says St. Paul. "Oh," cried an old Calvinist officer, "if it were true I would prostrate myself with my face to the ground here and feel I ought to remain so forever." And it is true. We know in whom we have believed. He has said, "Do this for a commemoration of me. My flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed. What I have done, do ye in commemoration of me"; and St. Paul explains that by so doing we show forth the death of the Lord until He come. This is the peace that Jehovah has granted His Church. She has waited upon Him and He has heard her prayer. Every age has borne witness to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and it is owing, doubtless, to the efficacy of that clean oblation, offered unremittingly in each cycle of the sun, that so many witnesses, saints and Pontiffs and theologians, have arisen to reassure us that Christ is truly with us, that His flesh is meat indeed and His blood drink indeed.

And for fifty years our jubilarian has gone up daily to the altar and offered up that sacrifice. "Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place? The innocent in hand and the clean of heart, who hath not taken his soul in vain, not sworn deceitfully to his neighbor. He shall receive a blessing from the Lord and mercy from God, his Saviour" (Ps. xxxii, 3, 4, 5).

"He that walketh without blemish and worketh justice" (Ps. xvi, 2). *Jubilate Deo!* Sing joyfully unto God for these fifty years of faithful service at the altar in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Praedicare! It behooves the priest to preach the word of God. This was the one great work of our divine Lord. He came to redeem the world through faith in His divinity. "Father, I have come that they may have life and have it more abundantly. And this is life everlasting that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Such was the beginning of His prayer for His disciples, after the Last Supper on Holy Thursday night. For the three years of His public life in Jerusalem, Judea, and Galilee, He preached the Kingdom of God incessantly and confirmed the truth of His teaching by constant miracles. Faith is the one thing necessary. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he who believeth not shall be condemned." Where He found faith in Himself He always granted what was asked. Where faith was wanting, His divine love could not act. "He wrought no miracles there, because of their unbelief," writes the Evangelist. In the first year of His public life, St. Luke tells us that He came to Nazareth, and entering the synagogue there on the Sabbath, the book of Isaias was delivered to Him, and He read these words: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, therefore, he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the contrite of heart, to preach deliverance to the captive and sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of reward." And closing the book, He said: "This day is fulfilled this Scripture in your ears" (Luke iv, 19). The Nazarenes rejected Him; the year after He was rejected in Capharnaum. The last year He was not only rejected, but crucified by the priests and scribes in Jerusalem; but till the very last He preached, and as He had done,

so did He commission His apostles. It is the charter of His Church. "Go teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii, 19). "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi, 15). The apostles realized that this was to be their great work and that it was not fitting that they should be engrossed with other cares. "We will give ourselves continually to prayer," they said, "and the ministry of the word" (Acts vi, 4). What was this preaching of the apostles? The necessity of faith, of belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ and all that He had taught. Faith is the one great thing necessary. Without faith it is impossible to please God. And please God we must if we would be saved. Without faith there is no true morality; for the just man liveth by faith.

Faith is the font of justification. Remain in Me and I in you. "As the branch can not bear fruit of itself unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you unless you abide in me. I am the vine, you are the branches; he that abideth in me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit; for without me you can do nothing" (John xv, 4, 5). No justification then without faith. This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith. No faith without preaching. Listen to St. Paul: "This is the word of faith which we preach, that if thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in thy heart that God hath raised him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved. . . . How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe him of whom they have not heard? And how can they preach unless they be sent? As it is written: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things'" (Rom. x). "Give

ear, O my people, to my teachings. Incline your ear to the words of my mouth. Our Lord repeats that charge in every age. The message of the Church in His behalf is in reality His own message about Himself. Her testimony is His testimony. Her apostles, her accredited spokesmen: the teachers that are sent are His ambassadors." "We are, therefore, ambassadors of Christ, God, as it were, exhorting by us; for Christ, we beseech you, be reconciled to God" (II. Cor. v, 20). It is in His behalf the priest speaks. "I charge thee," wrote St. Paul to Timothy, "before God and Jesus Christ, preach the word. Be constant in season and out of season; reprove, entreat, rebuke with all patience; fulfil thy ministry and doctrine. Be thou vigilant, labor in all things; do the work of an evangelist."

And such an ambassador of the Word your Archbishop has been for over fifty years. Who has preached the Gospel with greater zeal, love, fervor, and eloquence than he? Where has not his voice been heard? Never has he spared himself or hidden away his grand talent. With St. Paul he might say: "If I preach the Gospel it is no glory to me; for a necessity lieth upon me; for woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel" (I. Cor. ix, 16). O, the sublime dignity of the priesthood! We are the ambassadors of Christ.

To-day our hearts go up in praise and thanksgiving to the Most High for these fifty years of preaching by the Archbishop, preaching that was so rich in gaining souls, so meritorious for himself, and so full of good works for the greater glory of God. Jubilate Deo! Sing joyfully unto God, give glory to His praise! And now, what is his reward for the faithful discharge of all his duties as priest, pastor, and bishop? You will recall what is related of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, how, toward the end of his life, after he had written most of his magnificent works, but especially that on the Blessed Sacrament, our Lord spoke to him, saying: "Thomas,

you have written well of me; what reward do you ask?" His answer was: "None other than Thyself, O Lord." I feel that you will join in that prayer. "He shall call upon me and I will hearken to him. I will deliver him and bring him to honor; with length of days will I satisfy him" (Ps. xc, 15, 16). The Lord has kept His promise, but one thing remains: "None other than Thyself, O Lord." What the Lord said to Abraham, the father of the partriarchs, we hope is what He says to our jubilarian: "Fear not, I am thy protector and thy reward exceeding great" (Gen. xv, 1).

And now, my dear venerated father and brother, let me say a word about myself. The task you imposed upon me of speaking on this glorious feast of your golden jubilee is, I will confess, a difficult one for me. Love never wishes to speak publicly; it thinks, it feels, it acts. Deeds, not words, are its proof. From 1847 till 1851 I knew that glory of the American Church, Francis Patrick Kenrick, the Bishop of the See of Philadelphia. From 1852 to 1860 Bishop Neumann, of saintly memory, was my protector. He it was who sent me to the seminary. From 1860 to 1884 Archbishop Wood was to me more than a friend; he was indeed a father; he sent me to Rome. In 1885 you called me to your household and brought me into the closest relationship to yourself as your chancellor. I will not speak of the six years I so spent; they were sacred. They were amongst the happiest of my life. You were ever father to me, and I hope I proved myself a grateful, loving son and servant. Few, I think, know you better than I do. None I am sure can love and revere you more than I do. This is not the time or place to speak words of praise, and I feel that you yourself have repeated over and over again: "Not to us, O Lord, not to us; but to thy name give glory." The fifty years of your priesthood have been years of vast responsibility, it is true, but they have also been years of great

mercies. "The mercies of the Lord I will sing forever. . . . Blessed be the Lord forevermore" (Ps. lxxxviii). We are here to give praise and thanksgiving to Jesus Christ for all the loving kindness He has shown unto you. Our prayer is that as He has guided you in the past, so may His right arm shield you unto the end. *Mane nobiscum Domine:* Abide with us, O Lord, for it is growing dark and the day is now far spent. The shadows of life are lengthening. showing that the sun is going down. May that sun for you go down very, very slowly is the prayer of all here present, and may Jesus always abide with you.

And now, as you go up to the altar, the words of the Psalmist will ring in your ears: "*Quid Retribuam:* What shall I render to the Lord for all that He has given unto me? I will take the chalice of salvation and call on the name of the Lord." Yes, priest of the living God, mount to the altar, mindful that we, your brothers of the episcopate, your faithful clergy and religious, and all your devoted children of the laity, join our minds and hearts with yours, and with Jesus Christ, the great High Priest and Bishop of our souls, we lift up our hearts to God and give Him thanks for thes fifty years of your priesthood. When you hold in your hands "that pure Host, that holy Host, that immaculate Host, that bread of eternal life and that chalice of perpetual salvation, in whom, through whom, and by whom all honor and glory is given to God the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost"; and as you say the prayer, "Deliver us, we beseech thee, from all evils, past, present, and to come. . . . in Thy loving kindness grant us peace in these, our days, that through the help of Thy mercy we may be always free from sin and without care in the face of every trouble," may your prayer be heard, through Jesus Christ, not only for yourself, but for us all; that thus living free from all sin and secure in every trouble, we may ever

enjoy that peace of the Holy Ghost which is not only a perpetual jubilee in time, but an earnest of the eternal jubilee in heaven. And may Mary, the ever Blessed Virgin Mother of God, whose natal festival we celebrate to-day, and who must have blessed you on the natal day of your ordination, may she, whom from your childhood even till now you have ever tenderly honored and invoked, obtain through her powerful intercession on this your golden jubilee your heart's greatest desire, fidelity to the end and a happy and blessed death in the Lord. Such is the prayer of all who love you. To the immortal and invisible King of Ages, to the one only God, be honor and glory forevermore. Amen.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

ADDRESS BY THE REV. B. J. OTTING, S.J.

"Instruct thy son, and he shall refresh thee and shall give delight to thy soul."—Prov. xxix, 17.

The words of the sacred writer just quoted remind us of one of the most important—one of the most far-reaching—duties of parents; the duty of educating their children. On them that duty directly and primarily rests; but it is a duty so complex and vast that few parents can, by their individual efforts, fully satisfy the same. They must call on others for aid; they must choose a school for their children; they must determine the teachers to whom they will entrust the fulfilment of a part of their sacred obligation.

As we are again on the eve of the opening of schools for another scholastic year, it will not be out of place to say a few words on the kind of education which Catholic parents must give their children, and hence on the nature of the school to which they must confide them.

On this question the mind of the Church is clear, and she makes known her mind in no uncertain tones. In season and out of season she insists that no education which is not thoroughly Catholic is fit for her children, that no school can prepare them to lead a truly Christian, Catholic life save a Catholic school. And this she maintains with regard to both primary and secondary education, with regard to the school that is to begin the training of the little child, as well as the one that is to continue the development of the boys and girls who are advancing to manhood and womanhood.

For us Catholics, this firm, unhesitating stand of the Church in a

matter of such deep and vital moment ought alone to be decisive. Even if she were not under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit in laboring for the spiritual and eternal well-being of her children, the mere fact that she has behind her centuries of experience ought to be to us a sufficient guarantee that she is right. Still, as there are Catholics who are blinded by the imaginary advantages of the public schools and of other non-Catholic institutions of learning, and who are not alive to the importance—to the absolute necessity—of a thorough religious education, it will be worth our while to examine the question on its own merits, independently of the authority of the Church.

We ask ourselves, therefore: Is this claim of the Church well-founded? Do reason and experience testify to the prudence and necessity of her legislation? Must we, on a calm, dispassionate study of the question, come to the conclusion that the Church's idea of what constitutes education is the only true one—the only safe one?

These questions are answered best by trying to form a clear concept of what education really is. What do we mean when we say that parents are bound to educate their children? We mean that they must develop the whole child, and not only a part of it; that they must mature and perfect its every faculty; that they must shape and mold the many-sided nature of the child in such a way as to fit it for the right performance of its manifold duties to itself, to its fellow-man, and to God.

Man is not a mere animal, and hence to supply the child with food and clothing and a home is not the whole of education. Its mental faculties, too, must be perfected—its mind, its imagination, its memory; they must be so trained as to respond freely and actively to the demands of social intercourse; they must be made fit instru-

ments to perform the numberless duties that every calling in life brings with it.

Still, to accomplish all this is not yet to educate. This would suffice, if educating the child meant to make of it a more or less perfect reading, writing and ciphering machine. But man is more than a machine. He is a moral being, a free agent, endowed with a will, with affections, with a conscience. He has duties in the moral order that far surpass in importance the demands which the merely material order can make on him. He must be taught to love and to seek what is good, to hate and to shun what is evil. He must be trained to right thinking and right living, and hence he must have deeply implanted in his soul a fixed, unchanging rule, which will tell him what is right and what is wrong, which will guide him in his conduct. He must be made a man of character, a man who will have the courage of his convictions, a man who will stand firm and immovable, when trials and temptations surge in upon him. And for this he must be imbued with lofty principles that will inspire him with courage and constancy to take up the combat daily against the foes that assail him within and without; with principles that will raise him above his own little self, and will steel him against sin and vice that reign about him.

Unless he is thus fitted out for life—unless his moral nature is developed and strengthened, his career must necessarily be a failure. This almost self-evident truth seems to have been lost sight of completely by most modern educators. Their panacea for all the ills that the individual and society are heir to is education: but by education they understand little more than instruction, little more than a cramming of the child's mind with facts; or, at best, they conceive education as a sharpening of the intellectual side of man. All real moral training is wanting. True, they have tacked on ethics; they

strive to inculcate morality; but it is a morality without religion, a morality without God. Morality without God! What a monstrosity. It is like building a magnificent edifice on sand. Very little rain and wind will be needed to undermine the house and bring it toppling to the ground. Morality without God! What is that but a law without a lawgiver. And where is the utility, where the restraining power, of a law which has not the lawgiver behind it to enforce it?

The result is just what might have been expected. Statistics prove that crime has increased exactly in proportion with the growth of this one-sided education. It has, however, made our thieves more expert, our dishonest clerks sharper in their underhand practises, our unfaithful public officials better skilled in covering up their tracks of bribery and peculation; in a word, it has made our criminals bolder and more scientific in their wrongdoing, and, alas, more shameless, too.

Look at our divorce courts. What has become of the sanctity of the marriage tie? Is it not true that to many matrimony is little else than legalized concubinage? And did not our chief executive only lately direct the eyes of the nation to a crime which has grown so rapidly in our midst within the last two or three decades that now it may almost be called our national sin? And how could all this be otherwise with an education that does not and can not put a restraint on man's passions? How could it be otherwise with an education that places, and can not help placing, before the child, as its highest ideal, temporal success—success in hoarding up dollars, success in advancing to places of honor and power, success in making the best of life? The child will be only too apt a pupil in learning a lesson that flatters its vanity, stimulates its pride, and panders to its baser inclinations. Success of this kind it will have, honorably and honestly if possible, but if not thus, have it it will, at any cost.

Is there nothing to stem this downward course of our nation? Nothing to save our boys and girls from a like fate? Yes; there is one thing, and one thing alone—religion. Only when religion again holds sway in the hearts of our people may we hope to find our men and women pure, upright, honest, faithful to God and to man. Religion, therefore, is a factor—it is the most important factor—in the education of the child. It is necessary, first, to teach the child its supernatural end, its eternal destination; to direct its thoughts above this passing world; to introduce it into that higher, that spiritual life, which it must begin to live here in this world, if it is to have the hope of continuing that life for all eternity with God. Religion is necessary, in the second place, because it alone, by its sanctions, can curb man's unruly passions, can make him strong and invincible in spite of every temptation; it alone can console him in sorrow and sustain him in affliction; it alone bridges over that awful gulf which all of us must pass when death calls us hence.

But religion, to do all this, must be something vital—something that seizes on the whole nature of a man. It must influence his whole life, and hence it must speak to the head and to the heart; it must control the affections, keep watch over the imagination, permit to the mind only useful and innocent thoughts; it must guide the conscience; it must inspire a love for virtue and a horror for sin, and it must do all this, not merely now and then, but at all times and under all circumstances. Man must learn to live under its influence, act out its precepts, think and speak according to its laws, as unconsciously as he breathes.

This being the case, what a folly to imagine that the religious needs of the child are satisfied by the half hour catechetical instruction of the Sunday School. That may possibly teach him to know the bare essentials of his faith in a superficial way; but can that

alone make religion the energizing power which it ought to be in the life of the child? If religion is later on to be an essential part of the grown-up man's life, if then it is to quicken his every thought and word and act, it must be made an essential factor in the child's life; it must be made to permeate his whole mental and moral activity; and this it will do only if it enters into his training at all times, at home and in the school, as well as in the church. Weigh that well, my dear brethren. Remember that the happiness of your children here and hereafter depends on the character of the education which they receive. Will you dare to take on yourself the awful responsibility of jeopardizing that happiness by refusing them a Catholic education, because to impart such an education implies labor and sacrifices on your part. Will you dare to weigh in the balance their immortal souls with a little gold or an imaginary worldly advantage? You have at your door Catholic schools and academies and colleges which are equal, if not superior, to all other schools in imparting the secular branches of learning; but besides that they offer your children the pearl beyond price—a thorough religious education. Can you hesitate in making your choice?

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ST. PATRICK'S PARISH, CLEVELAND

SERMON BY HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

"How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. . . . Thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God! Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord; they shall praise thee for ever and ever."—Ps. lxxxiii.

From the shades of the past, awakened by memory's wand, fifty years rise before us—fifty years of soul-service and soul-life in St. Patrick's Church.

It is well that the closing day of those fifty years be marked by solemn ceremony—in which we praise the Lord of heaven for the harvests of divine love and grace garnered during those years—in which we take to ourselves the holy resolve that the harvests of the future be not unequal to those of the past in beauty and in richness.

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Why are the churches built? Of what use are they to men? Of what value are they?

This is an age of positivism. Things are prized for their results—their bearings upon human needs and their power to satisfy those needs. To dream and to sentiment small room is allotted. Tell me, the age cries out, what the things you speak of do for me, and I will tell you what the value is which I shall set upon them.

To this age of positivism, which claims to know only the needs of human life on earth, I put my question: What is the value of churches? I shall answer it from the age's own postulates.

Build as you will, fellow-men, structures of a hundred other kinds: homes and shops, schools and justice-halls, factories and banks. All

such are needed; they minister to the demands of material life. But, fellow-men, are there not bubbling up from your being's deepest fiber other demands, which matter and all the fashions of matter do not and can not satisfy; which, in their craving for their fill, impel you upward and imperiously bid you seek satiety from invisible, supernatural regions? Written it is on holiest page, and written it is in man's nature, sculptured there in traces ineffaceable: "Not on bread alone doth man live, but on every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." That the food from the skies, so necessary to man's truest life, be grasped by the hungering soul, build, fellow-men, temples sacred to the religion of the Most High.

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I define the Church: The house of prayer.

Prayer is the rising of the soul to God in adoration and praise, in thanksgiving and petition.

The rising of the soul to God is the soul's native law. By native law the plant imprisoned in subterranean darkness speeds toward the light of day its restless vines, ever weak and colorless, until they have absorbed the coveted rays. By native law the dependent infant reaches toward the mother its tiny hands, invoking love and help. In like manner the soul of man rises toward God.

That religion—the soaring of the soul toward God, is a natural instinct of humanity, is proven by the universality of its manifestations. Never was there a people, or a tribe, without religion. The outward forms into which it translates itself are dissimilar; not seldom, even these are rude and barbarous, betraying too vividly the lowness of the mind which guided and fashioned them. But what the forms were is a question irrelevant: my thesis for the nonce is the existence of the religious instinct in human nature under all circumstances and conditions, in all ages and beneath all skies.

Forms of religion vary; religion remains the fact unchangeable. We may take notice of occurrences of our present times. There are to-day those multitudes who are willing to throw aside Christ and His revelation. Do they remain without a form of religion? This they will not, they can not do. They must, if not in one way, then in some other, move toward the invisible and the supernatural. Veiled prophets come out from the mountains of remote India; self-missioned teachers spring up in the neighboring city or village; they are the bearers, they say, of a message of religion; and hungering crowds hurry to greet them. It is but another manifestation of the religious instinct in humanity. Men may depart from established forms of religion, however rational those be; from religion itself they do not depart. Religion is universal in the life of humanity.

What is so universal in humanity as religion is no accident in its life, no mere rippling of whim or fancy upon the surface of its activities; it is a deeply imbedded law of its very nature, such that without it humanity is not itself, as the sun of the firmament is not itself if the power were not in it to give out light and heat.

That here and there individuals declare they are void of the religious instinct, goes for naught, in presence of humanity's universal ascent toward the heavens. A fact of that kind merely imposes the interrogation: Are such individuals normal parts and parcels of legitimate humanity?

From God to God—this the everlasting scroll written across the forehead of humanity.

Turn, I beg you, into close introspection of yourself the calm eye of thoughtful observation. Is there not there, in the depths of your soul, a ceaseless throbbing of dependency? No; you are not from yourself; nor are you from the beings around you, no less fragile

and fleeting than you are. And yet you are not from nothing. Your reasons speaks to the contrary. Whence then? From a Being Eternal—the Author of all else—and because the Author of all else, a Being infinite and incomprehensible, supremely good and supremely intelligent. To your throbbing of dependency, what now succeeds? The child recognizing its parent—the instinctive rush toward the eternal, in adoration and praise, in love, thanksgiving and petition. This is the vital, resistless swing of the soul, and this is religion—from God to God.

To forbid to the soul the giving of itself to God in acts of religion is to smother the imperious utterance of its self-consciousness, to repress the instinctive breathings necessary to its growth and its life.

The soul exhales itself in prayer and invocation to the infinite. In return, it takes back into itself from the Infinite something of the Infinite's own life and power. The ascent of the human to the divine, the descent of the divine to the human—these the conditions of life and growth for the soul.

Sprung upward on the wing of worship and love, the soul is in the immediate presence of truth, goodness, beauty—ideal and supreme. Being feeds from ambient atmosphere. It is the law of matter; it is the law of spirit. In proximity with the Divine, the soul inhales the life of the Divine. Ideal truth has illumined its understanding; ideal goodness has tempered its will; ideal beauty has shed splendor over its whole countenance. The soul is transformed. It returns to earth, a new entity. While still moving upon the earth, it dominates earth's possessions; it scorns and defies the miasmata of earth's mires and lowlands; it purifies earth's aspirations, and in its repeated flights toward the infinite lifts even other souls that are near it to heights of inspiration and of daring otherwise unknown and inaccessible.

Rich, too, are the free-willed gifts cast by generous Omnipotence into the treasury of the soul in reward for its acts of worship and invocation. "Better is one day in Thy courts, O Lord, above thousands." . . . "For God loveth mercy and truth; the Lord will give grace and glory. He will not deprive of good things them that walk in innocence: O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

I appeal, children of God, to the facts of your blessed experience. When did you, on bended knee, salute the Infinite, saying, "Our Father who art in heaven," without the feeling that you were rising into a higher and better life, that a new sunshine was shedding upon you its rays and warming you into sweetest and purest ethereal love? When did you, amid sorrowing moments of trial and temptation, exclaim: "My help is in the name of the Lord; O Lord, hasten to my help," without the inmost conviction that strength and comfort, such as earth does not allow, were descending into your heart, recreating it into joyousness and victory? When did you fall prostrate in adoration within the sacred precincts of the temple of religion without a thrill, as it were, from the harmonies of God's supernal abode, passing through your soul, and attuning it, in manner extraordinary, to the music of eternal truth and eternal love? When did you depart from the temple, God's house on earth, without new strength to battle with sin and misery, without new ambition to serve faithfully God, and, for God's sake, fellow-man?

The soul of man exhales itself in worship and prayer in all places and at all times; wherever and whenever it speaks to God, God listens and in answer pours out love and beneficence. But the place where heaven comes nearest to earth, where the Divine breathings meet in closest contact the breathings of the human soul, is the church, which the Lord Himself named emphatically "the Lord's

house," "the house of prayer." There all conditions unite to uplift the soul into the attitude of prayer; there soul lends to soul its upbearing wing, and prayer is no longer the secluded act of a solitary soul, but the collective flight of humanity itself; there, all the ties which link humanity to its Ruler and Father are set into activity to bring man up and to bring God down. "Where there are two or three gathered together in My name, there I am in the midst of them." This the promise of Him who came from heaven to teach us to pray. When the temple in Jerusalem was completed, and solemn consecration made of it, "the majesty of the Lord filled the house"; the Lord set there in manner most special His throne of grace, whence to give generous answer to sacrifice and petition. And if this was true of the Temple of Solomon, how much more so must it be of the Christian church, where dwells in Eucharistic love the Incarnate God of Galilee, in order that poor, trembling, suffering humanity, wrapt up physically, as it were, into the embrace of the divinity, take into itself, as its very own, the richness of the power and the glory of the divinity.

Where men are, there churches, houses of prayer, must be built, if there human life is normal and complete. Whatever other the buildings that cover the land, and proffer to men their uses, if provision is not made for man's higher and better life, man is not uplifted toward the skies: he is but a part of the clay upon which he rests his feet, a part of the matter which is his daily food; he is not man, as God created him, as his very nature fain would have him be.

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I define the Church: The house of spiritual strength and spiritual health.

Is it sufficient that man have strength and health of body, in order that his life be human; in order that the noble purposes to which he

is impelled be safely reached? Assuredly not. Man is not the tiger, nor the lion; man is a moral entity, ruled by laws of moral righteousness, and dependent upon the due observance of those laws for what within him and around him is not of the mere animal. Without morals individual man is dehumanized; the family hearthstone loses beauty and sacredness; the social organism becomes a fragile shell; the whole race of mankind is bowed to barbarism and ruin. All teachers of men proclaim the need of morals; all institutions of humanity cry out for morals; all progress and elevation in humanity rest upon morals as the solitary foundation upon which they may be built. Whence, then, do morals come? Morals are acts of the free human will. The intellect propounds principles which guide and influence the will: the will yields assent to those principles. Force from without at times is able to hold back the will from exterior manifestations of its intent; it can not control the soul in its interior life where lies the root of human morality. Decrees of legislatures and bayonets of armies never create morals.

Principles are required that reach into the fiber of the soul. What shall those principles be? The philosophy of earth has read out its principles. They are idlest theories, vain and futile barriers to the fierce passions that burn with volcanic fury in the bosom of humanity. The appeal is to the radiant beauty of virtue. But, to the eye fevered with passion, virtue loses radiance and evil puts on dazzling glow. The appeal is the welfare of society. But what cares he for society who is its castaway and the victim, as he believes, of its rules and orderings? The appeal is to the ultimate weal of the human race. But he who feels that he is the mere atom in the mass is but little disposed to do himself violence for the sake of other atoms, of which he knows nothing and for which he cares nothing. The atom is selfish, and seeks self: no promised vista of remote good to others,

removed from it by unreachable time, will deaden in it the clamorings of exacting appetite.

Philosophers, seated in an easy chair, far away from ills and fears, find slender difficulty in propounding theories of righteousness; romancing men and women, whose surroundings forbid the approach of dreaded temptation, find slender difficulty in repeating those theories of morals as the philosophy of earth proposes! What are their value: is the experiment made upon the troubled and palpitating humanity, writhing in pain and misery, to whose vision sin is opening the pathway to fields of apparent peace and pleasure. Such theories of morals as the philosophy of earth proposes! What are they to the youth maddened by wild fire coursing through his veins, and guarded, he imagines, by solitude and darkness; to the victim of grinding penury, who spies plenty in artful robbery or murder; to the shame-stricken and the unfortunate to whom self-inflicted death brings full rescue from wo and remorse? Such theories—what are they to slaves of pelf and power, vowed insatiably to avarice and to ambition, confident that cunning manipulation of men and things will not only shield from detection, but even win favor and applause. Such theories of morals as the philosophy of earth proposes—they are formulas to be toyed with in playful discussions of the problems of humanity's life; they are without weight in the practical solution of those problems.

Pitiable it is to hear the frequent discourse on the need of morals, to witness the frequent outreaching of the hand in search of enduring props on which to rest them. I do justice to my fellow-men of the present age. The gaping chasms affright them, which open daily wider and wider, as morals private and public weaken and decline amid the ever-increasing forces of matter and the ever-increasing complexities of social and civil interests; and, sorely distressed,

they cry out, in earnestness and sincerity: Whence will come to us salvation? Alas! too often the fatal mistake is theirs: where salvation is not, thither they turn.

How generous men are in building up schools and universities, in endowing libraries and fostering by all possible means the growth of mind in knowledge of the laws and secrets of nature and of the happenings of human history. Morals, it is thought, are in this manner made surer and safer. Not I who shall belittle the value of knowledge or the agencies set to work in its behalf. But this I shall say: Morals do not come from knowledge of this kind; they do not come from Nature's whole realm.

Human morals come from almighty God; and inasmuch as men are in need of morals, so are they in need of the almighty God, and of intimate intercommunion with Him.

Be there over men the living moral law—the Supreme Sovereign, imposing upon men, in His creative act, the moral law as the native law of their being, and by His omnipotent authority enforcing upon them the observance of that law. Abstractions do not dominate the will of man: laws, whatever their form, do not command, unless with the laws there be the living legislator and the Lord to sanction them, and sustain them with His authority.

The Creator, as His works demonstrate, is a God of law. Creating man, He made him subject to law—to physical law in his physical being, to moral law in his moral being. Ruling men, the God of law rewards them who follow law, and punishes them who violate it.

Those, the principles of eternal truth upon which to build human morals. Teach men to know and remember those principles. And teach them to draw down upon their souls from the skies the dews of divine grace that they have the force to follow their principles. For

man, even in the presence of the divine Legislator, is weak and in need of help that he may keep the commandments. The philosophy of earth makes the mistake of ignoring the weakness of man—weakness which man in his inner consciousness feels and understands, of which the story of humanity is an abiding confession. In vain, however, would the philosophy of earth proclaim the moral weakness of man, since it holds in hand no balm to heal his infirmities. Not so with the philosophy of heaven. The Lord of Heaven is powerful "to strengthen the feeble hands and to confirm the weak knees"; to our petitions for His love and grace He gives attentive hearing.

You perceive, my brethren, why churches are built, why men are bidden to throng their portals.

The church is the school of divine truth, the shrine of divine grace. In the church, sacred to the name of Jesus, the God-man of Galilee speaks to-day as of yore. He spoke along the shores of Genesareth: He speaks through the ministry, which He commissioned to teach all nations, with which He promised to be until the end of time. There the lessons are repeated that God is sovereign, that man's lot in eternity is conditioned upon his conduct in the present life. In the church the moral law, as it is written upon the human conscience, as it is explained and widened by the precepts of supernatural revelation, is read out in all its bearings, and its obligations, so that no uncertainty is allowed as to its meaning or its application. In the church there goes out to the soul, in return for its longings, the current of the mercies and the riches of divine life which once trickled down from Calvary's Cross upon suffering and sinful humanity.

The church is the shrine of grace. There, upon the altar, the sacrifice of the Cross is repeated in propitiation and impetration—the victim that is slain being none other than He who, because of the

reverence due Him, is always heard by the Father. There the sacramental founts are open that all who are thirsty may drink, and be refreshed and invigorated with the very nectar of heaven. In the Sacrament of Penance the bruised and wounded soul harkens to sweet pardon; in that of the Eucharist the Food of angels is our food, that the strength and the purity of angels become our strength and our purity.

Time and again we have turned away from the battlefields of life where the vision was growing dim and the moral energies were sinking backward, faint and dying amid the world's pestilential air, and, entering into the temple of the living God, felt new breathings passing over the soul that quickly restored it to vigor and health, and evoked within it new aspirations and new impulses, beneath the throbbings of which the task was easy to scorn the deadliest attacks of sin and vice, and bear off in every warfare the palm of victory for virtue and righteousness. The facts which we witness in ourselves and in others around us are the facts of universal history. Wherever the religious life was freshest and strongest, there morals reached their highest level.

That now and then, men, to whose steppings the threshold of the church is not unfamiliar, fall a prey to sin, is no argument against the moral power of religion. Free will ever remains in man; due conditions in absorbing the divine current, and in shunning the occasions of evil, are not always duly observed. The question is—what is the rule, not what is the exception? The rule is that the use of religious influences gives moral strength; the rule is that where those influences are not sought, moral weakness prevails, and defeat in moral warfare strews the ground with wreckage and death.

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I define the church: It is the house of hope.

A deepest need of the human soul, amid its strugglings over the pathway of life, is hope. O, the pathway of life! How arduous the march! It is never-ending effort, never-ending struggle! Barriers there are at every step; abysses there are beneath every footfall; clouds of dreary gloom overhang the traveler; misfortune and misery continuously assail him. Moments of calm and sunshine come but seldom. When they do come, the menace is ever with them that they are of brief duration. And then, a short way off, stands Death, sickle in hand, before whom all, whoever we are, however we are armed, must, one time or another, fall to the ground.

What is it that sustains in this wearying march the soul of man, evoking from him the effort he must put forth, holding off the heavy clouds that press downward upon him? Hope—and hope only—the vision of a goal to be reached, beckoning him to go forward despite all obstruction, offering to his troubled soul a prize worthy of his labor, and by the promise of this prize begetting comfort amid sorrow, peace and sweetness amid agonizing pain.

Man is so made that, to live, he must find in life a purpose that makes life worth the living. If the purpose before him is not real and abiding, there must be for him at least the illusion of a purpose, the phosphorescent glare which he mistakes for the planet of light, the fitful warmth of the winter air, which he vainly imagines to be the long wished for summer. But illusions do not long deceive; and when they vanish, the darkness is only the more appalling, and the despair which takes the place of hope only the more destructive in its ravages.

Is life worth living? The question is often put, and if no satisfactory answer is nigh, either life ceases or, if it still drags on, it is bereft of courage and joyousness, and while still called life, it is but the hollow and saddening echo of the grave.

Pessimism, the feeling begotten in the absence of hope, is the knell of death to all the cherished ideals of the modern positivist world—joyousness of heart, social beneficence, growth of human power and human culture. And pessimism is a lurking evil of our day. Stealthily it spreads through society its deadly poison. In the horrid atmosphere it creates souls are benumbed, happiness and progress cease, life is despised and thrown aside as an unbearable burden.

Blessed hope! What is it that will beget thee and hold thee in the souls of men? I answer—religion.

The things of earth, the fairest and the best, do not satisfy the soul. However plentifully they are given, they leave unfilled vast voids in the human heart; they last but a day; they are never offered apart from some ill, some pain; and, such as they are, the multitudes never grasp them—the multitudes are left ever thirsting, ever hungering. Illusions they are—the things of earth. Only by constant conjuring of shadows to blind and deceive is earth able to hold men upon its surface and stir them into a hectic flush of effort and of life.

An Omnipotent Father above us, bidding us toil and suffer for His sake and the sake of eternal righteousness, and holding out, as the reward of victorious struggle, the supreme bliss of the skies: this it is that begets in man's soul unconquerable hope, and gives to human life a purpose and a meaning. Heaven awaiting us—what matters the emptiness of the things of earth? What matters poverty or suffering? Heaven awaiting us, where are the terrors of death itself? Heaven awaiting us, it is easy to wrestle with temptation; it is easy to put forth effort to live and to make life profitable, whether to one's self or to others. Heaven awaiting us, pain is changed into pleasure, and darkness into light. The foreshadow of heaven robes even earth with the glow of eternity's light.

Why build churches? That heaven be brought down to men; that hope remain upon earth.

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It is, I have said, an age of positivism. Well, on the ground of rigid positivism, is there not value to churches? To the believer, the supreme value of the church is that it is the doorway to eternal life. But useful is the church to all things: "It has the promise of the life that is, and of the life that is to come." It has the promise of the life that is, and because of this promise, to an age which measures all things by their effect upon this life, by their power to satisfy its needs, I say, be there churches in the land.

America, queen of nations, queen of our heart's love, shall I speak to thee a word of warning? Build churches and see that thy people cross often their thresholds! A giant thou art in all that makes for material development and prosperity; a giant thou art in the ambition that thou be in all things, that make for social growth and grandeur, the leader and the teacher. Make, then, religion the foundation upon which thou buildest. Never did a nation grow and retain its health and strength without religion. It is history; the measure of a nation's power to to bless its people, to bless the world, the measure of its power to live and endure, was the measure of its religious convictions and its religious practises. Rome grew with its temples. Even the religion of the gods of Rome had power for the uplifting of the soul, the propagation of morals, the begetting of hopefulness, which agnosticism, mere secularism, has not and can not have. If I choose between the religion of Jupiter and Minerva and the arid, soul-drying agnosticism of modern times, I choose for my country Minerva and Jupiter; for, at least, Minerva and Jupiter bespoke a supernatural world toward which, however faintly, they bade men uplift their eyes, while agnosticism commands men to see

but black, cold clay, and to believe themselves mere atoms of clay. But loving and potent Jesus, whose pure teachings and sweet influences have given us religion stainless and undefiled, Thou reignest over America, and in Thee America will live and prosper.

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A final word with the positivism of the age, in answer to an objection which it will not fail to raise.

I admit, it will say, that the needs you speak of lie deeply embedded in the human soul; and I admit that God and heaven satisfy them, if a God and a heaven there are. But if a God and a heaven are dreams, religion is a dream, and there is no salvation for men, no satisfaction for the longings and aspirations of their souls.

That our God and our heaven are not dreams, arguments in number, from reason and history, give proof. But for the moment I seek none other than that which positivism itself affords. The argument is briefly stated. That the needs and instincts of which I speak are facts, facts which can not be denied, positivism confesses. That they are not satisfied except through God and heaven, positivism must admit. Therefore, I say, God and heaven are facts, no less than the needs and instincts which call for them.

In this world, this cosmos, as it is so rightly called, is it not the rule that, where needs and instincts are discovered, the goal toward which they irresistibly tend, is, also, discovered? What is there that the material body of man requires that is not to be found somewhere near it? What is there that the plant or the tree in the field, the mineral underground, the orb in the firmament requires for its development and completion that is not somewhere within reach? Is it in the more spiritual parts of the cosmos alone that this law fails? Is there to be in the soul of man a thirsting for the drink which has no existence, a hungering for the food which is never to be given

to it? Is the soul of man to be forever idly distressed by an impetus of itself toward something without which its moral life is not possible, and that something a mere phantom? Is it possible that in the heart of man there is such depth that the void must never be filled, its ambitions never be satiated? If so, then this cosmos is for man naught but chaos and confusion; man has no place within its orderly embrace; man is the one creature in it that its laws do not reach.

The soul never would have been to be what it is, with needs and instincts and tendencies such as inhere to it, were not those needs and instincts to be satisfied, were not those tendencies to find their goal. Nature never fails in its designs. When it fits a being for something, when it makes this being such that without that something the life is incomplete, that something is sure to be within reach.

The facts and laws of nature are the appeal of positivism; the facts and laws of nature are our argument for God and heaven; our argument for the church, the home and the shrine of religion.

How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord; Thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God! Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house, O Lord; they shall praise Thee for ever and ever.

I need not speak further to tell you what meaning there is in fifty years of soul-serving, and soul-life in St. Patrick's Church; to tell you why we should mark by solemn ceremony the closing day of those fifty years.

* * * * * * * * * *

Here, during fifty years, divine truth and grace have been poured out upon souls, fitting them for the battle of life, fitting them for the conquests of heavenly bliss. Must you not thank God for the wonders that have been wrought, and rejoice that they were wrought

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in favor of souls near and dear to you? Here worshiped your fathers and your mothers, your friends and your neighbors. Here they were consoled, strengthened, and sanctified. To-day, from the courts of the Lord in heaven, they mingle their joys and thanksgivings with your joys and thanksgivings, and unite their prayers with your prayers, that the reward which is theirs be one day your reward.

Here ministered unto the flock entrusted to them noble priests and bishops. Their names you hold in sweetest reverence—the Conlans, Vincent and James, Father Mahoney, the holy and apostolic Rapp, the heroic and indomitable Gilmour.

Shall you be worthy of former pastors and teachers? Shall you be worthy of your forefathers, the pioneers of the faith in St. Patrick's Parish? To you—give answer.

Theirs was the deep, undaunted faith of the early Catholic immigrants in America. Poor they were in goods of this world; rich they were in the graces of heaven. Hard did they struggle, amid opposition and prejudice, to raise high the standard of the faith, to transmit to their children the high-born traditions of the Catholic faith which they had borne with them as their most precious inheritance from their olden homes. Noble warriors of the faith—our early Catholic immigrants. Well it is for the Church of Christ if their sons are loyal to their lessons and examples! Times and conditions have changed. Opportunities and wealth are ours: prejudices against us have fallen to the ground: the tasks awaiting us, as Catholics, are comparatively of easy accomplishment. How much religion may expect from us—if only there remains to us the old fervor in the old faith which was the very life of our pioneer Catholics! That this fervor be ours to-day and to-morrow is the prayer which the jubilee of St. Patrick's church bids us send upward to the skies with deepest earnestness of soul.

THE ESSENTIALS OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH

Address to the Unitarians of Wollaston, Mass.

BY THE REV. THOS. I. GASSON, S.J.

There are few subjects about which so little is known by the ordinary non-Catholic as the belief and practises of Catholics. I am here to-night to tell you the essentials of our faith. I must be explicit and yet brief, for I must not go beyond the time assigned to these lectures. Hence, what I say must not be taken as a full exposition of Catholic dogma. It will only be possible to give a summary of the foundation stones upon which our belief rests. The subject will, I trust, not be without interest, for it must always be a matter of serious consideration to the intelligent observer to know what it is that binds together over 250,000,000 of people, living in separate countries, so compactly that neither persecution from without nor treachery from within can destroy their union. We have been persecuted and we have had traitors, but persecution has not paralyzed our forces nor has treachery crippled our energies, and you will find to-day men going forth to win souls to the Catholic faith with the same zeal with which St. Augustine went to England, St. Boniface to Germany, and St. Francis Xavier to the East.

Let me say, first of all, that the Catholic belief may be reduced to four essential points. These are: First, a Supreme Being exists; second, this Supreme Being has made a revelation; third, this revelation is the Christian revelation; fourth, the Christian revelation finds its direct and adequate exposition only in the teachings of the Church Catholic, to which we are bound to render unquestioning obedience.

We build, first of all, upon the existence of a Supreme Being, of a First Cause, of a Creator. To the knowledge of this we come by the light of reason. To the question: What is the ultimate cause of my being, the root of all things, the final originator of matter, motion, life? only one adequate answer can be given; namely, there exists a Being self-existent, uncaused, supreme, infinite in perfection, and with power omnipotent. If there is one truth which more than any other vividly strikes the reflecting mind, it is that there must exist a First Cause, from whom all things proceed and for whom all things were made.

This self-existent Being is only one. We do, indeed, teach a trinity of Persons in God, but there is only one divine nature, and, consequently, only one God. There can not be two Supreme Beings, as is evident even to the superficial mind. This Supreme Being is not an impersonal force, but a living, infinite, intelligence, possessing in Himself all perfection in the highest form.

The second fundamental doctrine is that this Supreme Being has revealed Himself, has unfolded truth to His creatures. If it were impossible for the Infinite to hold communication with the finite, the difficulty would arise from the part of God, from the part of man, or from the truth to be revealed. Upon close searching, it will be seen that from not one of these three points can an insuperable difficulty spring. For the Creator can surely form a way of holding communion with His subject, the creature can surely receive instructions from his Master, and the matter to be communicated can surely be grasped by a reasoning faculty. Even if the truth transcend the natural range of the mind's powers, it is not necessary for him who holds it to grasp thoroughly the intrinsic nature thereof. It is amply sufficient if the mind accepts the statement on the authority of the almighty Revealer, just as we accept the dicta of physicians and of

scientists, even when we do not grasp the intrinsic grounds upon which those assertions are based. Do we not all accept the statements of experts, even when we do not fully understand the foundation upon which those verdicts rest?

We claim, therefore that the Supreme Being can make a revelation to His creature. Nay, more, in view of the difficulties attendant upon the acquisition even of those religious truths which fall within the range of man's natural activities, we assert that a revelation was morally necessary for the human race, and this would have been morally requisite, even supposing that mankind had been left upon a purely natural plane of existence. The Catholic Church, however, teaches that man was raised to a supernatural destiny, namely, to know God directly. Our knowledge of the First Cause at present is indirect; we infer His existence from the works we behold in the universe. Our natural powers do not lead us beyond this knowledge. To know God directly, not through media, is a privilege, not a right or exigency of our nature, and this privilege our faith teaches has been granted to the race. In the light of this exalted and lofty destiny, transcending, as it does, man's natural strength, it is obvious that a revelation was absolutely necessary to man for the attainment of his end. God, consequently, we claim, has spoken to humanity. He has made revelations to the individual and to the race at large. He has spoken to the heart of man in more ways than one, and that voice is still heard if one will only pause to listen to it. He has made communications for the public at large, as to the patriarchs, the prophets, and Moses. All these are part of the message that has been communicated by the Creator, the Infinite, to His creatures, the finite. And for these messages we have credentials sufficient to win the support of earnest, deep, right-thinking men.

It is a tenet of our faith that the entirety, the fulness of those

truths which the Supreme Being desired man to know, is found only in the Christian revelation, and that all revelations that came before Christ led up to Him, that in His life and in His message and the teachings of His apostles we have the full substance of religious and spiritual truth, the sum total of those doctrines which the Infinite wished to have communicated for general knowledge, and that, therefore, with the last apostle public revelations have ceased.

Now the fulness of revelation as made in and through Christ, brings before us, according to the Catholic belief, the divinity of Christ. This we hold, is a fundamental dogma of Christianity. To understand what is meant thereby, we must not lose sight of the difference between nature and personality. Nature can be duplicated, personality never. Specifically, though not numerically, we all have the same human nature; each one has his own personality, which he never can surrender to another. We proclaim that in Christ there was an assumption of a human nature without a human personality on the part of the second Person of the Trinity. In other words, we hold that, in Christ, human nature did not blossom out, if I may use the term, into a human personality, but this human nature was taken, assumed by a divine Person, who thus in the flesh became the authoritative, divine teacher of mankind. Christ, consequently, has a twofold nature, the nature of man and the nature of God, but only one—a divine—personality.

In order to carry out His work of saving the race which had fallen through the disloyalty of its head, from its lofty estate, the Redeemer founded a society, an organization, to which the great work He had at heart was entrusted. This organization was constituted the guide of all wayfarers during their solemn journey to Eternity. By the very nature of the case it was necessary that this body or organization should be dowered with certain attributes. It must of

necessity enjoy the right to teach and to govern the faithful; it must be a guide, absolutely sure and unfailing in those matters which pertain to its charter; and it must remain strong and in full vigor in the exercise of its mission as long as time lasts.

Then, too, it must be discernible from other societies, and for this purpose it must have visible marks or signs. What are these marks? We answer that the true Church of Christ must be one, holy, Catholic, apostolic. It must be one in faith, one in union of purpose, holy—that is, the members must be called to seek the higher life, and within its membership heroic virtue must flourish; it must be a universal or world-wide society, not one hemmed in by local or national limits; it must be apostolic, tracing an unbroken commission from the days of Christ to the present time.

The Church continues the work of Christ. It guides man to his appointed destiny. Now this destiny being to the unveiled vision, to the direct knowledge of God, an end far above man's natural powers, it follows that he needs some supernatural help or strength to enable the soul to mount above the natural into the supernatural regions beyond. This help we call grace, and the channels of grace are called sacraments. There are seven of these rivers of grace, corresponding to seven phases of our natural existence, and they bear the names of Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony. They all either give or increase this spiritual strength and the soul is thus prepared for the blessed vision of the Infinite.

With regard to the individual, the Church insists most strongly upon the truth that the principle of life within man is a spiritual principle; it is something neither material nor bound by the laws of matter. Being immaterial, it is deathless, and hence it is not destroyed when death dissolves the union between the body and its

vivifying principle. The soul, consequently, lives on after it has parted from its companion, the body. As the soul's life is endless, it will be seen that the duty of every sensible member of the human family is to keep himself far from any failing which may tarnish the whiteness of his soul or weaken his spiritual vigor.

We hold, too, that a man's lot in the future life is decided by the condition in which he is found at the hour of death. If, when death strikes him, his face is turned to God, he goes on in that direction. If his face is turned away from God, he is banished forever from the divine Presence. It is left to man to choose his way; and what can the Almighty do except ratify the choice made by a free agent? No man is forced to soil his soul by crime. We do not admit anything like an uncontrollable impulse. No impulse is so strong that it can not be vanquished by a will which is fortified by the grace of God.

Here it is fitting to mention the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, or place of cleansing. For those souls who elect to die in enmity with the eternal Judge and in alienation from the call of the Holy Spirit to virtuous ways, there is nothing but everlasting banishment; for those who pass from the present time of trial without spot or stain or blemish there awaits the immediate knowledge of the Creator, without bar or veil; for those who die in trifling sins or with merited punishments unfulfilled, there is a place of temporary expiation, where by patient waiting and by painful atonement the debts incurred can be cancelled and the soul prepared for the glories and joys of paradise. When the debt has been fully paid, then the portals of heaven will be thrown open and the soul will take its place among God's elect.

These are, in brief, the essentials of Catholic faith as far as they can be touched upon in a brief address. There are many points left

unnoticed, but they can be classed under some one of the heads I have mentioned. A brief reflection will convince any one that no one can live up to the teachings and tenets of the Catholic belief without being ennobled in his own life and proving by his example a blessing to others. Would that our fellow-citizens knew us as we ought to be, and as many loyal Catholics are, and not as a persistent prejudice has depicted us!

To show how deeply colored non-Catholic views of Catholic doctrines are, let me ask you what is the general idea of one outside the Church as to the nature of an indulgence. Do they not think that it is a permission—purchased in the coin of earth—to commit moral wrong, to defy the laws of morality, to indulge in general depravity? In reality, as every Catholic child knows, it is only the partial or entire cancelling of punishment still due to crime after the guilty deed has been pardoned. This remission of temporal punishment is made by an application of the treasures of the Church on the part of those to whom these treasures of merits have been confided. Now, as a matter of fact, nearly every one is constantly acting, though perhaps unintentionally, along the lines of ecclesiastical indulgences. To forgive a delinquent for the sake of a friend, what is this but to condone a punishment on account of the merits of others, or, in other words, to apply the surplus merits of one agent to another? To grant favors to one who has merited the displeasure of the State on account of the accession of a new ruler, what is this but to grant an indulgence? It must not be supposed that the delinquent can continue on in his evil ways. It is an absolute condition for the enjoyment of this spiritual favor that the person interested should turn in sincere grief away from his misdeeds.

Another point frequently misunderstood is the doctrine of Papal infallibility. Many people imagine that we mean thereby to claim

for the Pope exemption from all moral failing; others seem to think that Papal infallibility signifies Papal inspiration, as though the Holy Father were, to use a modern expression, in telephonic communication with the heavenly powers, from whom he was constantly receiving messages to be imposed in violent terms upon a passive, timorous people.

These views are travesties of what is really taught. Infallibility is neither impeccability nor inspiration. We know that some Popes openly failed in the observance of the law, and we also know that with the last apostle the Christian revelation was closed. New definitions do not mean the addition of new doctrines, but the clear marking of boundary lines of thought, the wider unfolding of the flower of dogma. By infallibility, then, we mean that the Supreme Pontiff, in his position as teacher of the Church Universal, is safeguarded by the Holy Spirit from making a mistake in matters which belong to the domain of faith and of morals. Is this unreasonable? An absolutely sure guide must be so safeguarded that he can be implicitly trusted. We are sure that Christ did not leave us to drift with the tide in matters of belief and of right conduct, but He gave us an expert leader who could guide us, without fear of wandering, up to the highest peak of religious thought. Or, to use another figure, He gave us a life-line, by the aid of which we can venture out into the deep waters of spiritual perfection and be preserved from sinking. How comforting this doctrine is to all those who are convinced that the Holy Spirit has not suspended His action and that the Almighty has not left His creation to be the sport of wind or wave!

These brief explanations, gentlemen, will show you that Catholic dogma, when correctly understood, leads to the highest and noblest aims that human activities can have. I thank you sincerely and warmly for your courtesy and your intelligent interest.

THE NECESSITY OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Address Delivered at the University of California

BY HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP MONTGOMERY

All thoughtful men confess that great economic and social problems press upon the age for solution.

It may be said that the rights and duties between man and man are regulated and directed by law, and that this must solve all such problems. But law is supposed to be simply the reflex of the character of the individuals that make up the society over which law presides.

Now the two great factors that go to form the character of the individual, and, through the individual, the social body itself, are religion and education. Practically, therefore, the solution of these problems rests upon the educator and the churchman. There ought, consequently, to be the most perfect harmony possible between these two great agencies when so much is at stake, so that their respective influences may not be weakened.

We, of this age and country, happen to be surrounded by circumstances that generate honest differences of opinion. Owing to our differences of religious beliefs many are of opinion that religious instruction should be divorced from secular training in all schools supported by public taxation. Whereas the Catholic Church holds that a system that does so divorce religious and secular instruction is so far an imperfect system. Nevertheless she recognizes that differences of religion ought to be so provided for that the rights of all be preserved, and she believes that if we interpret properly the letter and the spirit of our institutions, a working plan may be

found by which the State may profit by all the religious forces in it, and yet not compromise the principle of withholding State aid for the teaching of religion. If this can be, it ought to be done.

Do I come here then this morning to find fault with this university because you have not here a chair of theology? By no means. This is a State institution, as every public school under State control is a State institution, and, as now organized, religion can not be taught in any of these. The State, as such, has no religion, consequently can not teach religion, and can not order it taught by any one. What, therefore, does the State pay for here? What does it demand to be taught? What does it receive? It pays for and receives a certain secular instruction for the students, which it has prescribed.

Now I say, let the State widen, broaden, and deepen this system in this sense; do not make a monopoly of secular instruction to the extent of exacting that public money be paid for secular instruction in those schools only where only secular instruction is given. What the State wants is not schools and faculties—these are but a means to an end. What it wants and what it pays for is secular training. Therefore, throw open the work of education to what we might call free competition; therefore advertise, as it were, for so much secular training and pay for it wherever given, no matter whether religion be taught there or not.

The State is not hostile to religion. Suppose two schools on opposite sides of the street, the one a public school as now called, the other a private school. In both secular knowledge of precisely the same character is given. Why should not the State pay for the secular tuition in both, even if in one of them Methodism or Episcopalianism or Catholicity were taught? Secular education is what the State wants and what it gets. Why should it concern itself as to who imparted it? Will you say the State is then paying public

money for the teaching of religion? I deny that one penny of public money goes for religious training. The secular training demanded by contract with the State is given, and self-sacrificing teachers find the time to teach something besides.

In the two schools the State may act in precisely the same manner, prescribe the curriculum, examine teachers presented by the private schools as well as those in the public school. Examine the work done and pay for it when done, and not pay for it when it is not done. What would be the result of this method? Those who really believe in dogmatic revealed religion would build schools at their own expense and would offer to the school boards teachers whose qualifications to teach the secular branches desired could be passed upon by the State. And before one penny of public money be paid the State could see that the secular instruction had been given. Having given that instruction according to contract, these teachers in their own way would impart to their pupils just that religious teaching the parents desire. And this vexed question would be solved.

Now, are those in the United States wishing some such arrangement as this of sufficient numbers to reasonably ask a respectful hearing?

I believe that at least one-third of the people do so desire. Besides the Roman Catholics and German Lutherans all over the land, who are building and supporting a system of private schools at a great sacrifice, not in protest against secular training, but in behalf of religious instruction along with secular, nearly all the leading Protestant denominations are crying out for "more religion in the school." There can not be more religion in the schools as now organized and endowed without gross violation of law.

In the modification asked it is not a change of system as such, but a widening and a broadening of it. Those who are satisfied with

the system as it is would find it precisely the same for them. The school where no religion is taught would remain.

I believe that those demanding more religion in the schools are sincere, and though I am not their spokesman, I can not conceive on their part a reasonable objection to the plan here proposed. I can not conceive a reasonable objection on the part of any one, for it is simply fair play, which we claim to be the American motto.

But let us go one step farther. Does the country need the preservation of religion? I have said the State as such has no religion, yet the State rests upon religion. The Government, at least, has always acknowledged that fact. The Declaration of Independence acknowledges a personal God, the God of nations, ruling over them with a beneficent providence, and appeals to Him to vindicate by victory the justice of revolt from the mother country. And when victory came, our forefathers asknowledged God as having answered their prayer. In both of his inaugural addresses, Washington, the spokesman of the nation, gave God the glory, and declared this people, above all other peoples, indebted to Providence for national life. And in his farewell address Washington declares that our hopes as a free people, that the protection of our property, our lives, and our reputation rests not on large armies, not on extent or fertility of soil, not on commerce; no, and not even on secular education, but on the religious obligations of an oath.

These are his words: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. . . . Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation; for life, if the sense of religious obligations desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be

conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience, both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principles."

These are words pregnant with signification in this discussion. In following out this great truth here uttered by Washington, every officer of the Government, State and Federal, from President to policeman, when inducted into office calls God to witness that he will be faithful to his trust. The judge on the bench, the juror in the box, the witness on the stand, the attorney at the bar, all give us the same assurance in the same way. If Washington was right, if the policy of the Government is right, is it not worth while to preserve this sense of the religious obligations of an oath by all the agencies we have?

Will some one say: "The State can do without religious instruction in schools. The system of schools as now organized teaches a system of natural ethics which is quite sufficient?" Let Herbert Spencer answer. In "Facts and Comments" he says:

"In many cases the Agnostic is misled by the assumption that a secular creed may with advantage forthwith replace the creed distinguished as sacred. That right guidance may be furnished by a system of natural ethics is a belief usually followed by the corollary that it needs only to develop such a system and the required self-control will result. But calm contemplation of men's natures and doings dissipates this corollary. It assumes a general intelligence capable of seeing the beneficial outcome of certain modes of conduct, and it assumes that, having perceived the good results of this kind and the bad results of that kind, men will adopt the one and reject the other. But neither assumption is true. The average intellect can not grasp a demonstration even when the matter is concrete, and still less when the matter is abstract. It can not bear in mind

the successive propositions, but collapses under the weight of them before reaching the conclusion. Dogmatic teaching alone is effective with such, and even that often fails. The dogma, "Honesty is the best policy," is commonly inoperative with the thief, since he always hopes to escape detection. Further, to hope that average men may be swayed by the contemplation of advantage to society is utterly Utopian. In the minds of those who form the slum population and most of those immediately above them, will arise the thought, 'I don't care a damn for society.' And at the other end of the social scale, among those whose lives alternate between club-rooms and game preserves, there will arise, if not so coarsely expressed a thought, yet a thought, 'Society as it is serves my purpose very well, and that's enough for me.'

"Thus the Agnostic who thinks he can provide forthwith adequate guidance by setting forth a natural code of right conduct duly illustrated is under an illusion."

Such is the estimate that Herbert Spencer places on a code of natural ethics for the everyday things of life.

Now, I do not believe that any one will contend that a system of education that excludes a code of ethics based on the supernatural can rise higher than the natural merely. And I do not think that any one will contend that such an ethical system can give a religious sanction to an oath, such as Washington claims our property, our reputation, and our lives depend on for their security.

Moreover, would it not seem that, if that "impersonal" something called the State, which has no religion, and yet which depends so essentially upon religion, could give one unprejudiced thought to the subject of its own interest, it would be thankful to have religion inculcated by those who do believe in and are its teachers, especially when they propose to do so, not only without the cost of one cent to

the State, but actually saving the State the cost of grounds and school buildings.

And as a subject of meditation, for those especially who are so sensitive on the question of sectarianism, and so fearful lest the State may be asked to pay for sectarian instruction, did it never occur to them that Agnosticism is as much a sect as Methodism? Agnosticism, for the Agnostic, is his special belief about religion, just as much as Methodism is the belief of the Methodist about religion. And since the intent of the school system, in order to be fair to all, is theoretically based on the idea that it will pay for the teaching of no man's religious belief, but practically without intending it, does, as a matter of fact, foster most tenderly the Agnostic's religious belief by the very exclusion of all instruction on supernatural religion; why should not the Methodist or any other Christian denomination consistently and logically find fault with a system that carefully provides for one sect, the Agnostic, and excludes the teaching held by all others?

Those who believe in the Christian religion are perfectly willing that the Agnostic should be protected in his political and natural right of believing and following Agnosticism for himself, but it is a little too much to ask them to support willingly, and without a murmur, a system of education whose practical working is so utterly unfair, furnishing to the Agnostic the teaching of the Agnostic religion for his children, and discriminating against the Christian religion, and even taxing the teaching of the Christian religion, and all this on the high plane of absolute fairness to all!

To us it seems passing strange that other bodies of Christians do not see the necessity of taking this logical, common-sense and true view of the matter as a means of self-preservation, and of making common cause with us, instead of depending upon the haphazard

reading of a chapter of the Bible in the schools, half the time by those who do not believe in its sacred character, the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, led many times by those who do not believe in the "Lord," and the delivery of a baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class at the end of the year by some minister of the Gospel.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

Address Delivered at the Installation of a New Organ

BY THE REV. JAMES WILSON

The charms of melody in simple airs
  By human voices sung are always felt;
  With thoughts responsive careless hearers melt,
Of secret ills which our frail nature bears.
  We listen, weep, forget. But when the throng
Of a great master's thoughts, above the reach
Of words or colors, wire and wood, can teach
  By laws which to the spirit world belong.
When several parts to tell one mood combined
  Flash meanings on us we can ne'er express,
Giving to matter subtlest powers of mind,
  Superior joys attentive souls confess;
The harmony which suns and stars obey
Blesses our earth-bound state with visions of supernal day.

Marchesa d'Ossoli.

Very Rev. Father, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen: How true are the words of this beautiful poem! To verify them we need only appeal to our own experience. Have we not, at times, when listening to the sweet strains of music, felt joy increased or sorrow soothed in our soul, courage afforded and hope inspired in the hour of affliction? Perhaps a taste is thus given to us of that joy and happiness which were originally ours before the harmony between God and the soul was broken by the discordant note of sin. For, in Sacred Scripture, we are told that God made man a little less than the angels, and that the language of heaven is music, that the celestial spirits standing before the great white throne incessantly sing:

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, the heavens and the earth are full of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest."

Of all enjoyments, then, music is the most heavenly, and, therefore, the most spiritual. This evening we shall dwell briefly upon a certain phase of it, namely, its influence upon the soul. The theme is suggested to us spontaneously by the sweet tones of the magnificent organ, which your generosity and energy have caused to be erected in this church. We find the root of this influence in an analysis of man. Man is composed of a twofold element, material, *i. e.*, the body, with its five senses, and spiritual, namely, the soul with its faculties of memory, will, and understanding. The soul may exist independently of the body, but in this life is so united to the body that every impression is experienced through the medium of the senses. All pleasure and pain come to the soul by the avenues of sense. The eye, the master sense, appeals more directly to the intelligence, stirring us to think. For example, our divine Saviour, wishing to impress upon His hearers the fact of divine Providence, pointed to the lilies of the field and said: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin. And yet, I say to you, that not even Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these. Now if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven: how much more you, O ye of little faith." The ear seems to appeal more to the heart, to the emotions. Who has not experienced this when listening to the sympathetic tones of a pious speaker reciting, for instance, the story of our Lord's sufferings upon the Cross?

Our Holy Mother, the Church, understanding how easily man's heart is won by the hearing, has endeavored from time immemorial, by the sweet strains of sacred music, to elevate and purify the imagination, and, by so doing, win the heart to God. What is better

calculated to do this than, for instance, the touching melody of the Preface of the Mass? When the melody of this beautiful address to God is well-rendered, we seem in spirit, like Jacob of old, to see the heavens open and angels ascending and descending.

In introducing music in her sacred functions, the Church is only following the plan of her divine Creator and Founder. When God created the world He introduced into it natural musicians—the feathered songsters of the field. Their purpose in creation was to delight man by their tuneful lay, and appeal to him to join with them in the singing of the praises of God: "Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous works."

Man is naturally captivated by music. By it the mother instinctively soothes the babe at her breast.

> "The mother, taught by Nature's hand,
> Her child, when weeping, will lull to sleeping,
> With the tender songs of her native land."

To the wretched and unhappy, music acts the part of a sweet consoler. Indeed, the first musician mentioned in Sacred Scripture is a descendant of the unhappy Cain, named Tubal, "who was the father of those who play upon organs and musical instruments." God, in His mercy, permitted this inspiration to lighten the sorrow and grief of that outcast and despised race. God did not deny the solace of music even to the ungrateful King Saul. When Saul abandoned God an evil spirit troubled him, and at times he was seized with such deep melancholy that no one could console him. The men of Israel sought and brought to him the skilful harper David David played in the presence of the king, when the fits of dejection came upon him, with such effect that the evil spirit departed and Saul was comforted.

In the slavery days of our own country, now, thanks to God, happily past, the only consolation the negro seemed to have had was to sit outside his rude cabin, after his day of hard toil, and pour out his spirit to the strains of the banjo or guitar. The words and melodies composed by the sympathizers of the slave truly echo his sadness. They are fresh in the mind even to-day. Who is not familiar with the songs, "Nellie Gray," "The Suwanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," and many other touching Southern airs? These songs, upon the lips of every one, aroused sympathy for the negro, and, to a great extent, were instrumental in obtaining his freedom. He spoke, in a great measure, truly, who said, let him make a nation's ballads, and he cared not who made her laws*

What shall we say of music's magic influence in nerving the soul to deeds of patriotism and valor? Let us take the soldier. All day long, perhaps, he has had a forced and cumbersome march. At nightfall he rests his wearied form upon the bare ground. In the morning he is aroused by the bugle call. Soon the battle is on. For hours, advancing and retreating, he faces death in various forms, until, at length, nature overtaxed, he sinks upon the ground. The national hymn is struck up. He listens—with almost superhuman effort arises, plunges into the thickest of the fray and sweeps his enemy from the field. This scene was enacted many times in the battles of our country. So great a faith had the early Irish in music's inspiring power in warfare, that they never went upon a hostile

*Time wrecks the proudest piles we raise;
The towers, the domes, the temples fall;
The fortress crumbles and decays;
One breath of song outlasts them all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES to Rev. S. F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

expedition unless accompanied by their musicians and bards. Their spirit is touchingly portrayed in Moore's poem, "The Minstrel Boy."

> The minstrel boy to the war is gone;
> In the ranks of death you'll find him;
> His father's sword he hath girded on,
> And his wild harp slung behind him.
> "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
> "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
> One sword at thy rights shall guard,
> One faithful harp shall praise thee."

When words and other means have failed to conciliate, music has had effect. A striking incident is related in this connection. When the Jesuit Fathers went to evangelize the tribes of South America, they found the Indians arranged in hostile attitude upon the shore, with bows and arrows pointing, ready to pierce them if they dare come near the shore. The Fathers spoke to them, outstretched their hands, strove in every way possible to show that they were messengers of peace. Every effort was unavailing. Finally, one of the priests, who had a musical instrument, began to play it. He played a sacred hymn. Soon the other Fathers in chorus began to sing it. The boat glided slowly down the river. Led captive by the entrancing melody, the Indians, dropping their weapons, followed silently along the shore. When the music ceased the savages with outstretched hands signaled them to come upon the shore and gladly welcomed them. Thus, by means of music, the light of Christianity and divine faith were brought to these poor savages. So, when we consider the nature of music, we find that its power is marvelous. We find it most powerful in stirring up man's affections and passions, most pleasing and hope-inspiring, and capable of winning man's heart and encouraging him to great and noble efforts. With truth

can it be said that music, and especially sacred music, flashes "meaning on us we can ne'er express"; and when listening,

> "Superior joys attentive souls confess;
> The harmony which suns and stars obey,
> Blesses our earth-bound state with visions of supernal day."

Who can predict the results, then, which will follow from the erection of this magnificent organ! By its charming resonance we will be enabled to appreciate the celestial melodies of the Church. May its sweet tones fill us with heavenly joy and serve to strengthen our faith and love for God and His Church! If the soldier by national music is inspired to do great things for his country, may we be inspired by the sacred music flowing from this organ to do great things in the service of God. When the priest intones in the Mass, *"Gloria in excelsis Deo"* ("Glory be to God [on high] in the highest"), and the organ and choir take up and carry on the grand strain, *"et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis"* ("and on earth peace to men of good will"), may we be carried back in spirit to that first Christmas night when the heavenly choir sang the message to the wondering shepherds; and may we, like the shepherds, hasten and prostrate ourselves in spirit before our God, and vow to Him our good will, that as far as in us lies His will "be done on earth as it is in heaven."

In conclusion, I congratulate your worthy priests, Fathers Kahlen and Dougherty, and you, dear people of this parish, upon the happy result of your efforts. This grand and useful ornament seemed to have been the one thing wanting to complete this beautiful edifice and make it a tabernacle befitting the presence of God. You may say, with David, "I have loved the beauty of thy house; the place where thy glory dwelleth." Indeed, not merely the glory of God

dwelleth here, but God Himself. In beautifying His house, you have shown your love for God Himself. May He, in turn, give you in eternity that indescribable reward, "that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him."

THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

Address to the Knights of Columbus

BY THE REV. J. G. ANDERSON

"I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called faithful and true, and with justice doth he judge and fight. And the armies that are in heaven followed him on white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And he hath on his garment and on his thigh written: King of kings and Lord of lords."—Apoc. xix, 11-16.

You have assembled this evening at vespers service to give expression to your religious faith as a Catholic organization and to honor the memory of the saintly Christian knight, Columbus, under whose name your order has enrolled itself. There is another title given to your order, and that is you are knights. What a beautiful name is this! Have you ever reflected on the dignity and what the title of knight signifies? It stands for all that is noble, upright, and pure in the character of true manhood.

In the age when knighthood was in flower, a knight meant a man of noble mind, of courageous will, of undaunted spirit, unblemished honor, and religious faith. Chivalry had thus developed knighthood into an institution with its various grades and degrees.

It may be interesting as well as instructive to review briefly the work of this institution. At the age of seven the aspirants for knightly honors were sent to the court of some great lord or baron, where they were instructed in the rules and customs of chivalry, and a regular scheme of education was mapped out for them. Here they at once learned the whole discipline of their future profession, and imbibed its emulous and enthusiastic spirit. From the age of seven to fourteen they were called pages, and at fourteen years of

age they bore the name of squire. They were instructed in the management of arms, in the art of horsemanship, and in exercises of strength and activity. They became accustomed to obedience and courteous demeanor, serving their lord or lady in offices which had not yet become derogatory to honorable birth. This habit of obedience was a splendid preparation for subsequent command. The progress to knighthood, however, was long and gradual. Everything that favored gallantry was scrupulously maintained. The young scions of chivalry accompanied their masters to the tournament, where the sight of feats in horsemanship and prowess in arms awakened in their young minds enthusiasm for the knightly career.

Having passed through the several stages of page and squire, and having learned the qualities becoming a true knight—namely, valor, loyalty, gallantry, courtesy, obedience, and religious faith, they were then ready to be advanced to the dignity of knighthood. This honor was generally conferred at the age of twenty-one, and the ceremonies of the accolade were most solemn and impressive. While their training had been influenced by Christian teaching, they were made especially to realize by the religious ceremonies of investiture that the ideal knight must be a true Christian—one possessed of every virtue that could ennoble and adorn. The candidate was, therefore, obliged to spend the night in prayer and meditation, as a preparation for the reception of the Sacraments. Clothed in a white robe to signify the purity of his life as a knight, he entered the chapel, where he took his vows to defend the honor of God and His Church, to protect the orphans, the widow, the defenseless, and to stand for truth and right. On bended knee, before the altar, he made his vows and received from the knights and ladies present the badges of his new office, his spurs, cuirass, coat of mail, and his sword, while the most distinguished chevalier present dubbed him knight. To do honor to

his knighthood he must now be prepared to perform some gallant act, and he was scarcely considered to have merited fully the title until he had achieved some noble deed. Whether he had passed through the various degrees of page and squire to knighthood, or had won his spurs on the battlefield, when once honored with the title of knight he stood equal to the king or to those of noble birth, and was honored as such by all. This was the Christian soldier that chivalry developed; this was the ideal knight, who stands forth as the strong and striking character of that age of chivalry; not the knight errant, nor the grossly maligned character of the knight as depicted in the romances of minstrels and troubadors. No! he was the knight of spotless life, of Christian faith, of dauntless courage, of unblemished honor, faithful to his word, loyal and true, like the knights of King Arthur who had avowed

> "To reverence the King as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.
> To break the heathen and uphold the Christ.
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs.
> To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
> To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

It is, however, during the Crusades that we find exemplified the true character of the knight, for chivalry then acquired its full vigor as an order of personal nobility. The connection which chivalry had with feudal tenure and service become, in a great measure, effaced and forgotten in the splendor and dignity of the new form which it assumed. At the moment of the Crusades, Europe and Christianity were threatened. The Cross and the Crescent were enemies, irreconcilable by nature. The one power threatened to destroy the other. The one represented progress, development, life, and civilization; the other, stagnation, retrogression, and darkness.

The East threatened to overrun and destroy the civilization of the West. What course should Christians pursue to avoid the dangers which threatened them? The problem was solved by the Crusades. Strange as it may seem, there does not exist in the annals of history an event so colossal as the Crusades. It was the expression of a great European necessity.

What a grand and immortal movement is this, when nations, inspired by a religious idea, arise and unite against a common foe! They march across deserts, bury themselves in countries with which they are unacquainted, and expose themselves to sufferings, dangers, and death. And for what purpose? Was it for the balance of power or for self-aggrandizement, and the extension of their possessions? No! it was not for miserable self-interest—it was not for worldly glory or honor. It was for the welfare of religion and Christianity. "God wills it!" was the cry, and from every land came forth the knights, prompted solely by the spirit of faith, pledging themselves to this sacred cause.

> "A glorious company, the flower of men
> To serve as model for the mighty world,
> And be the fair beginning of a time."

Under many a cuirass of steel were hearts burning with love of God and zealous for the religion of Christ. Sacrificing all ties of home and friends, renouncing all that the world could offer, they fearless march forth to battle. No danger affrights them—no journey fatigues—no sacrifice is too great for them to make in this holy cause. Bravely they battle against the Saracens in their eager desire to possess the tomb of Him who expired on the Cross for the salvation of the human race. "When compared with this enthusiasm and zeal," say a certain writer, "what becomes of the lofty deeds of the Greeks, as chanted by Homer? Greece arises to avenge an

injured husband, but Europe to redeem the sepulchre of Christ." In this materialistic age we are surprised at men thus sacrificing home and friends, and journeying forth to the East in defense of these sacred places. While we marvel at the exploits and achievements of these knights of the Middle Ages, we can not imagine how men could have been prompted to enter into such movements where apparently so little was the gain and so great the sacrifice.

But those were the ages of faith, when men's lives were influenced by the teachings of Christianity and their first thought was for God and the Church. In the East to-day, thousands of Christians are slaughtered by Mussulman soldiers, and the different nations look on aghast, and hesitate, through selfish and commercial interests, to raise an arm in their defense. The religious enthusiasm which called forth the Crusades inspired the knights to glorious efforts and noble deeds. The religion of Christ was the only power which they acknowledged. This Church had enchanted their imagination by the splendor and magnificence of her temples, by the majesty and pomp of her worship. She had filled them with astonishment by placing before their eyes the most sublime virtues. She had convinced them of the holiness and divinity of her mysteries and precepts, and inspired them with respect and admiration; and, exercising a powerful influence in their minds, had enkindled enthusiasm and produced heroism. It is glorious to read the annals of that noble band of knightly warriors who stemmed the tide of this barbarian invasion and rescued Europe from blight and ruin. We marvel at their dauntless courage and their loyal efforts to rescue these sacred places and the tomb of Christ. The better to fulfil their duties as knights, they organized themselves in different military orders, and bound themselves by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience to devote themselves wholly to the service of God. Thus the Knights

Templars, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Teutonic Knights, were established to care for the sick and the destitute, to assist distressed pilgrims, and to wage war against the Saracens. Like the Knights of King Arthur,

> "This was to be for love of God and men
> And noble deeds—the flower of all the world."

It was this noble outpouring of religious zeal that made kings leave their thrones, princes their castles and estates, to fight in this glorious cause. It was this same spirit that made the saintly Louis, King of France, Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward the First, King of England, and others leave their kingdoms and journey to the Far East for the defense of sacred places and the welfare of Christianity. The valor, the gallantry, the generosity of soul, the high regard for honor and loyalty and religious faith, which were the qualities of a true knight, were displayed by many a knight of the Crusades.

In that galaxy of heroes we find Godfrey de Bouillon, Robert of Normandy, Count Robert of Flanders, Count Raymond of Toulouse, Hugh, Count of Vermandois, Baldwin,Tancred, and a host of others, whose brilliant deeds have shed luster on the fair name and dignity of knighthood. What more beautiful act than that of Godfrey de Bouillon, who, when he was proclaimed King of Jerusalem, refused to wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns! Declining the title of king, this hero simply styled himself, "Protector of the Holy Sepulchre." This was the generous, noble spirit of the knight, and this is what knighthood stood for in those glorious ages of the past. Edmund Burke, deploring the fact that the age of chivalry was gone, thus writes, as one who inscribes an epitaph on the monument of a chivalric era:

"The age of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded,

and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of heart which kept alive even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom; the unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone. It is gone—that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

With the Crusades the institution of chivalry passed away; but not the spirit of chivalry. It is true that the Crusades failed in their purpose of establishing a permanent dominion in Jerusalem, but they succeeded in rolling back the tide of Mohammedan conquest for upward of four centuries, and thus saved Europe from the frightful horrors of devastation and destruction. Far from being an act of barbarism and rashness, the Crusades are justly regarded to-day as a necessary policy which, after having secured the independence of Europe, gave to the Christian nations a most powerful impulse in the career of civilization. They changed the face of Europe and lifted men from the narrowness and pettiness of their territorial surroundings and taught them the lesson of a common brotherhood. Through the enlightenment resulting, and the liberty achieved by the vassal, the feudal system passed away, and nations arose from these peoples, fruitful with life and activity. They gave a stimulus to commerce, art, literature, and industry, but most of all they inspired men with lofty and generous Christian enthusiasm. While the institution of chivalry passed away, the beautiful qualities of manly virtue, valor, humanity, courtesy, justice, and honor survived. The spirit of Christian charity which the knights had so wonderfully

manifested in their efforts to rescue the helpless from captivity, to protect the orphans and widows, and assist the sick and poor, found its fullest development at home in the different religious orders that were established for these various needs.

When Europe had finally recovered from the excitement of the Crusades, and the nations were developing into life and fruitful effort, there suddenly appeared on the scene a Christian knight who, with a stupendous project, again startled the various Powers. He promised to open a new world by discovering a western passage to the Indies, and, therefore, sought for help to carry out his project. In vain he appealed to the various Christian powers. His promise of a new world was met with derision. Courageous, resolute, and undismayed, he persevered in his efforts until at last he met with encouragement and help from the court of Spain.

In the soul of Columbus there still survived the spirit of the Christian knight and Crusader. The desire that was nearest his heart and occupied all his thoughts was the great affair of the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre. In his letters to the Pope, and to the King and Queen of Spain, he outlined his wonderful plan, namely, that with the gold obtained by his discovery of distant lands, he had vowed to assemble a vast army, and again arouse Europe to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Turks, for this Mussulman power once conquered, the greatest obstacle to Christianity would be removed, and the whole world would then be opened to the heralds of the Gospel, and the way prepared for the conversion of all nations. This was the grand and vast scheme which Columbus had conceived and which his magnanimous heart attempted to carry out.

In this America which Columbus discovered, a new world was opened whose fertility, riches, and resources astonished Europe.

Little did Columbus think that in this far distant land a mighty nation would one day spring up which would prove a potent factor in the world, for the benefit of civilization and Christianity. Little did he dream that a band of knights rallying under his name and imbued with the spirit of the knights of old would rise up in this fair land and pledge themselves for the religion of Christ, for the good of their fellow-man and the welfare of society.

The age of chivalry has not passed. There is still the duty for men to be generous, faithful, and noble, indifferent to their own selfish interest, full of high honor, truthful, and just, not aiming to follow the erring multitude, but emulous of imitating the example of the Christian knights of old. No! The spirit of chivalry still remains to inspire lofty aims, exalted sentiments, and deeds of chivalrous daring and heroic self-sacrifice as worthy of eternal remembrance as those that graced the lives of a Godfrey, a Tancred, or a St. Louis. We have only arrived at the golden age of chivalry. It is nobleness of character and nobleness of deed that constitute the Christian knight of to-day. A far nobler cause exists for him than that of striving for an earthly Jerusalem and the rescue of the tomb of Christ. It is the conquest for eternal life. In this conquest it is character that wins true knighthood. He must prove his title of knight by virtuous conduct, noble deeds, heroic acts, and generous self-sacrifice. He must, by a truly Christian life, show himself a Christian knight in the battle of life, in the conflict with sin, in the struggle for eternal life. He must seek Christ through faithfulness to His teachings, through union with Him in love, purity, and grace.

What is the Holy Grail in legend and story but an emblem of seeking Christ in the Holy Eucharist and an allegory prefiguring the strife for eternal life and the perfection necessary to attain it? The Knights of King Arthur, in seeking the Holy Grail, learn that it is

only the knights of stainless honor and of spotless purity who can hope to merit the reward of that quest. When the light of God's grace descends upon these men of prowess, and the fire of God's love becomes enkindled in their souls, they leave the gayeties of joust and tournament and the excitement of knightly adventure to follow the spiritual life typified in the quest of the Holy Grail. Nothing can hold them back, neither the cynical sneers of a Modred nor the appeal of an Arthur. They lose themselves that they may save their souls. They seek, through repentance, fasting and prayer, to live the spiritual life and enjoy this vision of Christ. While this happiness is denied to Sir Launcelot and others who had sinned, "for the quest was not for these," it is given to Sir Galahad and Sir Percival to enjoy, because purity and grace dwelt in their unsullied hearts and innocent lives. It was in the Eucharist that this vision is first vouchsafed to the eyes of faith:

> "And at the sacring of the Mass—I saw
> The holy elements alone; but he
> Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw the Grail,
> The Holy Grail descend upon the Shrine—
> I saw the fiery face as of a child
> That smote itself into the bread and went."

But it is true, however, in the Heavenly City the true vision is enjoyed:

> "My time is hard at hand
> And hence I go; and one will crown me king
> Far in the Spiritual City; and come thou, too,
> For thou shalt see the vision—when I go."

You, too, as Christian knights, must seek the Holy Grail in the Sacrament of the Altar, for it is here that strength and grace are given in the spiritual life. This is the Holy Grail, in quest of which

you must with purity of heart seek Christ for the salvation of your souls.

Yes; it is only through penance and prayer, through sorrow for sin, through union with Him, in purity and grace, that Christ will crown you king "far in the Spiritual City" and reward you with the blessing of the Beatific Vision.

Prepare yourself, then, for the quest. Let the light of God's grace shine forth in all your deeds. In this strife for eternal life the knight must be faithful to his God and true to his conscience. He must so regulate his life and conduct as to sustain in heaven's all-seeing eye:

> "Before his fellow-men—in his own sight
> With graceful virtue and becoming pride
> The dignity and honor of a Christian man."

Spotless integrity in the sight of God is the true conception of Christian honor and nobleness of character. The man who reverences his conscience and his God, who is penetrated with a deep sense of the holiness and majesty of God, will live nobly, act courageously, and prove faithful and true. There can be no nobility of character otherwise. The man who ignores the commands of God, who is false to his conscience, will ignominiously fail in the battle of life and the struggle for eternity. "For God and Religion" is still the motto of every knight. Loyalty to Christ and His Church—this is your duty. Nobleness of character in a Christian knight demands this loyalty. You are soldiers of Christ. You have sworn fealty and allegiance to Him. The Cross is your banner and the crucified Saviour your King and Chief.

You are fighting in a far nobler cause than that of conquering an earthly Jerusalem, for you are engaged in the strife for eternal life.

Do not be disheartened. Do not prove a coward and retreat to the enemy's camp. Do not prove a straggler in the ranks and fall by the wayside.

Be noble and true, proud of your high dignity as Christian knights, and live up to the teachings of Christ. "Seek the things that are above, not the things of earth." Have courage to do right and resist evil. Be generous and devoted to truth and justice. Be loyal to the Church and her teachings. Love her as dearly as Christ loved His spouse. Let her aims and interests be yours. Be proud of your faith in that grand old Church that has withstood the storms of ages and resisted the assaults of her enemies. She stands for all that is pure, holy, true, and just in this life. She is the ark of salvation, the safeguard of society, and the greatest moral force in the world. Listen to her teachings and obey her commands. Loyalty to her is loyalty to Christ, for He has appointed her the guardian and teacher of His truths and the dispenser of His graces. This, then, is your duty:

"To follow the Christ—the King—
Live pure—speak true—right wrong—follow the King!
Else wherefor born?"

THE DIVORCE EVIL

Address to the Ohio Congress of Mothers

BY THE REV. GILBERT P. JENNINGS

Of the various topics selected for discussion at the recent Ohio Congress of Mothers, none was more timely or more interesting than the various views presented at the last session on "The Influence of Divorce on the Home." The audience was large and attentive, and the theme was ably treated by various speakers.

The Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, pastor of St. Agnes' Church, presented the position of the Catholic Church on the divorce question.

Father Jennings' address follows in full:

President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I deem it a rare pleasure to be able in this place, and before this important gathering, to have the opportunity of explaining the position of the Catholic Church on the question under discussion.

According to our varied callings we may be interested in different things, but our very existence establishes our interest in everything pertaining to the sanctity and stability of the home. When, therefore, either by legal interference or by human passion the integrity of the home is menaced, all who value our national life and the sources of its strength can not be indifferent to the social evils that threaten its ruin.

It is not unimportant, and certainly not by chance, but in the very nature of things, that the women of the country who, more than any one else, are the victims of divorce, are coming together with all the devotion and courage of a consecrated soldiery to do battle for the inviolability of Christian marriage.

More than thirty years ago branches of the Confraternity of Christian Mothers, with aims and purpose almost identical with those

of your distinguished organization, were established by the Church in this country. It is a pleasure, therefore, to welcome the Congress of Mothers to the ranks of those who are willing to do something in a practical way for the preservation and peace of families.

Marriage is of divine origin, and for that reason, while the gentlemen who have preceded me have purposely passed the consideration of the religious phase of the divorce question, I will not be blamed as a priest of the New Dispensation, if I take the liberty of introducing God into His own world and insisting that no discussion of divorce or anything else pertaining to marriage can be final until He or His representatives are heard. Just because marriage is of God, the last word on the question belongs to Him, for here, as in everything else, any pronouncement of which we can say, "Thus saith the Lord," is more important than the combined opinions of all mankind, however much of wisdom they may seem to possess and however much to pride and human weakness they may pander.

Marriage is essentially between two. We can not conceive of any acceptable condition in which man's affections—the kind of affection implied by marriage—can be shared by more.

Of its very nature it is such a surrender of mind and heart and will and love and spirit and flesh that for this reason every other tie must be broken and a man must leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. Made male and female from the beginning—two in one flesh—the complement of each other corporally and spiritually, they form a union so sacred, so absolute and complete that even human judgment revolts from any conclusion that would permit of total separation or divorce.

And because marriage is the very corner-stone of the social structure, it can not be hedged about with too many safeguards. A veritable holy of holies, it should be walled about by seven times

seven walls of jealous care to keep it in unsullied and unbroken purity.

From the divine origin and purposes of marriage, in the eyes of the Church the divorce question is a moral question. In some of its consequences it may affect social conditions, and in so far the State may deal with it, but in itself it is essentially within the domain of the natural and moral law, and the determination of it belongs to the Author of the moral law. It is all-important, therefore, to learn just what God Himself says about marriage and divorce, and I assume that with this Christian audience He is in honor and the court of last appeal.

Our Lord came to the world at a time when the human race had fallen to the lowest depths of degradation. There was no law that men had not broken or turned against its purposes. Not only in the pagan world, but even among the chosen children of God woman was without honor in the homes of men—the slave of her husband. Young girls were bought and sold like chattels. Even rabbis sought the privilege of marrying for a day.

At that very time the question of divorce was under discussion in Judea, one school holding to laxity and another for more restriction. The Pharisees, who were always trying to entrap our Lord, knowing that whatever He said He was sure to antagonize some one, tempting Him, asked Him, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?"

To establish the very point that I am contending for, He went back to the very foundations of the human race to show that both in nature and in God's words the marriage tie was to be permanent.

"Have you not read that he who made man from the beginning made them male and female? For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one

flesh. Therefore, now they are not two, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The inference from this answer for the inviolability of the marriage tie was so plain that His enemies, wishing to defend themselves and entrap Him, said, "Why, then, did Moses command to give a bill of divorce?"

"Moses did not command," He answered them, "but on account of your hard-heartedness he permitted it." But he added, "It was not so from the beginning."

"And I say to you that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry again, committeth adultery; again he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery."

It was not the answer passion demanded, and it was not what they had grown to consider as lawful, but it was the higher law to which He came to invite them. This was conclusive.

Even His own disciples could not understand anything so contrary to accepted custom, unless He did not want them to marry at all. They waited until they were alone with Him and said to Him, "If the case of a man with his wife be so," namely, that he could not dismiss her and marry again without adultery, "it is not expedient to marry."

St. Mark, recording what happened on this occasion, makes our Lord say the same thing, but makes reference to no exception to the condemnation. St. Paul even more clearly gives the law on this question. After extolling virginity, in his first epistle to the Corinthians (vii, 10, 11), he said, "But to them that are married, not I but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband, and if she depart that she remain unmarried or be reconciled to her husband." If for cause, therefore even adultery, a man be permitted to put away his wife, he can not marry again. Then,

to show that death might release a man, and nothing else, in the seventh chapter of his Epistle to the Romans he says, "For the woman that hath a husband, whilst her husband liveth is bound to the law, but if her husband be dead she is loosed from the law of her husband. Therefore, whilst her husband liveth she shall be called an adulteress if she be with another man, but if her husband be dead she is released from the law of her husband, so that she is not an adulteress if she be with another man."

Every one of these texts is a declaration for the stability of the marriage contract and against the assumption that either husband or wife may marry again during the lifetime of the other. This is the law of God and this is the interpretation of the Catholic Church that has witnessed Christianity from the beginning.

Marriage between Christians is indissoluble except by death. One wife or none at all is the law. And because the law was hard, difficult for human frailty, the grace of God was necessary. For this reason St. Paul says that under the new dispensation the union is a supernatural union, therefore not only a contract, but a Sacrament conferring the necessary grace to enable man to fulfil his responsible duties.

This sacramental character makes God a necessary factor in the compact, so that besides the contract between husband and wife there is introduced a supernatural element that raises it to a dignity to which, without God, it could not reach, and from which, without God, it can not depart.

In its very nature impenetrable, the marriage contract is one that no human power can interfere with. For within the sanctuary of heart and will and conscience the civil power can not enter, and herein is the source and essence of the marriage compact. God alone can enter there. He alone can set aside what He has estab-

lished, and to emphasize this truth and forestall every kind of interference from Church or State, or any one else, He says, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

From this Catholic point of view, therefore, we have little patience with legislators or civil judges or churchmen who attempt to annul a contract over which they have absolutely no jurisdiction.

We do not deny that the State has something to say about the marriage of its citizens. It has a great deal to say about it. Every family is a unit in society, and the State is necessarily concerned about certain consequences of marriage, the preservation and increase of children, property rights, etc. Of these she has a right to take cognizance and legislate, but her domain is essentially in externals. No one will pretend that she has any jurisdiction over minds and hearts, but it is in this inner sanctuary—with God Himself a party to the compact—that marriage is established.

As far as its consequences are concerned there are three parties to the marriage contract. First of all the man and woman, the sacramental element, and the State. For this reason, in order to nullify the compact, it is not enough for the married couple to agree between themselves and not even with the State, but God, the maker of the marriage law, must also consent to it. His refusal is positive, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Within its own sphere the State may regulate the divorce evil as it would the social evil—drive it like an impure thing within limitations—but that only emphasizes its criminality and puts in bolder relief the justice of the Catholic position in dealing with divorce as an evil in itself which deserves no toleration and should receive no quarter from the Church that has stood like a bulwark of defense against the encroachments of passion or self-interest or anything else that weakens the foundations of human society.

The State has no rights, in so far as the essence and indissolubility of marriage are concerned, any more than it has a right to release men from the commandment not to lie or to kill or to steal or to commit adultery. For by divine declaration "if a man putteth away his wife and marry again he committeth adultery."

And when we know that there is something in the stability of marriage that makes men faithful and ashamed in the presence of infidelity and vice, and that repeated divorce prepares them for the shamelessness that puts sensuality in honor and degrades womanhood to the lusts of the slave-buyer, the mystery is how courts of justice or legislatures or church conferences can oppose divine wisdom and stand unmoved in the presence of an evil that has destroyed wherever it has been tolerated, and instead of building up and strengthening the barriers that hinder it, vie with one another in trying to make loopholes and pretexts through which those who have grown tired of duty and who plan to violate their plighted vows may be assisted in their perfidy.

St. Ignatius Martyr, and Justin and Tertullian and Augustine and the early fathers of the Church, did not hesitate to denounce as adulterous marriages which the State permitted, and when virtuous and God-fearing men and women in our day—earnest and honest interpreters of the divine law—learn to call things by their right names, when adultery shall have no more honor than forgery or robbery or murder or drunkenness and such like—and this new leprosy shall be banished like an unclean thing from society—then will divorce become more unpopular and marriage attain to the permanency and place of honor which in God's plans were intended.

I do not care to go into the objection generally raised by non-Catholics about the exception made in the Gospel of St. Matthew by which it is claimed that adultery on the part of either of the married

couple is a valid reason for releasing the innocent party and allowing him or her, as the case may be, to marry again, except to say that the Catholic Church interprets this exception to apply to that clause in the sentence which refers to a man leaving his wife; it names infidelity as the only legitimate reason, but it does not give any right to marry again. St. Mark makes no exception whatever to the condemnation of remarriage. St. Luke is equally sweeping in his denunciation of it. St. Paul absolutely precludes the idea by saying that if the married wife leave, she must remain unmarried or be reconciled, and that a wife shall be called an adulteress if she be with another during the life of her husband. His disciples clearly understood Him to make remarriage impossible for the man who put away his wife even for fornication, because they said if that was the law it was expedient not to marry at all.

Then the text: "Whosoever putteth away his wife except for fornication committeth adultery, and he who married her that is put away committeth adultery," either meant that fornication released from the contract, or it did not. If it did not, then there is no question in dispute. If it did, then not only the husband was released, but the wife also. If he was not her husband, she was not his wife—both were free, both could marry again. But our Lord says of her that "he who married her that is put away committeth adultery."

By the laws of scriptural interpretation disputed passages are to be explained by others bearing on the same subject and by the general context.

By this rule now and from the beginning the Church has defined that nothing except death can release those who are lawfully married. It would carry me too far from the purpose of this address to do any more than say that this is a Catholic doctrine with regard

to this passage. The reasons for her position are sufficiently included in what has been said about the essence of marriage and the reference to the positive law which so plainly defines it.

There are two ways of dealing with passion—one is to give it rein, and the other is to suppress it altogether. In this matter of interfering with the integrity of the marriage tie, the Church has set herself with unyielding firmness against every indulgence to passion and meddling of self-interest.

She admits of no contingency in which the dissolution of the marriage tie is permitted—she forbids it absolutely—makes it impossible from her interpretation of divine law either for her children or for herself.

It is the way of reason to stifle passion by leaving it without hope of lawful gratification; to make it sinful even to desire the things that we may not have. If you allow men to think vain thoughts, to give full play to the imagination, to dwell upon forbidden desires, to long for the ideal instead of the reality they possess, to believe that old ties are not binding and that new ones are possible, it will be strange if dislike and disgust for present conditions do not find food in the little differences that are inevitable in every family. The yoke will soon become galling. Little things, instead of going unnoticed, are magnified.

For those who want release there is no purpose in preventing trouble. If lack of friendship or congeniality is reason for divorce, more aversion is more reason.

To those who want to be free and who may without sin think and plan about future alliances, the difficulties of their present position are the very reasons for their release according to the prevailing idea.

Even when adultery is made a pretext for divorce, those who grow

tired of one another can trade in it and meditate it and commit it, all in the sinful hope that their own infidelity will become the means of their release.

As soon as you make adultery or anything else a cause for divorce you put a premium on crime. The Bishop of Rochester in the English Parliament stated that out of ten applications for divorce on account of unfaithfulness, in nine of them the seducer agreed with the husband beforehand to furnish proofs of his wife's infidelity.

Divorce opens the door to every kind of conjugal sin. It excites and lends fuel to strife and bitterness and domestic trouble. It lessens mutual affection. It hinders human life by preventing childbirth, and for the unfortunate offspring of such unions it takes them from their homes to transplant them in new and strange surroundings and often makes them victims of new fathers and mothers who have no love for them and no interest in them.

But when the law stands and no exceptions are made, and no change in health or sickness or poverty or personal appearance or anything else can be made a pretext for breaking the marriage tie, when men learn that the law is of divine origin and is supported by divine sanction, that to desire the unlawful is wrong, then human passion, left without hope of unlawful indulgence, becomes calm and homes are in peace.

The chief incentive to divorce is the facility with which new alliances can be formed. There is everything in knowing that man and wife must live together or, if they separate, they must remain unmarried or be reconciled. Herein is the clew to the divine wisdom which makes divorce impossible. If men and women knew that when they marry it is for life, that if they separate they can find no power, civil or ecclesiastical, to ratify any new alliance, then marriage will assume a more serious aspect and more care will be taken

to avoid difficulties. They will overlook little things that otherwise might easily be magnified by those who wish to turn them to their own advantage.

In what I have said I must not be understood as saying that the Church never allows married people to separate; that she compels them to live together when all love is gone, when the unfaithful wife or husband has forfeited all rights, when to live together means such enmity and discord that souls are endangered. For grave reasons separation is allowed, but never remarriage.

It is well to note that the dreadful consequences of indissolubility —the tyranny of forced wedlock—are almost unknown in countries where it is rigidly enforced. Strained relations and family troubles are the exception, and even when they do occur they can not be charged to the law, but to those who wilfully create them.

Few innocent wives and husbands are unhappy, and even if the innocent must suffer in some cases in keeping their vows, more now suffer in breaking them. Children suffer, the community suffers, and most of all wives suffer by being sent out from the sanctuary of homes in which they have consecrated youth and beauty and everything that constitutes the integrity and dignity of womanhood to go into the world with little hope and less heart for new alliances. Half a million deserted firesides and a million and a half abandoned children—the history of divorce in this country for twenty years—tell the story of what comes from tampering with divine law.

The Church has stood for the inviolability of marriage from the first condemnation of free love in the Council of Jerusalem to her condemnation of the communistic and Mormon principles of our day. She makes no distinction for prince or slave. The centuries tell the story of her position; rich and poor, subject and king are treated

alike. From Pope Nicholas, resisting the insolence and sensuality of Lothaire, to the imprisoned Pius VII hurling back the threats of Napoleon Bonaparte, we have illustrious examples of how the head of the Church has defended womanhood against the lust and intrigues of royalty, as well as from the brutal lust of the semi-civilized.

The Protestant writer, Von Mueller, who certainly can not be accused of partiality to the Catholic cause, says, in speaking of the debt of humanity to the sovereign Pontiffs, "If the Popes could hold up no other merit than that which they gained by protecting monogamy against the brutal lusts of those in power, notwithstanding bribes, threats, and persecutions, that alone would render them immortal for all future ages."

The policy of the Church is as fixed as the eternal hills—it has been tried out and it works. It is the fulfilment of divine law, and judged by its results, it vindicates its wisdom. The world outside is wrestling with opinion and doubt. Abandoned to itself, it is groping in the way alone. Unaided human reason has committed it to a policy that has multiplied conjugal troubles by trying to escape them, has multiplied divorce until society is threatened by the ruin it inevitably brings.

The Church has stood like a wall of adamant for the sanctity and stability of marriage, and the consequence is that divorce is almost unknown among Catholics. There is greater permanency in the home, race suicide is not the problem that it is elsewhere. In this way she has kept the well-springs of society pure and unsullied, and by making woman secure in her marriage relations has lifted her to the dignity which makes her a helpmate and an equal instead of a tool and a slave.

And I sincerely hope that this band of organized defenders of the

home will go out from these portals with no divided purposes and no compromise with evil, but shoulder to shoulder, determined by word and example to lift marriage to the sanctity and dignity of the sacramental character with which Christ invested it and which will so contrast it with present conditions that men will learn that in things that pertain to morality and God—that God is the best teacher. "Only let the soul believe that God has a plan for humanity and it can work in peace."

A PRIEST'S SILVER JUBILEE

SERMON BY THE REV. WILLIAM D. HICKEY

"Let the priests that rule well, be esteemed worthy of double honor; especially they who labor in word and doctrine."—I. Tim. v, 17.

This was the practical advice given by the great apostle of the Gentiles to his favorite disciple, Timothy, then Bishop of Ephesus. It forms part of the pastoral instruction on how to deal with his clergy. He was to honor those laboring in the preaching of the word of God, those who strove so zealously among Jew and Gentile, for the conversion of souls to Christ, and his course in doing so was to be imitated by the faithful laity under his charge, for in this, as in other things, the bishops was to be the *Forma Gregis,* the pattern of the flock.

These words are but another form of the Old Testament proverb, "Honor to whom honor is due," or as it is stated more explicitly in the seventh chapter of Ecclesiasticus, "Honor God in all thy soul, and give honor to his priests." This is the spirit of religion. "He that heareth you, heareth me, he that despiseth you, despiseth me" (Luke x, 16, are the words of Christ Himself. Contempt of the clergy or indifference to their work has ever been the sure forerunner of the decay of faith among a people. One needs but little knowledge of history to realize an illustration of this truth in unhappy France. When a little over a century ago, Voltaire and his school began the campaign of ridicule and contempt and slander against the priests of God's Church, they laid the mine that has sapped faith to a deplorable degree in a fair domain that was once proudly called the eldest daughter of the Church.

It is then a religious instinct of the faithful that urges them to

follow out this teaching of St. Paul, and seize every opportunity, such as the present happy occasion, to manifest outwardly that sense of honor and reverence which they cherish deep in their hearts, for those who have labored for their souls in word and doctrine. A high and holy purpose brings you, my brethren, to the church to-day to celebrate, as it were, a family feast; for the faithful pastor is in all truth a member of every family in the parish, to congratulate your pastor on his twenty-five years in the ministry, and to pray that God may spare him to labor many more years among you. Such occasions as these are manifestations of faith; and just as the family celebration of the various anniversaries of the different members binds them more closely in the bond of affection, so also are the bonds of trust and devotion welded more closely between pastor and flock. Such joyous celebrations give strength and courage and buoyancy to the priest himself. It is men and not angels to whom God has entrusted His ministry, and the priest is intensely human. How many a priest has gone down discouraged by want of appreciation, disheartened by harsh words of nagging criticism, who might have been lifted up and spurred on to greater zeal by an occasional word of recognition, of encouragement, even of praise, judiciously bestowed. For one, I do not believe that all the kind words to be said about a faithful priest must be unspoken until his funeral. Weave some of the fine thoughts and generous feelings of your hearts into a bouquet for him while he is living—do not save them all for a crown of immortelles to lay on his coffin.

The good priest realizes that it is not to himself personally that such honor and praise are given, but rather to the priesthood; for in honoring him they are honoring the eternal priest, our divine Exemplar, Jesus Christ Himself, whose priesthood we share.

Your pastor, I am sure, would have shrunk from this celebration,

did he not well understand that your manifestations of love and gratitude are directed rather to the office which he holds, to the priesthood with which he was invested five and twenty years ago, for all the while in his soul ring out the words, *"Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam"* (Ps. cxiii, 1), "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to thy name give glory."

The Catholic priesthood is ever a puzzle and a mystery to the world. To the Catholic, the priest is Christ's representative, "For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors" (II. Cor. v, 20), the source of divine truth, the minister of the Sacraments, the dispenser of the manifold graces of God; to sum it up in one phrase, as did St. Chrysostom, he is *alter Christus*—another Christ.

To the world at large, which believes and accepts readily only the natural, his office, his doctrine, his powers, his claims, seem preposterous and absurd. In an unbelieving age he is the strongly entrenched representative of the supernatural, God's unfailing witness across the centuries. The Christian priesthood is supernatural in its origin, "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you" (John xv, 16). The call comes from God, "Neither doth any man take this honor to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was" (Heb. v, 4). It is not our choice of a profession, but our obedience to the voice of God, speaking to the conscience, whispering to it amid the innocence of youth or amid the ambitious dreams of early manhood, those words that have so powerfully stirred souls in all the centuries since Christ spoke them to the apostles, "Follow me" (Luke v, 27). Happy for the aspirant who, hearing these words, imitates the apostles, who, "leaving all things, followed Him." Clearer and clearer sounds this call from God, and in the ears of the youthful aspirant to the ministry rings out that message of human souls that startled St. Patrick as he gazed across the blue

depths of the sea from the cliffs of his fair Brittany, "Come and save us." But not until this call has been rigidly examined and attested by his confessor and approved by his bishop do the gates of the seminary swing open to him. To carry out his vocation, the young student must retire from the world, for they, whose mission it is ever to oppose the spirit of the world, to counteract its maxims and ways, must gain their strength in seclusion from it. Then follow long years of study under carefully chosen masters, and, considered from a purely intellectual point of view, none of the learned professions to-day is as well equipped or as carefully trained as is the Catholic priesthood; and even in this country, where priests are so scarce and the need of them so great, scarce a bishop is to be met with who is not anxious to lengthen out the course of studies and to demand a more rigid preparation. Less than one-half of those who enter the seminary succeed; for within those hallowed walls many a student has felt the force of those words uttered by the prophet Osee, iv, 6, "Because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will reject thee, that thou shalt not do the office of the priesthood to me." But add to this the habits of prayer, the spirit of mortification, the checking of self-will, the pervading atmosphere of obedience to rule, the frequent confession, the habit of direction under holy and enlightened guides, that constitute the spiritual side of the seminary training, and you may well realize from the extent of this preparation how important the Church holds the training of the future priest. Then comes, after ten years of preparation, the day of his ordination. Who that has once seen it can ever forget it?

The candidate lies prostrate before the altar, the Litany of the Saints is chanted, the bishop, crosier in hand, invokes a threefold blessing upon him, he is clothed in the sacred vestments, his hands are anointed, the missal and the chalice are placed in his hands and

given in his keeping, he receives power to offer Mass for the living and the dead, and to forgive sins in the name of God. His years of preparation are over, and in the sight of men and angels he is a priest forever—according to the order of Melchisedech.

It is of faith that God gives to every man sufficient grace to enable him to do the work which has been assigned to him. Thus, in Baptism, we receive the grace of the adoption of sons of God, and this spiritual character is forever imprinted on the soul; in Confirmation we receive the Holy Ghost and his sevenfold gifts, and again the spiritual character of soldiers of Jesus Christ is indelibly stamped on the soul. But after the seal of Baptism and Confirmation comes the seal of priesthood, and beyond this there is no other. The priesthood in priest and bishop, cardinal and Pope, is the one priesthood, the sharing in, the participation of the eternal priesthood of Jesus Christ. There is but one sacrifice and one priesthood, and no matter what dignity he may afterward reach, nor what titles may fall to his lot, they add naught to the spiritual character of the priesthood stamped forever on his soul, either to be a badge of glory forevermore in heaven, or a scarlet letter searing into his soul for all eternity in hell. At the time of his ordination the priest receives not only an increase of sanctifying grace as in other Sacraments, but the sacramental grace as a reservoir, a fountain extending, if but properly used, to all the acts of his priestly life. Viewed in this light of the grace of Orders being a continuous flowing of God's help aiding the priest in every duty, we can readily understand the force of St. Paul's words to Timothy, "Neglect not the grace which is in thee, which was given thee with the imposition of the hands of the priesthood" (I. Tim. iv, 14), and "For which cause I admonish thee, that thou stir up the grace of God, which is in thee by the imposition of my hands" (II. Tim. i, 6).

When in after-life the sense of his responsibilities weighs him down, each recurring anniversary of his ordination day will remind him of the perennial grace conferred on his soul in Holy Orders. "My grace is sufficient for thee," says God in His mercy, then let him stir up the grace of his ordination. "Our life is mainly our work, and what we are is shown in what we do," writes an English bishop. Men, pursuing their daily avocations are oftentimes, though not necessarily, taken from the service of God, led away from the attainment of the one thing necessary; but in the priest it is precisely the discharge of the duties of his office that brings him closer to God and renders more certain his election.

The office of the priest is twofold: one relates to the real body of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar, "For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer gifts and sacriffices for sin" (Heb. v), the other to the mystic body of Jesus Christ, the Church, or rather those individual members of it committed to His care. "As the most sublime act of Jesus Christ was his sacrifice on Mount Calvary, so the sacrifice of the Mass, which commemorates the bloody immolation of Christ, is the most august act that can be performed by a human being," writes Cardinal Gibbons. "No act," say St. Thomas, "is greater than the consecration of the Body of Christ."

Three of the greatest events in the workings of God's omnipotence are narrated in the short and pithy words which the sacred writers almost invariably use to record some act beyond the power of nature.

"Let there be light, and there was light," this is creation; "And the Word was made flesh," this is the Incarnation; "this is my body," these are the words of the consecration. In creation chaos obeyed the Creator, in the Incarnation, the purest of creatures obeyed

Him, in the Mass Jesus Christ has pledged Himself to obey the words which, with trembling lips and palpitating heart, the priest pronounces.

Just at this season of the year when our eyes are lovingly turned to Bethlehem and our hearts are traveling with Joseph and Mary in their journey thither, we are reminded that each one of our churches is another Bethlehem—a house of bread. The Immaculate Virgin was the means of bringing His Incarnate Presence into the stable at Bethlehem, the priest is the means of bringing that same Incarnate Presence on your altar to-day. St. Joseph was the guardian of the Infant Jesus, the priest is the guardian of the Blessed Sacrament. In his hands is placed the key of the tabernacle. In every moment of the day or night, thus literally fulfilling the words of the Prophet Malachy, "For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation" (Mal. i, 11), some priest is offering up on some altar the holy sacrifice and renewing Christ's presence on earth.

He raises Him aloft in benediction, carries Him through the crowded streets to the bedside of the sick and the dying, encloses Him in the tabernacle, and there leaves Him the greater part of the day and all the night with no companion, no sign of life save the pale glimmer of the sanctuary lamp, as it consumes itself before Him, who is the light of the world. In the second chapter of St. John's Gospel we read that "Jesus did not trust himself unto them, for that he knew all men," and yet knowing all our weakness and frailty, how unreservedly has he not trusted Himself to the priest, as to another St. Joseph. Well may we exclaim with St. Augustine, "Oh, sacred dignity of the priest, in whose hands, as in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, God again becomes Incarnate."

For twenty-five years has your pastor been offering this holy sacrifice, bringing down untold blessings upon his people and unspeakable consolations to his own soul. "You will never know, at least this side of eternity," said an old priest in a hospital, whose arm had been taken off as the result of an accident, "What you have lost when you can not say Mass. To say just one more Mass, I would willingly surrender my other arm" (Keating, "The Priest," page 60).

The jurisdiction of the priest over the real body of Jesus Christ is the source of his jurisdiction over the mystic body, the Church. In the confessional the priest exercises the power of forgiving sins. He is the inheritor of the promise made to the apostles on the resurrection day by the risen Saviour, "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." Consoling as is the confessional to the penitent, to the individual priest it is a source of anxiety and grave responsibility, for spiritual writers do not hesitate to say that a priest has as many souls of his own to answer for as the confessions he hears. To be responsible for the property of others is no light charge; to be held liable for their lives is a heavier burden; but who shall measure the responsibility of the priest who is held accountable for the souls in his care? To be held accountable for the immortal souls redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ, to stand at the bedside of the dying and pronounce the words of absolution, which swing open the gates of heaven to that departing soul, to stand between the living and the dead with the care of souls weighing upon one is at once the most exalted favor and most fearful responsibility.

He is the instructor of the faithful. "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth, because he is the angel of the Lord of hosts," says the prophet Malachy,

ii, 7, and St. Paul urges this duty, "Preach the word, be instant, in season, out of season, reprove, entreat, rebuke with all patience and doctrine" (II. Tim. iv, 2), for "faith cometh by hearing." In the school the priest instructs the little ones and unfolds to their tender minds and sympathetic hearts the ever beautiful story of Christ's love. Perhaps the most lasting of all impressions, even among the most careless Catholics, is the knowledge gained in the preparation for First Communion; and never has the priest a better opportunity for molding souls into the pattern of his divine Master than in these instructions. How glorious is the message that the minister of heaven has to communicate from the pulpit, how momentous and vital the themes that he must discuss Sunday after Sunday! "The same decalogue that Moses gave to the Hebrew people of Mount Sinai; the same solemn warnings that the prophets uttered on the hills and plains of Judea; the same Gospel that Christ preached on the Mount and along the coasts of Galilee; the same evangelical precepts that the apostle proclaimed throughout the Roman empire," these are the burden of his message to men.

But in our country and in our own day another duty devolves on the priest, another burden is placed upon his shoulders; he is the administrator of the parish. It is true that the title of your property is in the name of the bishop, and lay committees are to be found in every parish as the council and advisers of the pastor, but he is the executive, the one person held responsible for the failure or the success of the parish. When you bear in mind that, within the lifetime of one man, all these institutions of the Church in our diocese had to be created, churches, schools, and residences for priests and teachers in every parish, seminaries, orphan asylums, hospitals, and other charitable institutions up and down through the diocese, and all these are to be built and kept in repair and enlarged and sup-

ported by the free-will offerings of the faithful, and the priest is always the one on whom this work devolves, you will appreciate how this strain breaks him down and makes him prematurely old.

Seven years ago Father Bene came among you at the request of his Archbishop, determined to do to the best of his ability the work of a priest, the merest outlines of which I have endeavored to sketch for you this morning. He came at a time when many of you had reason to be disheartened, and threw his whole soul into his work, and you are the witness of how earnestly that work has been done and how God has blessed his labors. Your debts have been paid, your credit is secure, weak souls have been won back to the fold, and the example of his priestly life has unified this entire flock. Not only among the members of his own parish is he known and loved, but among all the Catholics of this community, and even among the many non-Catholics of this city, who recognize in the priest one of the great forces that tend to the uplifting of the community, for they have been impressed with the zeal and kindly charity with which he has followed in the footsteps of his divine Master and sought their welfare.

"Let the priests who rule well be esteemed worthy of double honor,"—a twofold honor gladly paid as a debt of gratitude by the people whom he has served, and by the priests who have been his associates for the past quarter of a century. St. Chrysostom defines this twofold honor as the one paid in this world and in the world to come. May this be the case, and may the honor which you pay him to-day be the earnest of that everlasting honor, which we all pray may be his, when he lays down the burden of the pastorate, when clothed once more in the priestly vestments, with the chalice clasped in his nerveless fingers, he shall be laid before the altar amid the sobs and prayers of his people.

May his days be lengthened out among you for many a year, until they roll on to his golden jubilee, and when, according to God's will, they glide into eternity, may the assurance of St. Paul be his, "Being confident of this very thing, that he who hath begun a good work in you will perfect it unto the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i, 6).

A GOOD CATHOLIC—A GOOD CITIZEN

Sermon Preached at the Opening of the Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies

BY THE REV. PATRICK O'BRIEN

"Render, therefore, to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."—Matt. xxii, 21.

Most Reverend and Reverend Fathers, Beloved Brethren: Our duties toward God and Cæsar, or the Church and the State, is one of the most important questions that could occupy our attention, especially on this occasion, when we have gathered together from all parts of the country to discuss questions of importance both to the Church and the State. We hear and read much about our duties as citizens, but we hear or read scarcely anything about our duties toward our Creator. In this age of wonderful scientific and material progress the people are so taken up with the affairs of the world they have almost lost sight of the end for which they were created. This is called the age of progress. But what kind of progress? Material progress, mechanical inventions. As we progress materially, we retrogress spiritually. Material progress can not save us as a nation. Religion alone can do that. Materialism ignores the soul, denies responsibility to God, worships Mammon and begets agnosticism and anarchy. Law can not bind the conscience of the materialist, because the materialist has no conscience.

But what are the things that are Cæsar's, and what are the things that are God's? This is the question that is now agitating the Christian world and shaking governments and society to their

very foundation. To Cæsar, or the civil government, belong taxes, civil and military duties, and obedience to all just laws framed for the welfare of the State. I say, "just laws," because the Church can not sanction unjust or bad laws. For instance, she can not sanction the law of divorce, and the State can not compel her priests to remarry divorced people. She can not sanction the public-school system of education, because it eliminates religion. She can not acquiesce in anything that is against religion and justice.

No government has a right to rule against truth, justice, and the laws of God. Such a rule would be anarchy, not government.

To God belong faith, love, religious duties, and obedience to the laws instituted for the welfare of souls. From this definition our duties both as citizens and as Christians are plainly evident and perfectly compatible. As citizens, we must pay our taxes, obey, support, and defend the government under which we live. With Catholics this is also a religious duty, because the Bible tells us that all power comes from God, no matter by whom exercised—emperor, king, president or people, monarchy or republic.

The principal contention between the Church and the State to-day is in regard to the education of the young. The Church did not propose this question for discussion. It is not a debatable question among Catholics. It was the State, both here and in Europe, that threw down the gauntlet by usurping the prerogative conferred by Christ on the Church when he told her "to teach all nations"—a prerogative which she exercised from her very foundation, and which was not called in question by the State until infidels and atheists acquired control of the governments in Christian countries.

The State has no authority to teach religion. That is exclusively the right of the Church. But it does not follow thereby that the State can exist without religion. History proves that no State,

ancient or modern, ever existed without some form of religion. Religion is the corner-stone of order in any State. Destroy religion and you will annihilate the State. "The nation that will not serve God shall perish."

When I say that religion is necessary to the existence of the State, I do not mean thereby that the State should necessarily have an established religion; but I do say that unless the inhabitants of a country are imbued with the spirit of religion, and unless they acknowledge a Supreme Being to whom they will be accountable for their actions in this world, they can not be expected to observe the civil laws, when those laws can be evaded to their advantage and without fear of detection.

Moreover, on what grounds can the State command the obedience to its laws, provided it ignores God and God's laws? If civil law be not founded on the law of God, then there is no solid foundation for civil law, and no government ignoring the existence of God and man's accountability to his Maker can command the allegiance of its citizens, except on the ground of physical force. In this state of affairs, it would be might that would make right—a doctrine that is destructive of all social order.

The first duty of a good citizen is to serve God according to his conscience, and the second duty is included in the first, and is like it a religious duty, namely, to obey the legally constituted authorities and to serve one's country, if necessary, even unto death. By doing this we follow the command of Christ when He tells us to "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

Love of God and love of country are linked together in the heart of every true Catholic American citizen. Patriotism, the noblest of the natural virtues, burns as brightly in the heart of the Catholic

American as it does in the heart of the most patriotic non-Catholic. And why should it not? This is our country. Here we shall live and here we shall die, and here our children and their children's children shall live to the latest generation. Yes; America, our country, we love thee, and we are ready, if necessary, to pour out the last drop of our blood in thy defense. Our patriotism is sanctified by our religion, which teaches us to love our country and to obey its rulers, no matter whether they be Christians, pagans, Jews, or atheists, and she teaches us to obey them for conscience' sake, a motive far more binding on good Catholics than the fear of the prison and the gallows.

Those who know us not and view us through prejudiced eyes imagine that we can not be good citizens and good Catholics at the same time. They imagine that there must be something in the teaching of the Catholic Church that weakens our loyalty to our government and its institutions. We defy any one to impugn the loyalty of the Catholics of the United States to the government under which we live. In every war waged by this country, beginning with the Revolution, Catholics have fought side by side with their non-Catholic fellow-country men. If this were the proper place, I could name many distinguished Catholics, ecclesiastics as well as laymen, who gave their property and their lives for the establishment and preservation of this republic.

What have the Catholics of this country ever done that their loyalty should be called in question by any one? Have we ever taken up arms against our government? Have we ever plotted for its overthrow? Is a century and more of good, loyal conduct no argument in favor of the Church in this country? Here, in this free land, liberty of conscience is guaranteed to all by the Constitution of the United States, and it is the proud boast of the American

people that here every one is permitted to worship God according to his conscience. Let Americans never forget that this liberty to worship God according to one's conscience was first proclaimed in this country by the Catholic colony of Maryland. Why should prejudice exist against the Catholic religion when all other forms of religion are allowed to go unrebuked? What have we ever done that we should be singled out as the enemies of the republic—this republic, for which Catholics by thousands poured out their blood? We yield to no other class of citizens, or to any other religious denomination in our love for the land in which we live and from which we derive shelter and support—neither shall we yield one iota of our love for God and our holy Church—that grand, old Church that has withstood the storms and vicissitudes of nineteen hundred years—the Church that has christianized the Christian world, whose missionaries have penetrated into the four quarters of the globe, into the wilds of Asia, the deserts of Africa, the islands of the sea, and the forests of our own American continent—that grand, old Church whose banner of the Cross was first thrown to the breeze in the New World by the great Catholic discoverer, Christopher Columbus—the grand, old Church that has witnessed the rise and fall of empires and kingdoms, and still flourishes, beautiful, bright, and immortal as when it came forth from the hand of God on the morning of its birth nearly two thousand years ago.

But, while we are Catholic in religion, and love our God and our Church, in civil life we are American citizens—a title of which we are proud. We take as much pride in calling ourselves American citizens as St. Paul did in calling himself a Roman citizen. We are proud to be citizens of the freest, happiest, and greatest country on earth, a country whose flag has never been stained by religious

persecution. We are proud to be ruled by a government that has never put any man to death for his religion. We are glad we escaped from the religious tyranny of the Old World, where so-called Christian rulers persecute our coreligionists and banish them from their homes and country. America, liberal and free America, opens her ports to those poor religious exiles and welcomes them to homes beneath the protection of her flag. What a contrast between some of the European governments, which are nominally Catholic, and the American government in their relation to the Catholic Church! Here, where there is no union between Church and State, the government has no control over the Church. Here the Church receives no financial support from the government; but her freedom more than compensates for that. In this country the Church is liberally supported by the voluntary contributions of her generous, faithful, and loyal laity, who are not excelled, aye, who are not equalled by any other Catholics on earth, in financial liberality, devotion to the Church, the Holy Father, the bishops, and priests. Our European brethren sometimes call us "liberal" Catholics. Yes; American Catholics are liberal. They pay more for the support of religion, education, charitable institutions, and the Holy Father than any other country in the world, not even excepting Catholic countries. While the Church on the European continent is bound hand and foot by the civil governments, though the people are Catholics, the Church in liberal America is free, youthful, vigorous, exuberant, and full of life and faith. The Catholic Church is more flourishing in this glorious republic, beneath the warm rays of the sun of liberty, than it is in any other part of the world.

The enemies of our faith have been telling us in this country for years that the Catholic Church could not flourish in a free republic, and that liberty would kill it. The flourishing condition of the

Catholic Church in this free republic disproves that false statement. With a fair field and no favor, the Catholic Church is the most flourishing religious denomination in our country to-day, notwithstanding we are burdened with the extra expense of supporting our parochial schools, and notwithstanding the prejudice that exists against our faith. A hundred and twenty-eight years ago, when this republic was born, there were one bishop, thirty priests, and about 40,000 Catholics in this country. There are more Catholics in the city of Detroit to-day than there were in the whole country at the nation's birth. We have now one cardinal, ninety-seven bishops, 13,300 priests, and the Catholic population is estimated at about 12,000,000, though, I believe, it is nearer 15,000,000, with churches, parochial schools, universities, colleges, convents, hospitals, orphan asylums, and religious institutions of every kind dotting the land. Let our European critics take note of that. That is a sample of true Catholic "Americanism," and the only kind of Americanism that exists in this country.

The objection that the Catholic Church can not flourish in a free republic being disposed of, the enemies of our faith will tell us that the Catholic Church is secretly opposed to republics, and that she is particularly a menace to the free institutions of our country. This false charge can be as easily disposed of as the other. There in nothing in Catholic governmental policy or in Catholic theology opposed to republican governments. Our greatest theologian, St. Thomas Aquinas, who wrote as early as the thirteenth century, in treating of the different forms of government, says: "The choice of ruler of any State or kingdom is best when one is selected for his merit to preside over all." This is the way the Pope is selected, as well as the President of the United States. The government of our republic closely resembles the government of the Catholic

Church. As each diocese has home rule and a bishop of its own, so each State has home rule and a governor of its own. As the diocese and the bishops are subordinate to a central power at Rome, so the States and the governors are subordinate to a central power at Washington. To continue the parallel, the Pope and the President are elective officers, the one by a limited, the other by a universal suffrage. As all our citizens are equal before the laws of the State, so all Catholics are equal before the laws of the Church.

But there is no comparison between the limits of the Catholic Church and the limits of the United States. The Catholic Church is not bounded by national lines, and, hence, she has no national capitals. The Catholic Church is universal, with its capital at Rome. It is the kingdom of God on earth—an empire embracing in its spiritual citizenship all the countries and all the races in the world, an empire upon which it may be truly said the sun not only never sets, but it never shall set till it goes down at the end of the world never more to rise. But though the Catholic Church is not national, Catholics should be thoroughly identified with the land in which they live, and they should be in harmony with their fellow-citizens of every political and religious belief. Here in this country, where our lot is cast, we should be thoroughly American in our sympathies and in our social and civil lives. The Catholic Church in this country will never be in a position to exercise an influence commensurate with her strength until she becomes thoroughly American in her social, political, and patriotic life. With over 12,000,000 Catholics, we exercise less influence on the thought and legislation of the country to-day than some of the weakest of the Protestant sects, though we number one-third of the active membership of all the churches.

Why is this? It is because of our racial antipathies and con-

sequent social disunion. We have been in the past as far apart as though we still lived in European countries, instead of living under one flag in America. It is because of our timidity and cowardice in failing to assert our Catholic opinions in private conversation, on the lecture platform, in the press, secular and religious, and in our Catholic conventions. We are afraid to open our mouths or wield our pens in defense of the Church, fearing we will offend our non-Catholic brethren, the politicians or political parties. We are more careful of their feelings than they are of ours. We will never get our rights without asking for them, without fighting for them with the arms of truth and justice. The American people admire bravery, moral or physical, and they despise the physical and moral coward. Nothing is to be gained through cowardice. In becoming thoroughly American and going about our work in a thoroughly American manner, we do not compromise any of our religious principles. Fidelity to God and devotion to the interests of our country are perfectly compatible. They are the two great principles that should guide the lives of American Catholics.

Delegates, we have assembled in this beautiful city of Detroit as loyal Catholics American citizens, to consult together as to the best means of accomplishing the objects for which the American Federation of Catholic Societies has been called into existence. We have come here on a mission of peace, as we employ only peaceable measures to acquire our ends. Since our meeting at Atlantic City a year ago, the Federation has made steady progress in numbers and influence. Within the past year the rations that were withdrawn from the Indian children attending Catholic schools have been restored by an act of Congress. The "Browning Ruling" has been revoked, and the right of Catholic Indian children in the government schools to receive instruction in their religion has been recog-

nized by the government. While we do not claim all the credit for procuring those concessions, the Federation assisted in the good work.

There is nothing secret about our deliberations. Their results will be published to the world. We have nothing to conceal from our non-Catholic fellow-citizens or the press of the country. There is no political intrigue in our movement. We are not a political association, and our members have no political axes to grind. If they had they could not grind them in the Federation.

But what are the aims of the American Federation of Catholic Societies? In the language of one of the founders: "The American Federation of Catholic Societies has for its chief aim the union of all nationalities in the American church, the promotion and defense of Catholic interests and Catholic citizenship, the creation of Catholic public opinion on all great problems of the day, and the dissemination of their Catholic solution through the religious and secular press, such as the school question, the Indian mission question, divorce, socialism, capital and labor."

As American citizens, we are interested in the solution of all those questions, and many more, too; but as taxpayers, we are particularly interested in the school question. The school question is the burning question of the hour for American Catholics, who are unjustly compelled to support the public and parochial schools at the same time. This double taxation is weighing heavily on our poor Catholic people, who are not blessed, as a class, with an overabundance of this world's goods.

Let the Catholic laymen of America—for this is a laymen's movement—let the laymen who suffer by this double taxation rise up in one united body and demand justice at the hands of their non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. You do not make this demand at the

dictation of any ecclesiastical authority. No; you make it of your own accord as hard-working, honest, loyal American freemen, who love their country and are willing to die for it, and you make it in the name of 12,000,000 Catholics.

Delegates, this convention has a noble mission to fulfil. Let it be worthy of its high object. Discuss the questions that may come before you honestly and fearlessly, as becomes true American citizens. Let religion and patriotism guide all your actions, and may God bless your deliberations.

THE OPENING OF A SCHOOL

BY THE REV. F. P. DONNELLY, S.J.

"Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me."

On the walls of the room I lately occupied at Boston College hangs a picture that has haunted me ever since I received your good pastor's invitation to speak here this afternoon. Under the palm trees of Palestine on the road to Jerusalem have met two groups of people. The one is made up of mothers with their young children; the other is composed of Christ our Lord and His apostles. The mothers have rushed out upon the road, and, falling upon their knees, are holding up their children to be blessed by the Saviour. One young lad has run before his mother and stands close to Christ's side, clinging in confidence to His robes. How do the apostles like this unseemly interruption of their talk and walk? Not at all. Not any more than a group of earnest men to-day would like to have a crowd of street urchins break in on their conversation, especially if they were associated with one of the greatest and most remarkable men of the land. Peter, impulsive Peter, anxious to spare his Master the slightest inconvenience, has come to the front to drive away the fond mothers and their innocent children. But Peter has not learned yet all the wondrous ways of his Master's heart, he has not fathomed the profound depths of its love, he has not comprehended the open-armed universality of its embrace. Christ teaches him a new lesson. The picture represents Christ waving Peter aside with His right hand and placing His left hand lovingly on the swift young lad's shoulder, while there is on His face a gracious smile of welcome

for mothers and children. In that picture the artist has chosen for the skill of his brush the very moment in which Christ uttered the words I have quoted on beginning.

My dear friends, in that incident of His life, so well depicted in the picture I have described, Christ taught His apostles, His Church, and the children of His Church a lesson for all time to come, a lesson that they have never forgotten. The good people of Wyoming and their good pastor have long memories. The lesson taught in Palestine has not been forgotten in Wyoming, and the command addressed by Christ to His followers has been obeyed in every brick and board and nail of the new building we have assembled here to-day to bless. You have opened the door of a school where Christ is enthroned, where His presence is felt, where His picture may be seen and His image honored. Christ has said, "Suffer the little children to come to me," and you have answered, "We send our little children to Thee."

A Protestant minister in New York City said not long ago, "If to-day Christ were on earth, and should enter almost any public schoolhouse in the country, the teacher, acting under instruction, would show Him the door. If, on the other hand, He were to enter any of our private schools, He would be worshiped by teacher and scholar on bended knee." When, therefore, you build a school, you build a home for Christ. You do not put over the door of your school, "Christ need not apply." Your janitor is not instructed to close the door in Christ's face. We Catholics do not believe that Christ, our Lord and God, has only one place to lay His head. The Church is not the only home Christ can enter. The God that created our soul must be kept near that soul from the moment it leaves His hands until the moment He takes it back into His hands. Christ must be at the rocking of our cradle; Christ must be with us when we begin

to toddle; Christ must sit beside us as we study, and sit beside the teachers as they teach; Christ must go out with us into the battle of life, and stand by our dying bed to crown us for the good fight we have fought. We Catholics believe that Christ has no reserved places in this world. This is His world, and He has made it. We are His people, and He has made us. This is our belief, and you good people of Wyoming have lived up to that belief. You have not faith only, but this building is here to attest that you have faith's twin brother, good works. . . .

Not many months ago two South American republics, Chili and Argentina, concluded a treaty of peace, and agreed to reduce their armies and devote their superfluous energies to encouraging wheat mills rather than powder mills. In order to commemorate this treaty of peace and to have before their eyes a perpetual reminder, the two nations, in the persons of their presidents and their bishops, met on the border-lines, and erected on the summit of the mountains there a colossal statue of Christ. The press of this country all spoke of that magnificent deed. Protestant papers, too, expressed their admiration. It was a promise, they said, of better days to come for South America. It was befitting that Christ, the Prince of peace, should stand guard on the mountain top and keep the lands below Him and around Him in perpetual peace. Now, my dear friends, we should like to see colossal statues of Christ on every mountain top the whole world round; we should like to see every nation lay down its arms at the feet of Christ. With the press of the world we honor these two republics. Yet, we ask, while we are waiting for these great statues to be molded, why not put Christ where we can? while we are waiting to put the statue of Christ on our hills, why not put the living Christ into our schoolrooms? If Christ in cold metal has a lesson for the world, Christ living and

breathing can teach better and more lasting lessons by entering into the everyday class-life of the world's children.

We Catholics do not think it is proper to say to Christ, when He orders the little children to come to Him, "Christ, our Lord, we shall suffer our little children to go to you for an hour on Sunday, but we can't allow it during the week." We say, in the words of St. Paul, "Christ yesterday, to-day, and forever." Our God is a God of every day in the week, and not of Sunday only. We do not want our children to feel that religion is a Sunday-morning luxury, but we want them to grow up feeling that religion is an every-day necessity. God is our Father, God is our children's Father, and I ask you what should we think of any system that would allow a child to see his father and mother for one hour a week, and hurry them out of sight and hearing for the rest of the time. Our Father, who art in heaven, we want Thee to meet Thy children every day in the week, we want them to hear Thy name every hour in the day, we want them to feel Thy presence every minute in the hour.

Our Lord has said that "Whosoever shall scandalize one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." Are we not, I ask, scandalizing our little ones if, by a conspiracy of silence, we never mention the name of God in the most precious hours of their young lives? Is there not scandal given by silence when wo would speak out? Is there not the scandal of exclusion, the scandal of ostracising Christ from the minds of the little ones? The day for millstones has not yet passed, but we have no ambition to hang one on our necks; we have no ambition for a grave in the depths of the sea; we do not wish to scandalize Christ's little ones. So we shall go on building our schools where His name may be

spoken without fear or favor or apology; where His picture may appeal to the minds of His little ones; where His image may impress itself on the impressionable heart of the young. We do not want them to grow up thinking that religion is put on with their best clothes on Sunday, and is taken off and put carefully back among the moth-balls as soon as possible.

It is often asked why we Catholics are so earnest on the question that religion should be taught in schools, that religion should fill the school days of our young, that religion should sanctify their studies? The answer is simple, and we have already suggested it in great part. We want it there first and foremost, because God wants it there, and, next, because it is the duty of our schools to fill the mind with truth, and religion is a great body of truths of the supremest importance to man. We refuse to acknowledge the logic of opening every other avenue of knowledge and closing the one that leads to God. We insist on opening and reading the book of God's truths, while we open and read the book of man's truths. Shall our children learn the truths of earth and be ignorant of the truths of heaven? Shall they learn the lowest truths and be ignorant of the highest? Shall they analyze the flower and dissect the animal, and study solids and liquids and vapors, and pry into the secrets of nature, and not know Nature's God? Out in the great underground Mammoth Cave of Kentucky you may find fishes with eyes that see not. No beam of light ever fell upon their retina, stirred the muscles of the eyeball or thrilled along the optic nerve. Their youth was spent in darkness and their age must be spent in blindness. Shall we keep the light of God from the eyes of our children's souls? Shall they grow up blind to God's presence and power and beauty because in their youth their eyes were never taught to open and look upon them? Must their age be spent in blindness because their

youth was spent in darkness? We refuse to make underground caves of our schools.

So to those who ask us why we want religion in our schools, we answer, first, that when Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come to me," He wished, first of all, their minds to come, that they might know Him. To educate is to impart truth, and Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. Then we answer, in the next place, that Christ wished the hearts of His little ones to come that they might live Him. Education is not for the mind only; it is for the will also. And that is a defective education which trains the mind to think what is true and does not train the will to wish and embrace what is right. We do not want monstrosities graduated from our schools with big minds and little wills, with giant knowledge and pygmy morals. Perhaps some of you have read the story of Ben Hur. You remember that he was a captive and a prisoner, and was forced to row on the galleys of his captors. He bent to the oar, but he made an agreement with his master that he should change occasionally from one side of the vessel to the other that the muscles of both arms and both shoulders might develop equally, and that he might not grow up deformed with the right biceps of a man and the left biceps of a baby. Now we Catholics want a rounded, equal development of the whole soul; we do not want the mind and passion of a man coupled to the will of an infant. We want our children to row on both sides of the boat, on the mind side and on the will side, and we hold that religion is the only means yet discovered which will properly develop the will and strengthen its muscles in the ways of goodness and morality.

For what, my dear friends, is religion and what is morality? Religion is the summing up of our relations with God. Religion is a complete statement of how we stand toward God. That statement

has two chapters, the chapter of truths about God and man, the chapter about duties between man and God, and man and man. The first chapter contains what we must believe, the second chapter what we must do; the first chapter is the chapter of dogma, the second, the chapter of virtue. Religion, then, in its widest sense, comprehends morality or good living. Morality is practical religion.

When Luther raised the standard of revolt against the Catholic Church, his great rallying cry was faith. Good works were secondary. In fact, according to him, man could do nothing really pleasing to God, because by the fall he was intrinsically and essentially corrupt. "Sin fearlessly," said Luther, "but believe more fearlessly." The inscription on Luther's standard was, "Do what you like, but believe right." To-day the Protestant world has swung around to the opposite way of thinking, and on its banner is inscribed, "Believe what you like, but do right"—an advance on Luther, an advance in the right direction, but an advance not yet far enough. The Catholic Church has held, before Luther, during his time and ever since, for its motto and rallying cry, "Believe right and do right. Believe what God likes and do what God likes."

Now, my dear friends, I seem to be wandering away from my subject, but I am not, as you will see. Morality, then, is closely connected with religion, and it is easier to say, with modern thinkers, "Believe what you please, provided you do what is right," than to follow out that saying in practice. A man's action is largely the result of a man's belief. The outward action is a copy of the inward thought. You can not think wrong for any length of time without doing wrong. Bring your children up believing as the Mormons do, and they will furnish themselves with half a dozen wives at once; bring them up believing as some Protestants do, and they will furnish themselves by means of divorce with half a dozen living

wives in succession. Bring them up believing as Catholics do, and they will say "What God hath joined let no man put asunder," and cleave until death do them part to one wife. If your children believe with the anarchist that all authority is usurpation and tyranny, they will spend their days making infernal machines to destroy all authority. If your children believe, on the contrary, with all Christians, that lawful authority lawfully exercised is from God, they will spend their days, and their life even, like true patriots in upholding and defending that authority. Don't you think it makes a difference in the ten commandments if you are taught to look on them as a revelation of a God who has a right to command, or if you are taught to consider them as the inherited experience of apish forefathers? We might very easily think that we could improve on the experience of apes, but we would not dare to trifle with the laws of an omniscient and omnipotent Creator. Teach in the school that conscience is a bogey to frighten children with, a survival of the ghost-scare period of barbarism progenitors, and you will soon have to enlarge your prisons; teach in the school that conscience is God's law written in the heart of man, and speaking to man with the voice of authority, and you can tear down your prisons and build hospitals and religious schools on the ruins.

My dear friends, it makes all the difference in the world what a man believes. If you start off with the dogma, "Believe as you please, but do right," you will end up with the dogma, "Believe as you please, and do as you please."

The Catholic Church begins with the cradle to teach its children right beliefs, and following the orders of St. Paul, it insists on right beliefs "in season and out of season." A man can not have the thoughts of Satan and do the deeds of God. If you don't believe right, you will soon stop acting right.

First, then, we say that religion must be taught in our schools because morality can not stand without it. Some people have been trying since the world began to build up morals without religion, and they have been building on sand. Their house soon tumbles about their ears. Religion is the rock-bottom on which we base our morals, and let the storms rage as they will, and the rain fall in torrents, and the wind blow with the speed of a cyclone, that house on the rock will stand.

Then, in the next place, religion must be taught in the schools because morality has no sufficient sanction without religion. If a man comes to me with a law in his hand and says to me, "Here, observe this law," I ask him two questions: First, "What right have you to impose this law on me?" Second, "What will happen to me if I don't observe the law?" Now, morality is the law of good living, and when a child has been taught that God laid down those laws of good living, that child is sure that the law is just and must be followed because it came from God. But anybody that knows human nature, knows that a law must have a sanction. Fine, imprisonment, death, they are the penalties and sanction of human law. What is the sanction of God's law? A doctor once said, "I never knew what was meant by the natural law until I began the practice of medicine." The natural law has a fearful sanction in this life. Take a census of the hospitals and sanitariums, and you will conclude that, if people, observed the law of God, hospitals and sanitariums would be turned into houses for the old or go out of business.

Yet the sanction of shattered health is not enough. It does not fit all crimes. It fits intemperance and immorality. It does not fit injustice in its million different shapes. It does not fit sloth, pride, envy, ambition and a host of other vices and crimes. Besides, even

in the case of intemperance and immorality, the sanction of physical ruin is often not enough. We must come back to God's revelation, to the eternal sanction imposed by an infinitely just Lawgiver.

Religion gives the foundation to morality; it gives an adequate sanction to morality; it gives the motive power to morality. Morality without religion is an engine without steam; it is flesh and blood without the flush and force of life; it is a pulseless, nerveless, sinewless, muscleless, backboneless sort of a creature. Religion is the throbbing heart, the life blood, the vivifying soul, the stirring energy of the moral life. Take away religion and you take away the example of Christ, and the good example of Christ has been the dynamic force that has electrified the saints and Christian heroes and noblest men and women the world has ever known. The short martyrdom of the fire, the sword, or the wild animal, the long martyrdom of a life of purity, justice, and charity, have been made possible because Christ has lived and the martyrs have learned to love Him. Take away Christ's missionary spirit and Mother Katherine Drexel would be spending her millions in fashion and folly at Newport rather than in the educating and uplifting of the Indians and Negroes. Take away Christ's pity for the suffering, and Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, delicately reared in refinement and culture, would not to-day in New York City be giving for life the work of her hands and the devotion of her heart to those who are afflicted with incurable cancers. Take away Christ's love of souls, erase Calvary from the history of the world, and Father Damien would never have gone to his agony and crucifixion among the lepers of Molokai, but would have lived and died contentedly as a small farmer on the fields of Belgium. What would the poor and suffering do without hope and patience? What would the rich do without gratitude to God and the realization of the obliga-

tion of wealth? What would the world do without humility, without purity, without justice, without the whole starry host of virtues that light up the darkness of our moral life? My dear friends, you know and everyone knows that for the vast majority of mankind religion and religious motives are the only things that make such virtues possible. A few may be virtuous because it is respectable; others may be virtuous for some of the time because it pays, but all of the people will be virtuous all of the time because heaven invites it, hell demands it, because Christ's life and death have exemplified it, because God, the Eternal Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier of us all, has commanded it.

The Catholic Church has always had the highest esteem for education. It took the philosophy, literature, and science of its time, and instead of destroying them made them the instruments of good. Plato and Aristotle, Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero were ever studied in Catholic schools. The Catholic Church educated the barbarian hordes that swept down from their forest homes and fell upon the ruins of the Roman Empire. The French, the Germans, the English, the Irish were converted, were educated by the monks. The great universities of Europe are the creations of the Catholic Church. Bologna and Paris, Oxford and Cambridge were born and brought up under the fostering care of the Church. But while the Catholic Church has ever esteemed and encouraged learning, it has never forgotten that it has another holier, higher, and not really distinct mission. Christ founded His Church to teach all nations. Christ said to His Church, "Go therefore, and teach ye all nations." By teaching, Christ meant in that command, "Go, therefore, and make disciples for me, make followers for me." Then there occur the terrible words, "He that believeth not shall be condemned." The Church has a mission, a command from

God to teach its religion to the world. It will not be content with a Sunday morning sermon or a Sunday afternoon Catechism class. If it can't do better, it will do that, but it can do better. Christ has not said: He that knoweth not how to write shall be condemned, or He that can not spell will be condemned, or He that can not read shall be condemned, but "He that believeth not shall be condemned." It were better, Christ said, to go into heaven with one leg or one eye than to go into hell with two. But it is best of all to go into heaven with two eyes and two legs. It were better likewise to go into heaven without an educated mind than to go into hell with one. But it is best of all to go into heaven with an educated mind. Every Catholic child is born with a right to a full education in its religion. God has commanded His Church, and His Church has obeyed. Christ left in His will that the inheritance of the Catholic faith shall be handed down to all His children, and no power on earth or under the earth can break that will. The angels of our little children see the face of their Father who is in heaven, and the Church wants her children to be brought up seeing His face on earth. Our ancestors have held to that faith, and from their dying hands we have received it, and we shall hand it on. The tempter came to them and said: "Here is an education; here is a pocketbook; here is a salary; here is a high position in the land; here is a title to nobility—I will give you any or all of them if you hand over to me your own and your children's birthright." Thank God, my dear friends, they did not take the offer. Thank God that they preferred ignorance to knowledge without God; thank God that to them to be a Catholic was more than to be a millionaire; to be a Catholic was more than to be a lord or lady. They would rather be Catholics than be kings. We now hold fast to the precious treasure that Satan standing on the hills of Ireland

and pointing to the wealth and honor of the world could not buy from our fathers. We have not been asked for our life's blood to safeguard the treasure of our faith, but what we have been asked for we have given, and given generously. We Catholics of America have been asked to build schools that the faith may live in America, and we have built them.

This, my dear friends, is the age of great philanthropists. We all honor any man who goes down into his pocket and gives a dollar for any good cause. Suppose a man should say right here in America: "My fellow countrymen, I have, by honest labor, accumulated some money, and I wish to devote that money to some good purpose. I propose, therefore, to educate for you one million children. It costs you about twenty dollars a year for every child. I shall relieve your tax bill of twenty millions of dollars. It will cost me about three hundred million dollars to build schoolhouses. I propose to take the three hundred million dollars off your tax bill." What a shout of praise would be heard through the land at such an announcement. Imagine the height and width of the headlines, the long editorials in the dailies. Imagine the ilustrations in the weeklies. Imagine the articles in the monthlies. There would be photographs of that philanthropist, and of all his relatives, and all his servants, and all his houses, and his dogs, and his cats. There would be half-tones, and zinc etchings, and mezzotints, and woodcuts, and steel cuts. Race-horses, and patent medicines, and cigars, and babies would be named after him. The whole artillery of modern fame would fire salutes in his honor of hundreds of guns, and the whole machinery of modern advertisements would din his name into every ear, and paint it on every eye, and brand it on every brain in the land.

Now, my dear friends, the Catholic Church is that philanthropist.

The Catholic Church is to-day educating one million one hundred thousand American children in its schools. The Catholic Church has spent three hundred million dollars in building up its vast educational plant. The Catholic Church is giving its children just as good education of the mind as is given in any school in the land, as is proved whenever and wherever there has been a fair test of respective merits. Now, my dear friends, I make this announcement, and you can get up to-morrow morning and read your daily, and next week your weeklies, and next month your monthlies, and you will look in vain for the head-lines and pictures. No printer's ink will be wasted on that fact; no camera will be busy taking our pictures; no babies will be named after us.

That is the price the Catholic Church is willing to pay to live up to Christ's command: "Go, teach all nations"—but that is not yet the whole price. We can estimate the cost of the brick and stone and wood that goes into our buildings; we can count the dollars that go out of our pockets for our children's education; we can reckon up what we save our fellow countrymen in taxes; but there is a contribution to Catholic education that can not be counted in dollars, that can not be weighed on the scales of earth, that can not be paid in the bank-notes of time. I refer to our devoted teachers, the Catholic sisterhood. Justice demands that their philanthropy should not wait entirely for the head-lines and editorials of eternity for its proper acknowledgment. Gratitude demands that, though money can not pay them for what they do, the grateful tongue should declare its indebtedness and publish its helplessness to make full repayment. What you are to experience, I stand here to testify that I have experienced—the blessing of a Catholic education, under the sisters of the Catholic Church, a blessing I prize above all things on earth except one thing, and that is my vocation; but without

that Catholic education that vocation would not now be. Fifty thousand sisters, fifty thousand devoted women, are toiling for Christ and Christ's Church in our country. Fifty thousand devote themselves to hospitals, homes, and schools. For Catholic education the Catholic laity have made great, generous sacrifices, but the Catholic sisters have made greater. The laity have given their time and their energies. The sisters have given their life and their life-long devotion. The laity have given freely of their wealth. The sisters have given what no money can buy, the love of hearts, the courage of noble souls. They have left home and friends, and often, too, their country. They have retired from the world and the world's pleasures within the four walls of their convent; they devote, not a few years, but their whole lifetime, to their beloved children. When man can measure the height of a martyr's self-sacrifice; when man can get to the depth of a mother's love; when man can span the immense horizon of Christ's charity, then and then only will he know what he owes and we owe and the Catholic Church in America owes to our devoted sisters. But alas! the scales and measures of time can not weigh and measure what will be correctly weighed and measured in the days of eternity and in the sight of God. The fifty thousand sisters of America have heard with us all the invitation of Christ, and they come to Christ's feet, like the mothers of Palestine, not with a dozen children, but with their millions of pupils, to obtain Christ's blessing, the blessing of a religious, of a Christian, of a Catholic education.

The impressionable age of children, like soft wax, will take the imprint of their example. The self-sacrifice, the unselfishness, the generous devotion, the constant reliance on supernatural motives of our Catholic sisters have, in the past, and will, in the future, make a deep and a lasting impression on the hearts and souls of our chil-

dren. Our sisters' religion finds its fullest realization upon earth and takes its most attractive shape before the eyes of men. On the battlefield and in the hospital strong men led captive by the care, the devotion, the piety of the sisters of the Catholic Church, have said time and time again, "Sister, we want to live and die in your religion." The religion that could keep gentle, timid women by the bedside of acute suffering and loathsome disease, that religion, they felt, had in it the truth of God. Will the affectionate hearts of children prove less susceptible than the hearts of rough soldiers and sturdy men?

What, then, is the Catholic's educational creed? We believe in letting Christ have His children every day in the week. We believe the knowledge of God is a blessing and necessity for all ages and all persons. We believe that morality can not be taught without religion, because religion gives the foundation, the sanction, the motive power to morality. We believe the Catholic faith is the most precious inheritance, the most vital and essential possession we can bequeath to our children. We believe that the Catholic Church is commanded by Christ to teach that religion from our Baptism to our Extreme Unction.

Such is our belief, and this new school stands here to attest your practical recognition of that belief. The Catholic Church has put both hands on this plow of religious education, and we can rely on it, my dear friends, she will not look back until she has driven a deep and fruitful furrow through all future history, and has broken ground for the harvest clear up to the gates of heaven.

The work of to-day must go on. It is not enough to build a school; we must keep it going. It is not enough to have our running gear in good order; we must have the motive power, the steam, the electricity to make it go. Shall a want of generosity on our part

keep one child from Christ's feet? Is there one Catholic here that has laid his hand on the plow with his Church in the work of education, and will now look back because it costs an effort to push that plow along? Our forefathers were ready to sacrifice their lives and their fortunes for their religion and the Catholic education of their children. Their generosity has made us Catholics. It is the duty of our generosity to make and keep our children Catholics.

In the scene in the Gospel, when Christ bade the apostles to suffer the little children to come to Him, a very strong phrase is made use of to express Christ's feelings toward the apostles. The Gospel says that Christ was "very much displeased" with them. The apostles had made many mistakes, had often shown themselves careless or stupid, but Christ was patient. When they would keep the little children from Him, Christ was much displeased. My dear friends, Christ is not displeased with the Catholics of America; Christ is not displeased with the Catholic sisterhood of America, because they have not forbidden the children, but have brought them to Christ's feet for Christ's blessing. Christ is not displeased with you, my dear friends of Wyoming, because in the grand work of Catholic education you stand shoulder to shoulder with your fellow Catholics of America in the grand battle for moral, for religious, for the only true and complete education. Christ is not displeased with your good and zealous pastor, to whose energy, backed by your generous co-operation, we owe the building we have blessed to-day. A Catholic bishop of our country has said that a parish without a school is an orphan; it has no mother. The young parish of Wyoming is no orphan. It has erected a school that, supported by your generous donations, will be the Christian and Catholic mother of countless children through all time to come.

THE FUNERAL OF SENATOR MOFFITT

SERMON BY THE REV. J. B. MC NALLY

"'What is a man that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man that thou shouldst visit him?'"

Friends, it is a pertinent question, especially so as we stand here in the awful presence of Death—Death that knows no distinction of persons, that seems to toy with science, while it is lulling the victim into that eternal sleep whose awe-inspiring characteristic is silence, stern, unyielding silence, awful, indescribable silence. Oh, the silence of the dead! "'Tis appointed for each of us to die." It is a fundamental law of our very nature to go back where we had our origin. The green grass that mantles our valleys and hillsides scarcely matures in life till it is gone back, withered and fallen, and is seen no more. The foliaged clothing of the deep, wild forest is scarcely unfolded when it falls and is wrapped in dust again. So, too, with ourselves in nature as with all else. To-day, health and vigor may sit mitred on our brow; to-morrow comes, we droop and wither. To-day, the enlightened intellect is bright, buoyant and full of beaming hope; to-morrow comes, the light is already flickering. To-day, the principle of life actuates the whole frame; to-morrow comes, and behold, the man seated in the darkness of death with the shadows of the tomb falling upon his house of mourning.

Since life has fled the soul has sped. There is unspeakable silence in the gloomy throne-room where death begins now, since life, that feathery particle of snow, fell upon the passing stream of Time, then so bright and now dark forever. "The best of all science is the knowledge of ourselves," as the wise Seneca said.

First, we must know that we are not the cause of ourselves, and, therefore, we must be the effect of a cause. This cause must be of an order of intelligence superior to ours, but there is none such except the Infinite Intelligence, which we call by the name of God. Therefore, we are from God. No matter what the process, we are what we are, from God, rational, intelligent beings, and, being rational, we are responsible, and, being responsible, we must render an account, and being to render an account, it must be to a higher order of rational intelligence, and, therefore, to God.

You know that responsibility and rendering an account entail the pleasure or displeasure of this Higher One, and, here, in turn, follow most logically reward and punishment, and, since the soul of man is immortal and alone, sensitive of happiness or misery, its immortality is a never-ending eternity of happiness and pleasure, or pain and misery. Call one state "heaven" and the other "hell," if you wish. What's in a name?

Just this way for a moment and keep before your mind two ideas. Unity expresses one idea, diversity the other. There's a fundamental law, written by the hand of the First Cause upon the tablet of our very being It is this: Every diversity in its last evolution must necessarily return to the unit whence it originated. For example: Snow, ice, hail, steam, etc., when they lose their identity, by the act which destroys their identical individuality, go back and are simply water once again.

Man is of body and soul—matter and spirit, a complete being. Therefore, it is very reasonable, when we pause to reflect, as we should do to-day, when we are here around the body of our friend, that his last act or breath was like touching the button, to unloosen the rational spirit, that indwelling principle of rational life, called the soul, so that Nature would get what belongs to her and have

justice done. The diversity of matter or the earthly body must go back to its unit, earth, just as it is written in the sacred Scriptures: "All things that are of the earth shall return to the earth again." "Remember, man, thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

The diversity of rational intelligence must also go back to its unit of intelligence, as I have explained already, namely, to God, to render an account.

My friends, these truths can not be gainsaid. They are entirely reasonable, and are tainted with no touch of "isms." Now, since we came from God and must go back to Him, and since we are responsible, and immortal, and sensitive, intensely more keenly sensitive, in eternity, and since all depends upon the verdict given by an all-just God, measured by His pleasure or displeasure at our accounting, our reasonable duty is to live according to His will, that our last evolution by death may be an immortality of bliss in the enjoyment of happiness forever. We *must be men,* think and act *as men.* We must make it our special business in life to live well that we may die well. Life is only a school of art where we must learn to know and act so that we may die happily. We must know God's will and do it even with the sacrifice of suffering, for to know how to suffer is to live that life that insures a happy death.

Here is where religion, as the name imparts, comes in to be the bond that keeps us in the way of God's will, in the groove of His divine mind. We came from Him; we must not stray away from Him. We must go back to Him for weal or for wo.

Our good friend, Senator Moffitt, came into this world in a state of sin, and left it in a state of grace and friendship with God. In his boyhood years he had not such a very favorable opportunity of learning and practising his religious duties.

He was fond of shaping himself for active business in a worldly way. I knew him nearly thirty years ago, but at that time he had already drifted down the stream with the current of the worldly way, and, ever since, had hardly time to anchor in the port of religious peace, where the *thoughtfully pious* enter into a deep-love communion with their God. Yet, withal, he was not without faith. He ever cherished the consoling thought that some time he would unmoor his poor bark of humanity from its fastenings in a business and a sinful world, and follow the compass of the Cross to the harbor of the Church of his Fathers—to be practical, in the crew of the ship of Peter, to anchor in the port of Bliss, to join his parents, especially that good mother, who was the idol of his heart's purest love, to enter into the glory of the beatific vision in heaven.

The newspapers have told about his life, his wonderful career, his success, his firm character among his fellow-men. They very faithfully recounted the remarkable events of his life. It was, indeed, a worldly life, a busy life, the life of a keen, shrewd, well-balanced mind of a brainy man of great discernment and far-seeing judgment.

Besides all this, they told of his sterling manhood and noble qualities, kind-hearted and humane, and a truly generous, self-sacrificing and devoted man, good almost to a fault to relatives, friends, and to all others, too, who needed his help, head, hand, heart, and pocket were not spared. He was not selfish. Many criticized him, but who is entirely free from criticism, especially a progressive, wide-awake, nervous, business, out-and-out kind of a man, of political life and ways?

But I will enlarge a bit on the newspapers, and ask for information. He was a public man, a business man, and had much to do and many transactions among men. He was loud in his denunciations

and the same in his praises, but throughout all, whom has he injured? To whom does he owe? Where are his enemies? Who? Where? I repeat. I see none. I have heard of none. I know none. On the other hand, whom has he helped? Men, women, boys, young women. Where are you whom he has favored in sundry ways? They are many. I know many myself. I repeat, they are numerous, right here in our city and county. He was a man who loved his own, who sought out, sustained and lived among his own with joy and pride; whose pleasure was to live for his wife, his family, his home; to make them and it happy and at ease in the enjoyment of life, and then to feast on the conscientious conviction that he was simply doing his duty.

One who loved his mother as Frank J. Moffitt loved his mother; one whose attachment to his sisters, brothers, and relatives was so signal and warm as that of Frank J. Moffitt—that man must be a good man, and God will never see him pass away out from Himself, that God who loves the cheerful giver, and the humane, kind, whole-souled, generous man.

Friends, I will say only a few words more. God made us for society, with certain relations to Himself and to our fellow-factors in society. Relations beget duties, duties involve obligations, and obligations bind under pains and penalties. Their observances are acts of merit. Every merit must receive its reward. This is God's truth, His own natural truth.

Frank Moffitt was a man who did his duty in society and family, and fulfilled his obligations, and performed many acts of merit, and, therefore, we, knowing his good qualities, his fine, generous spirit, should look forward to God not to lose sight of that man.

"All is well that ends well." I am, perhaps, the best witness to bear testimony to the fine spirit he evinced as he went for-

ward to face death. He sent for me. He begged me to prepare his soul for God. He received the Sacraments, was duly prepared to go back to render an account. His faith was stanch. His death was edifying. He wished me to tell his friends that I had received him, a poor sinner, and presented him to God for His mercy. "Tell them that I am, thank God, a convert from sin and the neglect of my faith back to the mercy of the Cross, back to the Sacraments of my good, pious mother and father," he said. "I want to be with my mother." He continued, "I have a very good wife. I hope my boy will be good and do the proper thing, and I don't fear that he will, but I willingly leave them all, and my good sisters, the best of all sisters in the world, and my brothers, all to be with my mother."

Every one who knew Frank J. Moffitt knew how intense he was in all things that he took to heart—his love for wife and child and relatives, his ardent zeal now to go to his holy Mass, receive the Sacraments, and edify by his life in the faith, out and open before those whom, by his neglect, he may have disedified in the past—all these desires and yearnings; all his contrite pleadings for God's mercy; his prayers; justify me in telling you that he died in the peace of reconciliation with God. He could not do more than he has done to obtain God's favor, and eventually an immortality of bliss.

He died surrounded by his family and relatives, and with a priest kneeling at his dying bed.

We loved him in life; let us not forget him in death. Never cease to pray that God may have mercy on his soul.

"Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine in upon him. Amen!"

FUNERAL OF BISHOP PHELAN OF PITTSBURG

EULOGY DELIVERED BY THE RIGHT REV. P. J. DONAHUE, D.D.

"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course: I have kept the faith. As to the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, shall render to me."—II. Timothy iv, 7, 8.

Right Reverend, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, Dearly Beloved Brethren in Christ: A little less than two years ago, it was my happy privilege to speak in the dear old Cathedral on the memorable occasion when a Coadjutor for this great diocese received episcopal consecration. Our hearts that day were filled and thrilled with a double joy. Another bishop was added to the ranks of the hierarchy, to represent our Holy Mother Church, and, what perhaps more deeply moved and gratified us, the old warrior, full of years and merits and honors, was to lay down his helmet, his shield and his spear, and to spend such years as God might still grant him in well-earned repose.

On that day my lips were partly holden. I was forced to set a guard round about them. I knew my man! I realized that though high praise might gratify the assembled throng, I should but wound his heart. He was yet able to protest; he could lift his hand in remonstrance; anger could still leap from his eye; his humility could still take alarm. But now all is changed! He is down! I need not count on his displeasure; the lips are now sealed in death; the hands are folded across the unheaving breast; his eyes are closed to this world forever!

So to-day you and I can indulge the luxury of our grief. I can praise and you can weep, but the ears of him who lies there are deaf to praise or wailings.

"I have fought a good fight!" Yes, he came of fighting stock. He sprang from a race that in the battle's shock has successfully fought in all the world's quarrels save its own. He saw the light in historic Kilkenny, in sight of Slieve Rue, and Slievenamon, by the banks of the Nore that hastens down to join its sister rivers, hard by the spot where they pour their waters into ocean's bosom on storied Waterford's shore. He came into the world near four-score years ago, in times of oppression and persecution. He was a babe in his saintly mother's arms when Catholic Emancipation was signed.

Almighty God molded and fashioned him for a warrior. His huge frame enclosing a great heart designed him for conflict. His lion courage never quailed; his persistent energy, save in the last half decade, never knew abatement. Not that he was literally a man of the sword. He was a fighter for all that was clean and honest and of good repute, for the uplifting of his fellowmen, for the honor and advancement of Holy Mother Church. And if any man after the great St. Paul could say, "I have fought a good fight," surely it is he.

If you desire proof, look round about. Behold this mighty diocese, growing from the little grain of mustard seed to the stately tree in which three hundred and fifty thousand souls find shade and peace and rest and comfort and promise of eternal joys.

Behold the two hundred and twenty-five churches and sixty chapels with spires pointing heavenward to our eternal home. Behold the four hundred clergy, the vast array of religious communities, the institutions without number, the orphanage at Idlewood where to-day nine hundred fatherless and motherless little ones offer their childish prayers and weep bitter tears for their father, now lost to them forever!

The diocese of Pittsburg in the last twenty-five years has made marvelous progress. I dare to say that it has outstripped even the amazing industrious development of this hive of marts and mills and mines. And the leader in the forefront of the battle in this great conquest has been the Right Reverend Richard Phelan, fourth bishop. Tell me not that these have been victories of peace, which are yet no less renowned than those of war. Those who understand anything of the episcopal office realize only too deeply the struggles, the trials, sometimes, alas, the bitterness involved in the upbuilding of a great diocese. They understand the conflict of wills which leaves wounds as deep and painful as those of the sword. They realize the isolation of the episcopal dignity, and how, when the fight is waging, the chief pastor suffers alone while even those nearest to him sleep in peace. Yet must he go on, unfalteringly, ready to give up life if need be, in defense of the rights and prerogatives of his sacred office. Of such a breed, and of such a heart, was the illustrious dead. He never acted from expediency. He never paltered with truth to serve the hour; he never flinched or blanched or quailed; never availed himself of finesse or proceeded by indirection. Nothing visionary or impracticable or wavering in him!

No! He was—

> "moderate, resolute,
> Rich in saving common-sense
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime."

Romance pictures the figure of a maiden knight clad in snowy armor, mounted on a cream-white charger, giving up all earthly ties and joys to fight the battle of the weak and pursue the ever-receding phantom of the Holy Grail. Nineteenth-century fact shows another knight, poorly clad, and worse mounted, riding up and

down the Allegheny Valley, through Freeport, Kittanning, Ore Hill, Stewartson, Pine Creek and other wild regions, not pursuing phantoms, but preaching the plain Gospel of Jesus Christ to his poor scattered flocks, comforting the sorrowful, relieving the poverty of the widow and the orphan, warring doughtily against the excesses and the wildness of those pioneer days, and in some lowly hut or miner's cabin consecrating the Blood of Jesus Christ in the Holy Grail not set with precious gems, but consecrated equally by contact with that sacred Blood which saves the world. It presents to us the figure of one in the first flush of manhood, leaving the uninfected air of the mountains and coming to this city to fight not a phantom, but the dread spectre of cholera, piling up its heaps of the dead.

What years of labor! What unrequited toil! What fights, what struggles with tempest and flood! What hunger and thirst! What opposition, active or inert! What sacrifices! And yet he struck home with might and overcame!

With far more truth than the shadowy and half-mythical Sir Galahad of the far-off centuries could he have said:

> "My good blade carves the casques of men,
> My tough lance thrusteth sure,
> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

To gaze at the man was to be satisfied that no matter how arduous the conflict, no mean advantage would be taken. The mouth was resolute; the lips firm and unyielding, but upon that broad forehead between those honest eyes, honesty sat enthroned! Unconsciously he felt that the highest diplomacy was ever the strictest truth. When the right or the wrong of some concrete situation might be clouded with prejudice or obscured by mere complexity, his mind

with a species of occult orientation went intuitively to the mark. Sometimes he could hardly tell himself the why or the wherefore of a decision. Chief Justice Marshall of the Supreme Court of the United States, after devouring a brief of a thousand pages and listening to learned and abstruse arguments for days would say to Associate Judge Story, "Story, this is my judgment in the case presented; now, find out the reasons from the books." The angelic hosts are said by theologians to possess intuitive perception of the truth without the painful processes of majors and minors and labored syllogisms To many men are vouchsafed some degrees of this intuitive faculty, and one of these par excellence was Bishop Phelan!

He was a student of men and events, rather than of books. Truthful and sincere, and without guile himself, he recognized those kindred qualities in others. Courageous and high-hearted himself, his grit and strength overflowed into those by whom he was surrounded, while the contagion of his cheerfulness, his mirth, his hope, created an atmosphere of optimism. Thus he fought and wrought himself, and thus he multiplied his personality as every leader should.

Yes, dearly beloved brethren, he fought a good fight, a fight against error, a fight against intemperance, a fight against the narrowing lust of gold by being himself one of the most open-handed of givers, a fight for law and order and discipline, as witness his many pronouncements, his yearly synods, and retreats; a fight against the savage passions of men, as witness the houses he established and cherished and befriended as citadels of refuge and hope for fallen woman, more often sinned against than sinning.

"I have finished my course," cries St. Paul.

And so, on Tuesday last, he, too, finished his course. A course

as priest, as vicar-general, coadjutor and bishop which has seldom been equaled in these United States. There is no need to recall to your minds all the stages of this wondrous career. They are written large in stone and marble, in hospital and asylum. The newspapers of this great city have devoted columns to enlarging upon them. They are more indelibly traced in the fleshy tablets of grateful hearts. For twenty-three years in yonder city, he was the "soggarth aroon" enshrined in the hearts of his parishioners, and thousands here who have this day crossed the Allegheny to assist at these obsequies and mingle their tears with their sister city can testify to the sure abiding place he had in their affections. Never, perhaps, in all these United States was a priest more loved and revered than Father Phelan, and when he crossed the bridge to higher honors and weightier tasks, their hearts were filled with sorrow for the days to be no more. Such a place also has he achieved in the respect, the confidence, the love of priest and people on this side. Even those not of the household of the faith felt the drawing power of that rugged honesty, that bluff manliness, those straight methods, that sternness which merely masked the softest of hearts.

"I have kept the faith," cries the great apostle of the Gentiles, in his last hours. And so I say of the dear departed. He was cradled in the faith! His mother was a saintly woman; sprung from a race which even Lecky, the Protestant historian of European morals, characterizes as one of the chastest in all the world.

He imbibed from earliest infancy the principles of our holy religion; he grew up in an atmosphere of faith. Many here present have had the happiness of being born under like conditions in Ireland, Germany, and other European countries, and have brought with them these early and holy traditions to purify the moral

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environment in this new land. In respect of some races this tide is nearly spent; with others it is still at high flood. It is the fashion in some quarters to make light of the traditions of European countries, but ever and anon the truth, which can never be downed definitely and finally, comes out. Thus I have read recently the deliberate judgment of Protestant clergymen that the only hope for the moral regeneration of some of the New England States from the degradation of impurity and disregard of the sanctities of wedlock is the infusion of new blood by immigration. Among the newcomers there is a keen and abiding sense of the supernatural, a respect for holy things. They have the fear of God in their hearts, and a profound appreciation of the holiness and the indissolubility of the marriage tie. They have all the old-fashioned virtues mingled, it is true, with some of the old-fashioned weaknesses, but they form the raw material of splendid citizenship and the hope of those who, gazing to windward make out the gathering storms of socialism, anarchy and rank unbelief.

Of such a faith, and steeped in such traditions, the youth Richard Phelan landed on these shores. And since that day he has not only kept the faith himself, but has been, under God, the efficient cause of thousands upon thousands of others keeping it. He was no orator in the shallow, narrow meaning of that term; he despised the tricks and devices of windy word-mongers. His life, an open page, was one long eloquent sermon on the Gospel of his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Saint Francis of Assisi, seven centuries ago, went forth from his monastery coweled and sandaled with a rope of the Franciscan habit around his loins. "Let us go out," he said to the lay brother, "to preach." The two, with reverent mien and downcast eyes, passed up and down the streets of the city without uttering a word, till at length they again gained their own

cloister. "Father," said the lay brother, "I thought we went forth to preach." "Yes," replied the seraphic one; "and we have preached at every step without moving our lips."

Bishop Phelan was always for deeds of charity, of faith, of heroism, rather than mere empty words. To a cry of poverty he answered with a check. To an application by some poor priest for assistance he gave not words, but substantial financial help. When by disaster and death or parents' misconduct hundreds and thousands of helpless little ones were cast upon the world without a friend to take them by the hand, clothe their nakedness or give them shelter, he planned and collected and managed day and night —sometimes far into the small hours of the morning—to erect the magnificent orphanage at Idlewood when he, in his declining years, the father of none according to the flesh, but the father of thousands by his great love, cherished them until his last hour.

The man's whole personality was a sermon; his whole life was a treatise on faith; his whole atmosphere was of the things unseen rather than of those that are seen. And of this deep and abiding faith, he has left a lasting imprint throughout the length and breadth of this flourishing diocese.

Few, if any, of the Catholics of this country show more evidence of the holding in utter simplicity to the ancient belief than do the faithful of Western Pennsylvania.

"As the pastor, so the people," is a proverb old and deep. And it is equally true that as the bishop so in general the pastors, the faith descends in freshening streams from the fountain head to the barrenest and driest of the lowlands.

Such was the man, and such his life, most poorly sketched. All that is mortal of him lies before us. Sorrow fills the heart of his erstwhile coadjutor with whom he lived under the same roof for so

many years, and whom he loved as a son. Grief bows down brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces in this State. The news of his death was flashed beneath ocean's bed to brothers in the ancestral home. To the sister in far-off New South Wales, who also has devoted her life to God, the cable carried the dread tidings. Four hundred devoted priests mourn his loss; three hundred and fifty thousand of the faithful are this day plunged in grief. Permit me, Right Reverend, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, to mingle my tears with your own and to lay with you a wreath of affection at the feet weary from long travel and worn with labor in the service of his Master and his God.

This sacred place is draped in deepest mourning. The wail of the Kyrie and the Miserere fills its hallowed precincts. We weep for one who was the friend of the fatherless, the elder brother of his priests, the solicitous and generous friend of virgins consecrated to God, the pride of Catholic and in many ways of non-Catholic Pittsburg, the ornament and the glory of that Church for whom he would have willingly laid down his life, not alone in the slow march of disease, but in the swift anguish of martyrdom and blood!

But is this an occasion of unmixed gloom and sorrow? Must we mourn like those who have no hope? Do we behold that rugged frame fast succumbing to the forces of dissolution without any soothing of our sorrow? No; a thousand times no! Christian hope, like the white edges and the purple garnishings of these trappings of wo light up the darkness of our night. We are not wholly comfortless, and from that bier we fancy that after the good fight, after this course so faithfully finished, after the self-sacrifice and heroism of the four-score years, we can hear from the white lips the cry: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my

course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me."

In that faith and in that sure hope bear him hence, the illustrious and worthy successor of O'Connor, of Domenec, of Tuigg, and commit him to mother earth, where the snow's white pall shall fitly symbolize the innocence of his life, the uprightness of his intention, his knightly loyalty to all that was honest and manly and true. But while you bear him hence, and many a time in the after days and the after years, I beseech you pray for his soul. Remember that he appears in the presence of that awful sanctity before which even the angels tremble! Bear in mind that even the just man falls seven times a day, and that no flesh is spotless in the sight of the ever-living God!

Farewell, our bishop, our father, our friend! We can only give thee the tribute of our tears and our prayers. Thou hast passed beneath our horizon of time into the abysmal depths of eternity, but so resplendent and glorious wert though in thy uprising, thy zenith and thy setting, that long after darkness has descended, that glory and that splendor reflected in the upper heavens will light us on our path. Eternal rest, grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him!

THE RECEPTION OF SISTERS

SERMON BY THE REV. H. P. MAUS

"To every one is given his proper gift, to one in this manner and to another in that."—Cor. vii, 7.

We witness this morning, my good friends, one of those solemn and impressive ceremonies that make us realize instinctively that there is, that there must be something divine in that religion, in that holy faith which can ask and receive such generous tokens of heroic sacrifice, love and devotion which we behold here this morning. Our hearts are stirred, our thoughts are raised, elevated to higher, nobler and better things. Instinctively, this morning we feel the truth of that saying, there is, after all, a "better part."

We have assembled within these sacred walls to receive our young friends in the holy, religious state of Sisters of Mercy, and as we see them kneeling here before the altar of God, that beautiful picture of holy Scripture comes home to us with all its vividness—"Martha, Martha, thou art troubled much about many things. One thing alone is necessary; Mary hath chosen the better part." And we see other "Marys" this morning nestling closer to the feet of Jesus.

Our young friends have been ushered in this morning with all the grace of a "bridal feast"; wreaths crowned their heads, a bridal-dress adorned their persons, and the sweet fragrance of flowers bespoke an earthly joy. All these, my friends, are symbolic of the world. But these young virginal hearts have yearned for a higher joy, "the better part," and their gladsome attire is but to accentuate their renunciation. Kneeling here before the altar of God, before

His consecrated representative, placing their hands in His, these words have quivered upon their lips: "O Jesus, for Thee O Jesus, do I renounce the world, with all its vanities and all its pomps. O Jesus, accept this earthly crown and give me Thy eternal crown." The offering is made, the oblation is accepted; Holy Mother Church clasps them closer to her bosom; they are now "spouses of God"; they are dead to the world, and henceforth they shall be known only as "ministering angels" of God's mercy. Let me repeat: Holy is that religion, divine must be that faith which can ask and receive such tokens of heroic sacrifice, devotion and love.

The rich young man came up to our divine Lord and asked Him: "Master, what must I do to have eternal life?" Our divine Lord said to him: "If thou wilt be just, keep my commandments." Love the Lord thy God; do not steal; do not murder; do not commit adultery. But the young man answering said: "Master, all these things have I observed from my youth, what is yet wanting in me?" That young man sought a higher, a closer, a more intimate union with his God. He was not satisfied with fulfilling just the mere letter of the law; his generous young heart was actuated by a higher love. "Master, what is yet wanting in me?" Scripture says our Lord loved that young man. He addressed him in words of mildness and sweetness. We can see Him still, as He turned upon him a look full of love and of solicitude. "If thou will be perfect—lead a higher life—go sell all thou hast and give it to the poor; come, follow me, and thou shalt lay up for thyself treasures in heaven."

My friends, there are other pure, generous, noble souls in the world to whom He addresses the same inviting words. "If you will be perfect"—If you will strive after a higher perfection, lead a holier, pure and a more spiritual life, do more than fulfil the mere letter of the law. Then leave all these things that the world holds

most dear. "Come, follow me!" You, disinterested hearts and pure souls, who realize that perfection does not consist in the noise and applause of the world, the accumulation of riches or the dreams that soon disappear, but that true perfection consists in the union, likeness and the identity of our souls with God. Leave all these things. "Come, follow me! My life," He says, "was a life spent for others." "He went about," says Scripture, "doing good." Gather up the poor, the maimed, the blind, the helpless. Gather up the orphans, the poor little waifs of the street. "And if you do it to one of my little ones you do it unto me." Hundreds, thousands, aye, millions have been harbored in our "Orphan Homes" by the good sisters, followers of that noble servant of God, St. Vincent de Paul: "Come, follow me. My life was a life that leads to heaven." "I am the Way, the Truth and the Light." Go, teach the youthful mind "that man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of God." Where, I ask, is this done, especially in this materialistic age, if not by the good sisters, who devote their whole lives to it, and sometimes, alas! with little appreciation where it should be most expected. Come, come, good noble souls, follow me, for this was my noblest work! My life was a life given to the poor; to aid the destitute, the feeble, the infirm. The world has no more use for you. You are useless, worn-out machines, and it asks why you now encumber the ground? Such become a burden sometimes, even to their own; their own sons and daughters sometimes heartlessly turn them out. My God! My God! what need of charity! Come, come, Little Sisters of the Poor, gather them in, gather them; their souls are as young, as precious, and as immortal as ever. Come, follow me! My life was a life of compassion, "spent for sinners, I died upon the Cross." Poor outcasts, dregs of the street, what need for compassion! You are a shame to all

womanhood and a stigma of reproach; even those who ruined you now loath you and cast you aside. Pharisaical respectability gathers up its skirts for fear of being polluted, and cries, "Away, away! Unclean, unclean!" Jesus says, "They are still mine; repentance may still cover a multitude of sins." Gather them in, gather them in, Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Come, follow me! and many a "Magdalene" is found kneeling at His feet. My life was a life of mercy. He made the blind to see, the deaf to hear and the lame to walk. When pestilence, plague and sickness sweeps over the land and devastates homes, when treacherous disease eats the vitals of the heart, when husband forgets wife and wife forgets husband; aye, when mothers even forget the babes of their bosom! Who is it, my friends, that holds the cooling draught to the fevered and burning lips? Who is it that binds the foul and cancerous wounds? Who is it that often kneels and receives the last dying message, and whispers softly and sweetly for the last time the name of God? The world has called them "the angels, the angels of mercy." Come, follow me!

And finally, the divine Master says: "My life was a life of prayer, a life of obedience, and a life of poverty. Come, follow me!" If nothing else, good, noble souls, chosen servants of God, go forth and teach the world these vital and necessary lessons: Prayer, obedience and poverty. Through pride Satan conquered the world of old. Through pride and mammon he is conquering the world to-day. Go forth and teach the world, that only "the obedient and continent shall speak of victory." If ever before, surely the words are applicable to-day: "I called and you refused; I stretched forth my hand and you disregarded; you despised by counsels and neglected my reprehensions; wherefore, I will laugh at your destruction and mock you when that day shall come, which now you fear."

Above all, lead a live of sanctity and prayer. This is your special vocation and privilege. The world to-day, you know, has no time to pray. The Creator is forgotten for the perishable trinkets of His hand. It is said that Moses of old staid the hand of God's wrath on an ungrateful people by his constant and persevering prayer. Friends, believe me, do you know what stays the hand of God's wrath to-day on an ungrateful and indifferent people? Believe me, next to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass "offered up from the rising to the setting of the sun" it is the prayers, the supplications, orisons of these good servants of God. The world may call this "popish mummery," if it will, but the day of judgment will reveal its infinite value, its divine and eternal worth. Dear, good candidates, above all be servants of prayer. It is this same piety which lends such sanctity about the Catholic religious life. It has been said of you by a Protestant writer: "You may go to the foulest reservations of midnight in your works of mercy, go where even angels fear to tread; in your presence the ribald song is hushed and the oath dies on the lips of the blasphemer. You hear it whispered softly, reverently: 'A Catholic priest. A Catholic sister.'"

There is only one class that will dare to impugn that sanctity: "Sanctified" hypocrites, who hear foul accusations from still more foul and polluted sources; and they dare to repeat them and publicly proclaim them from pulpits that should be consecrated to charity and truth. Under such covers, with no means of vindication, do they strike deep the fangs of malice in the quivering flesh of innocence. Poor is the cause that needs such slanders, ungodly the system that will use them. Why, I ask, should refined, cultured and intelligent young men and women, whom we have known and see daily, leaving refined and happy homes, all the pleasures of social life, the freedom and liberty of the world, to give themselves

up to a life of sacrifice, restraint and prayer? Why? The only reason I can find, they still hear the echo of the divine Master: "If thou wilt be perfect"—strive after a higher perfection, lead a holier, a more spiritual life; leave all that the world holds most dear, for my sake; come, follow me!

I once saw a beautiful painting of the Blessed Mary Margaret kneeling before the Sacred Heart. A thousand and one invisible cords seemed to be drawing her every sense and centering them in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This, my friends, gives us the aspiration of every true religious: O Sacred Heart of Jesus, make this heart of mine like unto Thine. Or a Father Marquette standing at the bow of his little canoe holding the image of the Crucified aloft, this explains it all: "All for Thee, O Jesus, whom I have seen, whom I have known, whom I have loved." The divine Master assures us they have chosen the "better part."

My dear young friends, my dear young candidates, you are about to consecrate yourselves to the service of God, to join the great galaxy of God's chosen servants, and enter upon the footsteps of the divine Model. He looks upon you this morning with love and solicitude, even as He did upon the rich young man of old, and He says to you: "If you will be perfect, go sell all thou hast, give it to the poor. Come, follow me, and thus thou shalt lay up for thyself treasures in heaven." Therefore, let your separation be complete this morning. God does not go in halves. Better by far that you remain in the world than that your separation be made with reserve. At the end of the Civil War General Grant was asked what were the conditions of surrender. He answered, "There are no conditions, the surrender must be complete." My young friends, if you will make good religious, be a glory to God, an honor to your community; if you will fulfil your duty nobly and well, and have

abiding peace in your soul, let your separation be complete this morning, let it be without reserve.

Kneeling here before the altar of God, before His consecrated representative, of your own accord, you have taken the vow of poverty. Keep it in spirit as well as in letter. Of your own accord you have taken the vow of chastity, "to sing the song given only to virgins to sing." Keep it immaculate. Of your own accord you have taken the vow of obedience in all things, in little as well as great. Keep it intact. Remember Him who has said: "I was obedient even to the death of the Cross."

Sacrifices will be demanded at times that require all the courage of a generous heart, crosses to be borne that at times will appear very hard; and hence, even this morning, on this gladsome day, Jesus, looking down upon you from His crucifix, casts the shadow of His crown of thorns upon your crown of roses. But believe me, my young friends, if you strive to become perfectly religious, you will experience the truth of that divine saying: "My yoke is sweet and my burden is light." Let me assure you, for every sacrifice you are called upon to make in your religious life the world asks a hundredfold more for its own and returns less. For every self-abnegation that you are called on to practise the world exacts greater and is less grateful. For every prayer that you offer votaries of the world will spend more energy and are less repaid. The beautiful scene comes home again with all its vividness: "Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things. One thing alone is necessary, Mary hath chosen the better part, that shall not be taken from her." Dear, good parents, give your children gladly to God this morning. They are happy. They are safe. They are nestling closer to the feet of Jesus. In your old age, when silver shall crown your locks and the world shall lose its attractions, oh, how happy you will

be to think that you have given at least one child to God! How consoling the thought that one of your "own flesh and blood" has been consecrated entirely to his service! Believe me, their prayers and good works will intercede in your behalf. On that "great day" we shall all realize how well it is that "He hath given every one his proper gift, to one after this manner and to another after that."

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF A PARISH

ADDRESS BY THE RIGHT REV. JOSEPH B. COTTER, D.D.

Fifty years of holy endeavor, fifty years of rich and blessed achievement bespeak in the jubilee we celebrate our admiration and gratitude. Fifty long years of heroic sowing, of grateful reaping here, in the heart of the mid Northwest, by apostolic priests and devoted and faithful laity, command our heartfelt and joyful reverence to-day.

The life of a parish through a half century in any country and age means much in labor and self-sacrifice. It means very much in advancement and merit. Here the period represents the intrepid service of pioneer life, the unpromising and long-protracted hardships of first- and second-growth conditions in a new land. It speaks of life lived in the strugglings, the heroic self-denials that formed the conditions of this new, prosperous and wondrously fair land when the dawnings of advancing civilization lighted its forests and prairies, its rivers and lakes. It speaks with pathetic eloquence of weary years of poverty, of harsh and weighty burdens, of privations that frontier life entails. The records of a parish—occupying for years the outpost of a civilization that seeks conquest for the kingdom of Christ—must tell a story of disappointments, of failure and of resulting heartaches no less than of superb, if dearly purchased, successes. Nevertheless, whatever the trials and however bitter such records recall, looking backward to-day brings us face to face with an epoch of steady progress and of matchless brilliancy. The story of those eventful years speaks of life maintained through years that tried men's souls by anguish keener than fire, yet through

all of life bravely endured for God and commonwealth and humanity, whether passed in primitive cabins wherein rudest comfort but seldom rewarded most painful vigilance and ceaseless toil, or spent in statelier homes wherein hard labor and trying economies yet knew no ceasing.

The annals of the days just closed are buried in many honored graves, or written in the hearts of the dauntless conquerors of this once frontier land, who, through the mercy of God, still abide with us. But wherever inscribed they will be found graved in simple and unboastful characters—as becometh the story of heroic deeds.

Because so written they speak to us more eloquently and movingly of a life ever and always rich in well doing; of a life never discontent save when it fell short of attainment in the upbuilding of homes modeled after the homes of Nazareth; in the rearing of churches worthy of tabernacling their Eucharistic King—their solace and their life; in the erection of schools wherein, as in the temple of old, their children would be taught of the wisdom of the higher life as well as of the things that make for material progress.

Blessed annals! They sing in jubilant strains to-day of fifty years of uninterrupted work—the flower and fruit whereof are seen to-day in thousands of homes, enriched and beautified with evidences of intellectual and religious activity in every field of human exertion in our midst.

I may but outline the creations of the half century of labors this jubilee commemorates, of the labors made fruitful of divine benedictions by prayerful communings with and loyal obedience to the fountain head of creative power; made fruitful unto amazement by the quenchless zeal of priests and people in whose hearts burned and upon whose brows shone the divine markings of love of God and neighbor.

As long as love for goodness and admiration for noble example endure so long shall remain the strong, yet beauteous, lines and splendid coloring of the picture their work exhibits to-day. On the canvas are to be seen the fairest monuments wrought and reared by the hands of men—schools and churches and homes. This church, every stone and brick of which represents sacrifice of heart and sweat of brow—a monument of Christian love. The Christian school, prolific mother of many other foundations destined to bear in turn Christ and this gospel of reconciliation and peace to countless homes. The convent home of one of those glorious sisterhoods that by Christlike living the weakest and the most unrighteous of the children of men feel that the higher life is possible and desirable.

And around these precious jewels or applied Christianity is the glorious setting of Christian homes, above them hovering the angels of the domestic felicities, the angels of abiding love and abiding union. Do men find love of God, of purity, of home, and of fidelity to law home's safeguard in this favored portion of Christ's vineyard? How large a measure of credit is due, under God, to the brave men and valiant women who have borne the burdens and heat of each day for the past half century in St. Joseph's parish! We lay at their feet the tribute of our praise. We bespeak for them on bended knees and from the depths of thankful hearts the greater reward for which they toiled. Beloved brethren, the merits and the glories of fifty years of endeavor that rejoice our eyes and inspire our admiration and gratitude to-day are all, it must be said, the achievements of humble fidelity in the performance of what are esteemed the commonplace, every-day duties of life. But is it not just such painstaking fulfilment of duty that should merit richest reward, demanding, as it does in every detail, something of divine patience and skill for its perfect finishing? The gratifying beauty

and the enduring value of the half century of toil we contemplate to-day are found in the likeness their cost bears in study, in labor and in sacrifice to the divine price of the creation. Search land and sea and discover that God in His wisdom, in His love, in His everlasting patience is found in every minutest atom that contributes its divinely formed strength and beauty to the upbuilding of the universe. "Mount the wings of the morning and ascend to the skies and learn that God created them with understanding."

Would it not be well to ask here what sustained the builders of this great parish through the perilous ways of their heroic career? What light led them on through evil days and fair to such earnest, clean, upright and eminently constructive living? Brethren, they were followers of the Christ Jesus. Is there need to say to you who walk in their blessed footsteps that they found in the service of their divine Leader an enlightenment of intellect and an illumination of heart, before whose brightness the vaunted light of the highest civilization attained by the philosophers of Egypt, Greece or Rome paled into darkness? It is not denied that the Egyptian, Grecian and Roman teachers developed intellectual activities to a degree that dazzled the world of thought, nor that their triumphs remain to this day the peerless achievements of the human mind—working only on natural lines; working within the limitations of human reason. Nevertheless, the conquests won by the overwhelming and irresistible powers of the ancient world under the inspiration and leading of those master minds were ever conquests that forced the multitudes down to the dark levels of degeneracy, serfdom and slavery and doomed them to the yoke of animalism and lust. Under the imperial sway of pagan power the might of the few legalized every form of brutality, sensuality and hate. No consideration of justice or charity prevailed against the fierce and despotic selfishness

of the ruling class. Life and death held no value save as either ministered to the ambition or the passion of the few. The idea of the brotherhood of man, where held—and it was held by but few—was laughed to scorn. In a word, man was man's prey, and human reason, ignoring or despising God, directed the war of man upon his brother in a way to make it more sanguinary, cruel and relentless than the contest of the most savage beasts for the ascendancy. As the wealth and power of the rulers grew, the manhood and womanhood of the race degenerated until the masses became the merest puppets of power and found pleasure only in the barbarous and bloody sports afforded by their inhuman masters. Fraternal love, with its celestial aspirations, its power to resurrect the dormant powers of man, its power to emancipate man from man's almost inconceivable inhumanities, to reconstruct, sanctify and save, was unknown, or, where known, strangled to death. Nor was alleviation or change of such conditions hoped for until God himself should descend to earth and dwell as a teacher among the sin-corrupt children of men. The refrain of the glorious song of jubilation uplifted for the first time on the Judean hills on that momentous Christmas night, wellnigh two thousand years ago, in proclamation of the birth into the world of a new King, and of the beginnings of the new kingdom of love, is heard in the songs of this jubilee. Like silver trumpets are the voices of Church and school and Christian homes of this parish, as they sing with the angelic host of the holy night of old; of the Emmanuel—God with us; as they chant the blessed hymn that announced the change of the old order under the compelling law of regeneration in Christ Jesus.

Citizens of the new kingdom, followers, defenders, champion of the new law were the builders of this parish. In the light of the King, by right divine, they dwelt. The revelation of God's father-

hood, of man's sonship, of the brotherhood of man, was part of their treasure; of their heritage. For them, as for their forefathers, the Sun of Justice had risen nevermore to set. In its light they saw, as the first disciples saw, the wondrous dignity of man; saw in him no longer the abject slave and outcast, but kith and kin of the King, radiant in the habiliment of God's child; his destiny, no longer that of the beast, but supernatural union with God, His Father, life immortal in the beatific vision. Infinitely brighter this Sun of Justice than the "pillar of fire" that lighted the exodus of Israel to a happier land than the land of their captivity. In this light the deep meanings of this life of probation and exile appeared, and close to eager hands those priceless gifts that contribute to the perfectibility of man here and to his final and immutable perfecting—in union with God by vision and love. All this and more—the heritage of the builders of this parish, and, appreciating their possessions which constituted them stewards and dispensers, they would, like their bountiful and generous Master, share their inheritance with others, even with the "strangers without the gates," and transmit it with its consolations and promises to their children.

With the coming of divine light into this world of darkness there appeared the long-craved boon of liberty—the liberty of the sons of God. The builders of the parish rejoiced in it. To them neither history nor the trend of current thought were as sealed books. And in the light of both they realized that no liberty, save that liberty wherewith Christ made man free, held any promise of real happiness for man. History and, as well, the current thought of worldlings in their applications, exhibited to them peoples blind to fundamental moral obligations, festering in corruptions that doomed them to hopelessness and a shameful end, and demonstrated the truth of the Eternal Word—that men who cast off the yoke of Christ do so

at the awful cost of degradation under the destructive despotism of sin. Whereas, the liberty of Christ guarantees immunity from evil and from the influences that bring evil upon the unwary children of men. "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty" (II. Cor. iii, 17). And outside its divine environments there is no hope of attaining union with the All Beautiful, the All Perfect—man's destiny; and failure of such attainment involves evil upon evil here and the fruits of iniquitous living in the harvest day of eternity. True, liberty is freedom from every power in the dread dominions of evil—freedom from the power of that "body of death," against which man is bound to fight as St. Paul fought. It is this grace of freedom only that bulwarks man against the invasions of sin from without and safeguards him from the havocs of evil that concupiscence threatens within. It is this grace that enables man to rise above the destroying servitudes of the sin-tainted conditions that prevail on earth. He that forfeits this liberty forfeits the dignity of a child of God, aligns himself with the ranks of the reprobate and invites everlasting death as his portion. Is God free? His children must be free. Love unites Father and child, and the will of the perfect Father becomes the chosen service of the child conscious of his sublime personality. To every man the achievement of such union, of human will and divine, is possible. Such the precise purpose of man's creation. Then, is it not the ambition of man? Is not the heart of every man athirst for happiness? And without rest until he find it? And as there is no good and no happiness without God, the answer to man's craving must be sought and found in Him. And it will be found—in virtue of God's covenant with men—by all who earnestly seek the power to be made the sons of God, and conform their lives to the divine order of His kingdom.

Breathing the pure mountain air of this kingdom, their minds

attuned to and in harmony with the music of the skies, their hearts aflame with the all-embracing love of God, the great souled builders of this parish longed for the widening of its boundaries; longed and prayed that their brothers outside its protecting ægis might win citizenship, light and liberty in it. Theirs the divine imperialism of the cross-bound Conqueror of Calvary that would win all men for His kingdom. They would see His standard lifted in every principality in the empire of man's passions, to rule there forever, that the world of men under its dominion might come to joy in His redeeming light and liberty. Is it a marvel that they built and built and maintained, though both cost years of labor and sacrifice? Out of the great world they, in union with the universal Church, would conquer for Christ, rises the noisy cry of protest: "What is there in all the Christian's career that speaks of progress?" "Has not the mighty spirit of progress been wellnigh smothered under Christian anathemas, and made contemptible under the austere standard of humiliation, penance and prayer?" Repel this charge, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters of this jubilating parish. In gracious pity for those mistaken men, bid them open their eyes to the splendid achievements wrought under Christian inspiration in this field and note that this parish has only repeated the history of her sister parishes throughout Christendom. Where and when has advance been made in the ways of true progress that has been found unwelcome to the kingdom of Christ on earth? Bid them tell, where has the spirit of real progress found congenial home save under the roof trees of Christendom? Progress wane and die under Christian standards? Perish the thought. Its master works have flourished most and best under Christian blessing and fostering. As are the graces of light and liberty, so is the spirit of progress a gracious gift of God. But if it be a gift from above—and no man that

thinketh in his heart denies it—its definition rests with God. Free thought—ever confessedly trammeled by narrow earthly limitations —defines it as the natural power of man to advance from rude and harsh earthly conditions to easier ways of living; from imaginary primal to more and more civilized conditions. The divine definition commends progress to us as an ascent from earth to heaven. At best life is but a brief sojourning, and much as material progress may be desired, and commendable as the ceaseless efforts of man for it may be, desire for the longer life will burn more strongly in the human heart and the labor spent upon its attainment will ever continue to be of a character higher, more heroic and praiseworthy. Meanwhile, whatever advances science and art may achieve, foolish and blind the man that does not welcome them as new disclosures in the field of mysteries and as discoveries of new tongues for the voicing of God's praises, and of new methods that will tell new stories of the beauties and glories of that kingdom where all mysteries are unveiled. And, whilst the toilers who seek their rewards here below grope from unsatisfied desire to unsatisfied desire, ever hungered, never filled, those who constitute the army of light and liberty and real progress, "their bridges burned behind them," their backs turned upon a sterile land, where sickness and death abound, their eyes agleam with the light of the land where their treasures lie, shall march upward, led by a hand that helps in the ascent to the radiant hills about the great white throne.

This the progress worth living—worth working for; the progress of growth of soul into the perfect and everlasting likeness of God; the progress of ascent from this shadow life to the life beyond in the realms of illimitable light and glory.

We sing in this jubilee the *Te Deum laudamus,* in thanksgiving to God for the gifts of light and liberty and progress so bounteously

vouchsafed the builders of this parish. To the blessed memory of those gone to the reward of their labors we reverently offer the homage of our gratitude—for that they increased the talents of their Master and transmitted their possessions—the richer by the value of their illustrious virtues. May their great souls rejoice in the kingdom triumphant.

We salute you, the living—their co-workers and successors in this fertile field. To the crowned above in the ecstasies of their triumph; and to the uncrowned here, who still strive in the workshops of God, we offer tribute of liveliest gratitude for the royal example set us, and for the inspirations and aspirations that have flooded our minds and hearts through the lessons of this great jubilee. Shall we offer other praise? Let it be the praise that is found in holy emulation. Let us walk in the footsteps of those who have helped to make the glories of this day possible. Amen.

THE PRIEST AND SOCIETY

Address on the Occasion of the Civic Celebration of the Silver Jubilee of a Priest

BY THE REV. R. F. MOORE, A.M.

The following address was delivered by the Rev. R. F. Moore, A.M., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, New Britain, in the Russwin Lyceum, December 19, on the occasion of the civic celebration of the silver jubilee of the Rev. J. T. Winters, pastor of St. Mary's Church:

Right Reverend Bishop, Your Honor, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: This representative gathering is a fitting tribute to the work and worth of the reverend jubilarian in his dual character as a priest and as a citizen.

The primary purpose, however, of a priest's jubilee is to honor Christ, the great High Priest from whom every duly ordained priest receives his priestly character. It is this sacred character that makes the priest the ambassador of Christ. By it he so shares in the power and authority of Christ that the official acts of a priest are the acts of Christ Himself, because they are done in His name and by His authority. Wherefore, it is Christ who speaks and acts through every priest in the exercise of his sacramental functions.

This sacred seal is the secret of the power and prestige of the priesthood everywhere and always. It is not a merely human institution. It is also divine and holy, because its tap-root, Christ Himself, is divine and holy, and because He sends up into all his branches—both priests and people, the sap of holiness. The essential function of this high and holy commission is sacrifice—

sacrifice sacramental, upon the altar of God, the priest's daily home—sacrifice personal, upon the altar of the people's hearts, where he should consume himself, through loving service to their best interests both of soul and body.

To honor that priesthood, to rejoice with Fr. Winters, its worthy and faithful representative, who has been privileged by God to see this jubilee day, when sacerdotal graces are revived and when the bond of mutual charity and mutual respect is renewed between him and the people, not alone of his own beloved flock, but of the entire community, irrespective of race or religion; to unite with him in thanking God for his great gift of the priesthood to the world—this is the high spiritual purpose of a priest's jubilee.

Fittingly, indeed, was this observed yesterday, within the precincts of the sanctuary, where, in the presence of his Bishop and fellow-priests, his religious and his dear people, the reverend jubilarian, clad in his sacred vestments and amidst the smoke of incense and solemn strains of music, ascended the altar, as he did twenty-five years ago to offer for the first time, with trembling hands and lips, the august sacrifice in praise and thanksgiving to God, the Giver of all good gifts.

To-night, however, this civic audience, that knows neither parochial nor denominational limits, is a timely testimonial to his personal character as a man—a character which has been the labor of a lifetime to achieve and to be a worthy match to his priestly character; for the better the man, the better and more powerful the priest. In addition, it is a public avowal of his worth as a leading citizen of our city with its rapidly changing conditions and its new problems that cry out for brave men and true men. He belongs to that class of public men who are powers for good in any community, just because they are men of moral worth and moral vigor.

They are the patriotic men, who are actively interested in every measure of education or legislation; of charity or reform that would improve the general well-being of all our citizens, regardless of class or creed. They are the honorable men, who love the splendor of truth, in especial that truth which makes a man free; and who hate the ugliness of vice, that keeps a man a slave. Philanthropic men, who give generously of their means and best energies to promote charitable and humane enterprises: hospitals for the crippled and the sick; homes for the poor and the aged; houses of correction for the weak and erring and asylums for the widow and the orphan. Honest men, who see the need of a conscience in public as in private life. They would have no divorce between religion and politics. Instead, they would inject into men of politics religious principles that would keep them clean and free from all bribery and political chicanery or corruption.

Just men, they stand for an honest wage; an honest ballot; an honest tax; an honest price for all the necessities of life and honest laws that would give every man the square deal. Pure men, who would protect the purity and strength of our families, the bulwarks of the nation, against those two national demons of divorce and a childless conjugality that is criminal. They would root out those kennels of vice and corruption into whose depths our fair youth fall—moral and financial wrecks—perhaps, like Lucifer, never to rise again. They would lift their voice against all profanity and obscenity in every form; against all obscene plays, obscene representations or advertisements on our highways, obscene literature in our libraries or elsewhere, that sow the seeds of immorality in the minds of our young.

Friends of Total Abstinence, they would see its flag floating over every home; as it symbolizes a victory of the human will over an

animal appetite, that ruins more families than war or pestilence. In a word, they would, if possible, create for us an ideal city of virtuous, intelligent and healthy citizens. Such men, by their uplifting and restraining influence, are the salvation of the Church and of society. Our social stability and strength; our peace and prosperity depend upon the kind of education and the kind of principles we adopt to form our future citizens. "The true test of civilization," says a writer, "lies not in acres but in the kind of men the country turns out." As a truth, we need intelligent and prudent citizens to mold and to master the destinies of this nation of mixed races and mixed ideals. We need healthy citizens; for a sound mind in a sound body is a twin blessing of God. But, above all and beyond all we need virtuous citizens, men of conscience, men of sound moral principles.

Health and intelligence and virtue, these three, but of these the greatest and most fundamental is virtue. I mean virtue taken in its moral sense, as a firm and permanent disposition to practise acts of virtue. It is not a mere transitory act of virtue. Health and intelligence do not, of necessity, make a man a virtuous citizen. He may be an Adonis in figure and form; he may be a Goliath in strength. He may be an intellectual luminary of the first magnitude, but unless these gifts be buttressed with a strong moral character, he can become, as it frequently happens, the worst criminal: a gigantic engine of destruction in the financial and moral world.

To-day, it is not the corruption of the poor and ignorant, great as it may be, that is our despair and menace. It is the corruption stalking abroad, boldly and contemptuously, in high places. It is the corruption among men, intelligent, wealthy and cultured, who are betraying their positions of trust with crimes that are a disgrace to our civilization. There is a rich rottenness in the land. Who can

tell what it can and may bring forth? When the Roman Empire had become a world-power and had reached the zenith of mental culture, its citizens were sunk in the lowest depths of vice and corruption. Their principles of education were high, but low and base were their principles of morality and religion.

What, then, are the true principles that make the proper distinction between right and wrong and can compel a man to do right and avoid the wrong? They must be principles, strong and powerful, to withstand the force of opposing passions or prejudices, pleasure of profit, or any other self-interests. They must be fixed and immovable as the eternal hills. They must be founded on the eternal rock of rectitude and righteousness. They must be universal, affecting all alike, without exception. They must be permanent, everywhere and always the same.

The principles, however, of natural morality—the love of honor or decency; the esteem of our fellowmen; a sense of shame or justice; the power of knowledge and even the civil power of vengeance or any other personal interest—are not sufficient of themselves to induce men to practise either the moral or social virtues. The reason is because they rest solely upon the love of man and the fear of man—a weak and shifting foundation, as all history proves. The French Republic, with its Reign of Terror, fell because the fear of men upon which it rested passed away. Nothing was left to compel men to obey the laws.

The Gospel principles, that recognize God as the source of all law and authority, to whom rulers and subjects, masters and servants, employers and workmen are accountable for all their actions, even the least; the principles, that proclaim the existence of a future state of reward and punishment; that emphasize the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; these constitute the eternal,

equitable and permanent foundation upon which are built a safe society and a sound morality. These are the principles that captivate the heart, the seat of the passion—that darkened chamber, where secret plans are concocted, calumnies are whispered that never see the light, and over which human authority has no jurisdiction. They guide and control the will, not only in our relation with God but also with our fellowmen. They control the will of the individual and make it obedient to the popular will. Here is liberty. They control the popular will and make it obey the will of God. Here is just law and authority that are heaven-born. "All power is from God," says the Gospel. The individual will obey the will of the people, and the will of the people obeying the will of God—here is the true bond of society—the religious bond that keeps men and governments conformable and obedient to the divine will, the source of all liberty, of all law and authority. And when that obedience to God's will expressed through any law, divine or human, springs from that great and most powerful of all motives, namely, the love of God the Father; or even the fear of God the Avenger, we have the essence and foundation of the only true morality upon which a safe society must rest—a morality based upon the principles of the Gospel. That Gospel is superior to the best powers of nature and education in the formation of law-abiding and liberty-loving citizens, because it inspires them with a salutary reverence for authority that is a sacred trust and with a respectful obedience to the law which is the will of God. Out of that Gospel sprung the germ of American liberty; for men must be spiritually free and equal before they can be politically free and equal. It was that germ of liberty that the Catholic, Columbus, planted upon the virgin soil of America, when he was pushed unknowingly across the sea and planted the Cross of Christ.

Under the protecting ægis of that Gospel the germ of American liberty grew and expanded, until it became a mighty tree, whose spreading branches dropped their rich and ripe fruitage into all the departments of American life as they overshadowed a peaceful and prosperous people. To them alone, her future safety must be anchored. Now, more than ever, there is danger, when with the lust of wealth and lust of power, as with the old Romans, the simple, homely habits and the old-fashioned ideals are fast passing away, and men are trampling upon the most sacred principles to get ahead in the fashionable and financial world. Atheism is abroad in the land, bold and defiant. According to a reliable authority, a large majority of the graduates of our colleges and universities are atheists or infidels. We hear everywhere the whisperings of Socialism—the wild unrest of minds tainted and diseased with false principles of what is right and good. The Gospel principles alone, as all history proves, can cure minds diseased and can control the popular will when agitated with storms of passion, ignorance or prejudice. Neither education alone, nor legislation alone, not even the press—great factors of civilization though they be—can do this; simply because they are only the exact expression of the popular will. They are, as the people wish them to be and no more. They should be the conscience of society. In their default, a power superior to them is therefore necessary to be a safe guide for the minds of the people and a restraint to their agitated wills.

With the Gospel principles, may we live to see the kingdom of God descending upon earth where Justice and Charity would reign supreme. We would then behold Justice, on the one side, crushing the monsters of greed and cruelty; and on the other, sweet Charity cooling the fires of envy, hatred and jealousy. Behold Charity,

the angel-queen of all the virtues, social and moral. She stands, as the ministering angel, in the darkened chambers of sin and sorrow and suffering; to watch and wait, to help and to heal, to sooth and to solace a sick world that leans upon her. Behold the mission of charity upon earth: "To uplift, purify and confirm by its own gracious gift the world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor to degrade and drag down and oppose her forever."

This charity is better than mere pity, more consoling than mere benevolence.

It is not the mere love of humanity. It is love of God in neighbor.

The priest is the apostle of charity, and of all the virtues that strengthen men and society. He is the herald of the true principles of morality from which all virtue springs. He is therefore worthy of honor, the honor of God by fitting men to be worthy citizens of heaven; and the honor of man by helping men to be intelligent and virtuous citizens of God's kingdom on earth.

SERMON AT THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

BY THE REV. EDWARD FLANNERY

"Other foundation can no man lay but that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus."—I. Cor. iii, 2.

Brethren, the service which dedicates a Catholic church to the uses of religion does not depend upon the outward setting for the solemnity which renders it impressive. The ceremony possesses of its very nature a character which appeals to religious sentiment irrespective of the circumstances that wait upon the scene. The simple ritual, the prescribed prayers, the action of the officiating prelate, the movements of the attendant clergy, stir by suggestion thoughts that soar above the common grooves; while the measured response to the Bishop's murmured blessing; the dropping of the purifying water descending as a heavenly rain; the perfumed breath of the ascending incense, going up as a worshipful whisper to speak words of adoration; the fitful light and shadow thrown over all by the candle's flickering flame—these bare rubrical elements supplied by the law of the Church strike off a picture whose sacred tinge is not borrowed from any external source. Intimately, therefore, the service is ever the same. The act of consecration is essentially one, whether the structure blest be the glorious edifice that courts the smile of everlasting fame, or the rude hut that shelters the devotion of the humble peasant. It is the act of surrender to God and not the earthly esteem of the gift that invests the presentation with solemn nature.

There is an accidental touch, however, that may add external solemnity to the scene. Personal or local interest may affect the impressions which different classes carry away. Because of dis-

similar emotions awakened, or because of private events of which there is little public knowledge, each dedication service may address a peculiar appeal to those who are closely connected with the scene where the ceremony is enacted. Hence, the difficulty of any attempt to do even meagre justice to the appreciative feeling with which you assist at this service. To describe adequately one must have felt equally the varying emotions that have crowded your soul. One must needs have felt hope spring to life with the inception of the work, daily to increase as stone was reared on stone, arch added to arch, towers holding proud heads aloft to be crowned with the emblem of salvation, until this moment, when exultation is unrestrained as the portals of this glorious temple of the living God give entrance to the halls that henceforth will harbor your devotion. To have sounded each note in the gamut of your emotions one might pretend to say what this ceremony means to you. Denied this privilege, a preacher must be content with the endeavor to tell the general significance of this occasion.

Were I to say that the dedication of this Catholic church awakens the conscious interest of many outside the immediate neighborhood, the statement might well be challenged. Nevertheless, did men fully grasp the important influence such a event wields over the destinies of present and future people, they would willingly offer the tribute of their respectful attention. A church more or less, may not appear to weigh seriously in the balance. But it is what the ceremony symbolizes that forbids us to pass over the occasion lightly. Men may not admit the relationship, but notwithstanding their reluctance to grant it, we dare assert that there is an intimate connection between this ceremony and the solution of the perplexing problems which are now throwing the race into a fretful fever of inquietude and discontent.

Not to pass the boundaries of our own beloved land, what is the condition in which men at large find themselves at the present time? To guard against a fallacy, let it be said at once that in many respects we need yield to no former age in claiming virtues whose possession gives this nation a conspicuous niche in the temple of God-fearing people. Because certain evils are rampant we must not lose sight of the good deeds accomplished. Vice ever exalts its insolent brow, while virtue cloaks its blushing face under the cover of inattention. Whence the result that the evil men do is heralded with clarion note, but godly acts are mentioned in whispers. Bad reputations are multiplied with the day; ill reports are stamped upon every leaf that blows in the breeze of public opinion and a nation may be publicly condemned of men, whereas in the judgment of God it may deserve high place for its private, unpublished virtues. Without pretending to arraign the land, then, we may nevertheless hazard a judgment based upon evidences furnished by public speech and public prints, according to which the actual condition of our people is one which thoughtful men regard with no great complacence. A spirit of unrest exists, which finds expression in loudly vociferated complaint against the inequality which unjustly condemns one class to badly requited toil, when others are submerged by waves of unearned increment. The demagogue is abroad in the land, playing upon the prejudices of the mob and inciting to deeds of violence those who fall under the spell of his insidious logic. Dishonesty is enthroned in exalted place; honorable dealing is becoming a byword; the ancient sense of justice grows moribund; and governmental forces are becoming corrupted. Nor is the religious horizon entirely clear of clouds. There is a new materialism in things of faith, more subtly dangerous than its namesake of other days. The materialist of former times openly avowed hostility to God and

brushed aside all forms of belief as the airy nothings of an idle dream. He held to what he knew through the channel of his senses; what he touched and tasted, heard and saw, and beyond the veil of sense there existed for him nothing. So his gods were stock and stone, wind and wave, cloud and planet. All other deities and all other cults were condemned to the limbo of derisive neglect. The materialist of to-day is the antithesis of his ancestor. Now he may pretend firmly to believe in God and reputation for piety may exalt him to a high rank in the list of the religious. The old spirit used the forces of the world to battle against the assumptions of religion; your materialist of to-day uses religion to gain a tighter grasp upon the forces of the world. Religion is prostituted to an unholy service and the armament of heaven is employed to lay siege to the fortified places of earth. If this seem exaggeration, question the common man of the world on his idea of an acceptable religion. The value of any form of worship they begin to weigh in the balance of its earthly usefulness. How profitable is it? They may not ask bluntly the amount in dollars and cents, but what relief does it offer the needy? Has it institutions to shelter the ailing and the forsaken? What opportunity is given for mental improvement—in a word, they have reduced religion to the low terms of material advantage, and where such is lacking, they profess great reluctance to proceed.

It is this debasement of religion which rests at the foundation of many of the social evils we deplore. For if the culture of sacred things is but a roadway to bodily or mental improvement, if faith is only a ladder lifting the believer to a higher plane of social prominence, if church affiliation is an easy arrangement for the acquisition of temporal benefits, it would be sheerest nonsense to practise religion when such advantages are not forthcoming, and the only sanity to consider religion of secondary importance; whose behests

when helpful might be obeyed; whose laws when opposed to earthly progress should be utterly disregarded.

As a matter of fact, we find that this is the outcome. To-day we have a class that begins to throw aside entirely the trammels of religion. They flatter themselves that a new system, excluding the time-honored features of ancient creeds, will give quicker possession of what the fleshy heart covets. As that is all religion offers, according to the dominant notion, they prefer to take the quicker and easier route to the goal of their ambition. They may call themselves socialists, communists, what you will, but the thought which drives them onward has been implanted directly or indirectly by the corrupted idea the world at large entertains of the word religion. There is a second class, consistent at least in following whither the logic of their conception leads, who retain religious fellowship, boast of being practical churchmen, and still refuse to permit any religious scruple to impede their path to power. They are consistent, we repeat, for if religion is robbed of all but its material element there is no sane reason that should urge these men to forego personal aggrandizement.

When it is said that this condition is a newer materialism, it does not imply that such a state has never existed before. Indeed, so similar are some phases of your present civilization to periods of past history that the spirit of our age is almost identical with the temper of mind which confronted Jesus Christ when he began to preach His message of salvation. The Jewish race, to whom His words were first addressed, held the same views of religion that control many minds to-day. They regarded intercourse with the Almighty as a relationship that should turn profitable in a worldly sense. Shorn of its more brutal features, their hope of a Messias was colored with the expectation that he should be a mighty king

who would deliver them from national bondage. Their faith was mere patriotism. As a people their one desire was to be freed from naught save from the shameful slavery in which their country languished. Their religion, therefore, was devoid of supernatural character. They were willing to profess belief in God if such service could be converted into worldly advance for their nation and its people. If some of the inhabitants were possessed of purer sentiment which prompted them to be disinterestedly concerned for the country alone, and, in pure love of the land, not to take thought of any personal profit, the great bulk of the people sought selfish advantage pure and simple from their attendance upon the Almighty. When Christ, therefore, had nothing to offer of all their avarice craved, so blinded were they by their carnal wishes that they rejected Him forthwith and refused to believe He was the Son of God, despite the evidence that has convinced the ages. They held fast to their own idea that religion should lead to earthly greatness, and when Jesus Christ contradicted the thought, horrible as the implication may be for the men of to-day, they preferred stubbornly to cling to what brought temporal and eternal destruction rather than humbly to accept the saving remedy proffered by the Saviour.

The rejection of Christ led ultimately to the total loss of the treasure the Jews were so solicitous to preserve—their national existence—and though its perpetration was not the main object of Christ's teaching, it is certain that had they willingly hearkened to His words their country would have been spared. For Jesus Christ was a patriot none the less because He was the Son of God. The offspring of the nation, He was not untouched by the human sentiments of His people. As God, that land was no more dear to Him than any other spot of earth. But as man, through whose veins the national blood was coursing, He was affected by the same emotions

that moved His fellow-countrymen. So we must expect to find Him anxious for the welfare of the nation and of its people. If there were means by which both might be safeguarded and prospered, Christ would have imparted a knowledge of such helps. The doctrines which He offered to the people, leading to eternal life, were yet the only assistance He deigned to propose for their deliverance. Hence, must we conclude that the acceptance of those doctrines was the sole plan possessed by Christ to bring his countrymen not only the safety of soul, but also the preservation of their nation.

The application to our present condition is so striking that it needs only to be mentioned clearly to be seen. If our people have fallen under the deadly spell of the error which destroyed the ancient Jews, if our spirit was their spirit, if their temptations dangle before our dazzled gaze to lead us blindly on, we must pause in our fatal advance and not rush headlong into the pit. They thrust aside the only hand that could have led them safely forward. The horror of their fate should warn us from imitating their lethal example. If it is Christ, and Christ alone, that promises temporal as well as eternal salvation, sooner or later we must come to Him or be dashed to pieces, torn from the failing shelters raised by the hand of pretended protection. We must come to Christ, not stubbornly barnacled to any prejudiced notions, but with the open mind that is prepared to receive the ideas to which He would have us cling.

The central idea of His whole scheme of salvation contains both the true conception of religion and the solution of all the problems with which our civilization is beset. Christ enunciated this foundation truth very clearly in that simple phrase: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you" (Luke xiii, 3). There is a something more to be sought than what

nourishes the body and satisfies the human cravings of mankind. There is a kingdom higher than the thrones of earth, to which all worldly powers must be subjected. There is an arrangement where God comes first and the things of God must be cherished in preference to all creation. The definition of what religion is, Christ, therefore, expresses in precise terms: it is God and His kingdom first and above all, and whatever runs counter to the seeking of these—be it earthly grandeur, human solace, or bodily life itself—are excluded form the right conception of religion. That there might be no doubt on the point the Saviour was at pains frequently to draw the contrast between the seeking of God's kingdom and the pursuit of mundane treasure. He allowed little chance for misunderstanding by the insistence with which He went through the list of things dear to earth, brushing them aside as so much dross where the kingdom of God was at stake. "All that a man hath will be given for his life," said Satan to God in the Book of Job, and Christ assures His disciples that unless a man be willing to lose his life for His sake, that man is lost indeed. The body? "Fear not them which kill the body, but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." The esteem of mankind? "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you for my sake." The world itself? "What doth it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Ever the burden of His message, recurring like a mighty echo of His voice, we hear the kingdom of God, and what is synonymous with its acquisition, announced as the one thing necessary to seek. There is the soul of the religion of Jesus Christ, for whatever other message fell from His sacred lips were mere directions to guide mankind in the search for that kingdom.

The Saviour was careful, however, to refrain from asserting that in his effort to acquire the kingdom of God man should utterly lose

all right to other possessions. On the contrary, the Saviour is quick to add that in the labor of serving God the other things shall be provided—"and all these things shall be added unto you." Indeed, He goes much further in his promise when He tells Peter: "Everyone that hath forsaken houses or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." There Christ draws the distinction between the everlasting life and some other reward worth the hundredfold of all a man shall sacrifice for His sake. It is this promise of the Lord which justifies the assertion that His plan of redeeming mankind contains the assurance of a solution of all our social problems. If mankind could be brought to the state of accepting His plan—first seeking the kingdom of God with all that such a quest implies—the hostilities which now divide men into opposing camps, the misunderstanding which breed everlasting discord, the injustice which is the root of bitter conflict, would cease to be, and our problems would be at an end. It is the neglect of the first duty, carelessness whether we win God's kingdom, which makes man indifferent to his brother's needs and hardens the heart against his neighbor, which is the source of all the strife that splits mankind asunder. They may not be willing to accept the arrangement, but let those men be assured who offer other solutions that they are engaged in the endless task of rolling up the incline of ceaseless discord the stone that shall never rest on the brow of the hill of peaceful settlement. Other recommendations may bring momentary relief and partial improvements; socialistic schemes may or may not effect some palliation of the evils under which humanity groans; disinterested citizens may succeed in framing more equitable laws, but the final solution is removed across the line of everlasting postponement unless Jesus Christ, His plan, eternal

life, the kingdom of God, be laid at the foundation of all schemes of alleviation.

To bring a conviction of this truth home to men's minds is the reason this church has been erected. So we find the relationship between this ceremony and the interest that should be awakened in the breast of all to whom the welfare of our kind is dear. This edifice, to whose construction has been devoted the generous co-operation of many and great personal sacrifices of some, will stand as a sign-post pointing whither lies the way to true contentment. As part of the Church Universal this noble structure will serve as a voice of recall to men who may be tempted to chase the futile hope of peace that beckons like an elusive rainbow from heights crowned with disappointment. With unfaltering accent shall they hear fall from her lips the ancient warning: "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain who seek to build it." Men may grow impatient at the ceaseless reiteration of the self-same admonition. They may even accuse her of an insincere desire to aid when they discover her reluctant to place the stamp of approval on every plan of relief suggested by charitable inclination. When they can not force her into legislative halls to debate schemes of reform: when the sanction of her presence is sought in vain by certain philanthropic circles: when she dissents from the idea that morality is the offspring of human law, those with whom she can not agree may give freer wing to suspicion. But her disinclination is not any lack of solicitude to lighten the load under which the race miserably totters. She is older than the short, fretful hour and her experience lies across the ages. For two thousand years she has listened to the honey-phrased promises that assured unquestionable relief, and she knows the worth of the protestations. When the humanitarians of to-day were still in the bleak realm of possible being, she was throbbing with

intense life, dissecting schemes, weighing plans, testing means of deliverance. Heavenly wisdom guided her selection. Her refusals now, therefore, are rooted deep in the rejections of former days. Her memory has marked where every ill success lies buried and men can not force her to exhume the interred form. Her eye is single as she seeks the footprint of her Master, and no byway, though earth's fairest blossoms bedeck the path, can lead her from the avenue where Christ advances. Where He is willingly she enters; where Christ—the God-man—is refused admittance she can not go, since the only object of her existence is to place Christ as the foundation-stone in every fabric of individual, family and national life.

This defines the scope of her mission and the reason of her being. The Church of Christ is a divine institution whose passage across the earth like a luminous planet marks the pathway to present and eternal peace. The Church may indirectly promote the welfare of nations. This she does, however, by sanctifying the individuals that compose a community. Her mission is to deal with units; her duty to save single souls. Christ did not come that she should be primarily an architect of empires or a builder of States: her kingdom is the kingdom of God; her work the restoration of all things in Christ; her duty the alleviation of human misery when such relief does not conflict with the saving of immortal souls; her prop and stay, the groundwork set by the hand of the Almighty, the "foundation that is laid than which no man can lay other, which is Christ Jesus."

THE DEDICATION OF A SCHOOL

Christian Education the Salvation of the Country

BY THE VERY REV. F. V. NUGENT, C.M.

Educatio Christiana Patriae Salus. This is the inscription which we read engraved on the marble corner-stone of this magnificent school. And what other thought so appropriate for development on this occasion, when this building is being solemnly dedicated to the noble work to which it has been constructed: the Christian education of the children of this and future generations.

I fear not to lay it down as a thesis which history and reason will verify, that if the republic under which we live is to endure and to transmit to generations of Americans yet unborn the blessings we enjoy—if, in the providence of God, America is to hold the proud place she now occupies, or to gain and maintain a still higher place among the nations of the world, she will do this precisely as a result of the Christian education of her people. And, on the other hand, if Christian education be neglected, the future of the government we all love and revere is beset with a thousand dangers, which will inevitably cause its ruin. This may sound to some like a bold assertion, but the experience of other nations, and the very nature of human government, leave no room in the mind of the student of political science for a doubt about its truth.

In proof of the proposition I have enunciated, let me ask what is it that constitutes perfect human government? What is necessary for the preservation of society and the maintenance of good order among men? Thinking men who have made a deep study of the subject will tell you that three elements are necessary, and that these

three, in their proper relations, are all sufficient: Authority, liberty and religion—or, to concrete these ideas, the State, the individual and the Church, these three, each in its own sphere recognized in its independence, guaranteed in its freedom, and so arranged in its relation to the others that all may act harmoniously, each to its own end, and according to its own intrinsic nature—these constitute the ideal government.

The individual has rights that God gave him, and which the State has no authority to infringe upon; they are his so long as he has a mind to keep them, and he forfeits them only by his own criminal misconduct. The State, too, has rights which the individual is bound to respect. In her order she is supreme, and while she is bound to protect the individual in his just rights, she imposes on him duties and obligations that he is obliged to fulfil. Side by side with the individual and the State stands religion, or the Church, having her own inalienable privileges, and her duties to perform toward the State and the individual. The interests of these last two are of such a nature that each is inclined to infringe on the rights of the other. The State is prone to absorb the individual and to arrogate to herself the rights that God gave to man to be sacredly his own. In opposition to this tendency, the individual is inclined to throw off this authority of the State, and proclaim for himself rights that belong to the State. To defeat these two opposite tendencies, to prevent despotism on the one hand and anarchy on the other, to remind the individual and the State of their reciprocal duties and to call both back to their proper spheres when from them they have gone astray—these are the duties of religion.

And reason alone will convince any thinking man that if there be no God, the State has no right to the respect and obedience of subjects, except in so far as it can enforce its commands by threats or

fear of punishment. This reduces the State to a mere machine which will be obeyed, as slaves obey a master, through fear of punishment. Napoleon said when re-establishing religion in France: "If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent Him." This has an impious sound, but it is only a strong way of asserting the necessity of religion to the permanency of the State.

Religion, then, must enter in some way into the life of a nation if that nation is to live and to enjoy the promise of perpetuity. But how is this to be done here in the United States, where we have no established religion, and where none is ever to be expected. Evidently the only way possible is by making the people religious. But this, every one knows, is an impossibility if the religious training of the children is neglected. Except religion be instilled into the hearts of the young, in vain we may look for it in maturer years. But how give to the youth of our country the religious training necessary to make them good citizens? Two answers are given to this question. One says, "Teach religion in the churches and the homes," and this is the answer of the great majority of our American citizens. The second answer is that of the Catholic Church: "Teach religion to the children in the schools, for by this method only can the religious element in the child's nature be properly trained and developed, and in this way alone can the model citizen be produced."

Man's nature is threefold—physical, mental, moral. Develop his body only and you produce the athlete, the prize-fighter; develop his mind only, to the neglect of his moral nature, and you have the sharp, shrewd man of the world, without a conscience; develop his moral side only and you produce the fanatic, the fool; but develop all of these together and you have the noblest work of God. This harmonious and thorough development of the entire man is alone

worthy of the name of education. Any other training renders a man lopsided and imperfect.

The Catholic Church is the greatest teacher the world has ever known. Ever since that eventful day when Christ, our Saviour, said to his Apostles, "Go, teach the whole world the doctrines I have taught you," the Church has not ceased for one moment the great work of teaching. Her essential mission is a mission of teaching. The Pope is a teacher, the bishops and priests are teachers, and great bodies of men and women are organized in the Church and go through long courses of training to prepare them for the life-work of teaching to which God has called them. And everywhere they impart the same complete course of training. Not one part merely of the pupil's nature is attended to, but the body, mind and heart are simultaneously and harmoniously developed.

Perhaps there never was in the world's history a country where primary education, in the popular sense, was as general as it is in the United States to-day. Schools are to be found everywhere and the children of the poorest may possess an education, more or less extensive, in the sense of mere intellectual training. For a generation and more we have heard the cry repeated and reiterated: "Educate, educate the people and crime will diminish and disappear." But what is the case to-day? Never in the history of this or any other country has there been discovered such high-handed dishonesty, such flagrant robbery of the people, under the respectable cloak of "high finance," as the last few years of our national history have produced. Never before were the prisons of our land so crowded with criminals as they are to-day. Never were murders and homicides as frequent; never did forgery and fraud and bribery and boodle flourish as they flourish to-day beneath the flowing folds of the Stars and Stripes, in this land of the free and the home

of the brave. The divorce court calendars were never as crowded; the sacredness of marriage was never as little regarded; the home, that corner-stone of social order and political organization, was never assaulted by such violent dangers as those that threaten it to-day. Thoughtful people who take time, in the hurly burly rush of life, to think seriously, are saying that there is something radically wrong; and there is. A generation of our people has been educated without religion; it could not be taught in the schools and its teaching has been shamefully neglected in the home and in the church, and we to-day are witnesses of the lamentable results.

Two great forces stand arrayed against each other to-day in every portion of our great country, and if either is able to prevail over the other, then good-by to the principles on which our Constitution rests and by which our liberties are guaranteed. Socialism and anarchy, on the one hand, demand the overthrow of the existing order of things, the abolition of private right to property and a hundred other things which spell nothing but bloodshed and ruin. Over against these, at the other extreme, is arrayed the oligarchy of money, the trusts and monopolies, which claim the protection of government while they drive their Juggernaut car over the prostrate form of the common people and wring the hard-earned crust from the starving hand of the widow and orphan. These great opposing armies, who seem to be approaching nearer to deadly conflict every day, will recognize no restraint but that of force, and if either should grow strong enough to defy the power of the civil law, what disorder must follow! The moral rights of men are spurned and trampled on, and why should they not be, if there be no higher law than that of force; if there be no God and no conscience as guide to right or wrong?

The one radical defect in our national life is the lack of religion,

and this is the natural result of no religion in the education of our children. Out of our population of 80,000,000 or more, less than one-third belong even nominally to any religious denomination. Is it any wonder that the Catholic Church, guided as she is by the spirit of God and taught by her long experience in the world, insists on the religious training going hand in hand with the training of the mind in the education of her children?

"Education," says Herbert Spencer, "is the science that teaches men how to live." This definition, rightly understood, expresses the Catholic's idea on this important subject. Education teaches men how to live: it fits them for the duties of this life. But man has more than a mere natural destiny. He has a higher end than that of a dog or a horse. Man is immortal, and his destiny is eternal life. Education teaches him how to live here, that he may live forever hereafter with God, who is his origin and his end. Hence, the religious element in man's nature which asserts itself among all people and in every age of the world's history. Hence, too, the necessity of religious training in any system of education that can lay just claim to completeness.

As there is a religious element in man's nature that will not down, so is there a divine element in all just human government. To recognize this divine element and to be guided by it is the duty of every true citizen, and thus is verified the motto on the corner-stone of St. Joseph's School, *"Educatic Christiana Patriae Salus."*

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